

286 Higgins (John). The Falles of Un-  
fortunate Princes. Being a true Chronicle  
historic of the untimely death of such  
Princes and men of note, as have happened  
since the first entrance of Brute into his  
Island, untill this our latter age. Numerous

small woodcut portraits in text. Small 8vo,  
full 18th century russia, back blind tooled,  
sides with gilt, tooled borders and panels,  
gilt edges. A few marginal repairs. Lon-  
don, Felix Kyngston, for T. Adams, 1619.  
First Edition with this title. From library  
of John W. Cole with booklate. Mr. Cole  
has noted on fly-leaf that book was "Pur-  
chased at sale of Heber's Library" and Mr.  
Ogden Goelet has added a note below that  
book, "Imported by R. H. Johnson from  
Ellis London in 1871 for me Ogden Goelet."



Purchased at the Sale of Heber's Library

Imported by R. H. Johnson from Ellis Landon in 1871 for me  
Ogden Bochet

*Manuscript*  
*for registration*

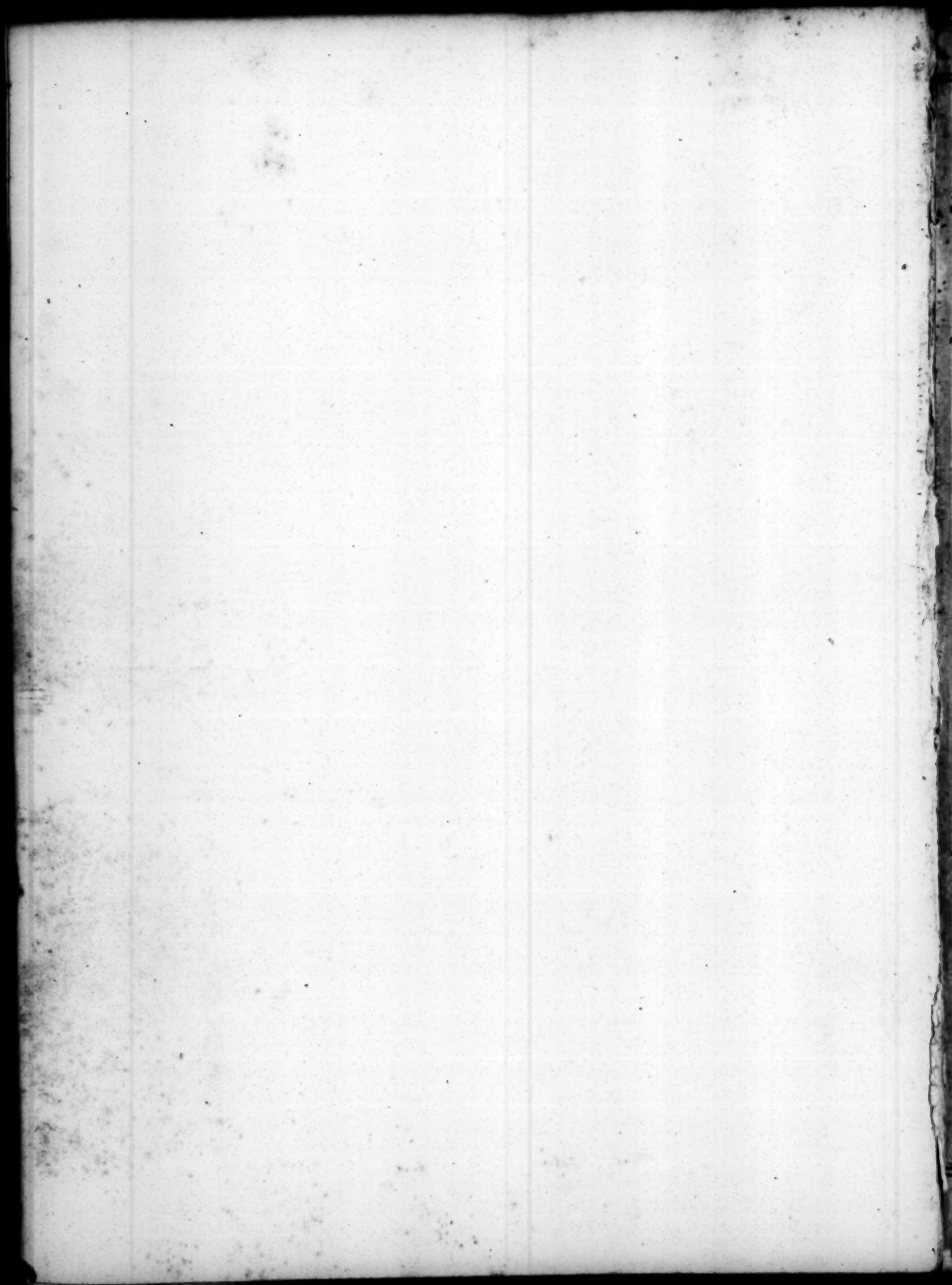
[HIGGINS (JOHN).] The Falles of unfortunate Princes. Being a true chronicle historie of the untimely death of such Princes and men of Note, as have happened since the first entrance of Brute into this Island, untill this our latter Age. *Numerous small woodcut portraits in the text.* Small 8vo, full eighteenth century russia, back blind tooled, sides with gilt and blind tooled borders and panels, gilt edges; hinges show a tendency to crack, title-page trimmed close to type and inlaid to size, some lightly printed words have been darkened by hand, a few marginal repairs.

London: Imprinted by Felix Kyngston for Thomas Adams, 1619

FIRST EDITION WITH THIS TITLE. The work is a reprint of the 1610 edition of *A Mirour for Magistrates*.

From the library of John William Cole, with bookplate. Mr. Cole has noted, on the verso of the front fly-leaf, that the book was "*Purchased at the Sale of Heber's Library*", and Mr. Ogden Goelet has added a note below stating that the book was "*Imported by R. H. Johnson from Ellis London in 1871 for me Ogden Goelet*". The dedication leaf for the third part is bound in at an incorrect place; Mr. Cole has written a note concerning this fact at the bottom of the leaf.

4950  
Coxo  
6d





THE  
FALLES  
OF VNFORTV  
NATE PRINCES.

BEING A TRVE CHRONICLE  
HISTORIE OF THE VNTIMELY  
*death of such Princes and men of Note, as haue  
happened since the first entrance of BRUTE  
into this Iland, vntill this our  
latter Age.*

WHEREVNTO IS ADDED THE  
FAMOVS LIFE AND DEATH OF  
QUEENE ELIZABETH, with a declaration of all  
the Warres, Battels and Sea-fights, during her  
Raigne: wherein at large is described the Battell  
of 88. with the particular seruice of all  
such Ships, and men of note in  
that action.

*Contre fortune nul ne pent.*



AT LONDON,  
Imprinted by Felix Kyngston for Thomas  
Adams. 1619.

THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY  
NEW YORK

PLANT  
COLLECTED BY  
DR. J. H. COLE  
IN THE  
MOUNTAINS OF  
INDONESIA  
1910

PLANT  
COLLECTED BY  
DR. J. H. COLE  
IN THE  
MOUNTAINS OF  
INDONESIA  
1910



TO THE NOBIL-  
TIE AND ALL OTHER IN  
OFFICE, GOD GRANT EN-  
crease of wildome, with all things neces-  
sarie for preseruatiō of their estates.  
*Amen.*



Mongst the wise (right Hono-  
rable) whose sentences (for  
the most part) tend either to  
teach the attaining of vertue  
or eschewing of vice, *Plotinus Plotinus.*  
that wonderful and excellent  
Philosopher hath these words: The property of  
Temperance is to couet nothing which may be  
repented: not to exceed the bands of measure,  
and to keepe Desire vnder the yoke of Reason.  
Which saying if it were so well knowne, as it is  
needfull; so well embraced, as is wished; or so  
surely fixed in mind, as it is printed in his works:  
then certes many Christians might by the instru-  
ction of an Ethnicke Philosopher, shun great  
and dangerous perils. For to couet without  
consideration, to passe the measure of his de-



## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

*Quintus  
Curtius.*

*Iustinus  
lib. 1.*

*Plutarchus.  
Lisius.  
Polybius.*

gree, and to let will run at randon, is the only destruction of all estates. Else how were it possible, so many learned, politicke, wise, renowned, valiant, and victorious personages, might euer haue come to such vtter decay? For example, we haue *Alexander* the Great, *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Cyrus*, *Hannibal*, &c. All which (by desire of glorie) felt the reward of their immoderate and insatiable lusts: for if *Alexander* had bin content with *Macedonie*, or not been puit vp with pride after his triumphes, he had neuer been so miserablie poisoned. If *Cæsar* and *Pompey* had been satisfied with their victories, and had not fell to ciuill dissension, the one had not been slaine in the Senate with daggers, nor the other abroad, by their friends procurement. If *Cyrus* had bin pleased with all *Persia*, & *Media*, and not thirsted for blood, he had neuer come to so infortunate a fall. So if *Hannibal* had not so much delighted in glory of warfare, his coutry had neither fel in ruine, nor he bin miserably forced to poyson himselfe. But you will say, desire of fame, glorie, renowne, and immortalitie (to which all men well nigh by nature are inclined, especially those which excell or haue any singular gift of fortune or the bodie) moued them to such dangerous, great, and

## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

and hardy enterprises, which must needs be confessed as an infallible veritie: and therefore I surely deeme those Princes aboue specified (considering their fortunes, fame, and exploits) had neuer come to such end, but for want of temperance. And now sith there are three other Cardinal vertues which are requisit in him that should be in authoritie: that is to say, Prudence, Iustice, and Fortitude, which so wonderfully adorne and beautifie all estates (If Temperance be with them adioyned, that they moue the very enemies with admiration to praise them) some peradventure (as affection leads) will commend one, some another: as *Aristotle* the Prince of Philosophers names Prudence, the mother of vertues, but *Cicero* defines her the knowledge of things which ought to be desired and followed, and also of them which ought to be fled and eschewed; yet you shall finde that for want of Temperance, some which were counted very wise, fell into wonderfull reproch and infamie. But Iustice that incomparable vertue, (as the ancient Ciuilians define her) is a perpetual and constant wil which giueth to euery man his right, yet if shee be not constant, which is the gift of Fortitude; nor equal in discerning right from wrong, wherein is Prudence;

## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

*Fortitude.  
Cicero.*

dence; nor vse proportion in iudgement and sentence, which pertaineth to Temperance: she can neuer be called equitie or iustice, but fraud, deceit, iniustice and iniurie. And, to speak of Fortitude, which (*Cicero* defineth, a considerate vnder-taking of perils, and enduring of labours; if he whom we suppose stout, valiant, and of good courage, want Prudence, Iustice, or Temperance, he is not counted wise, righteous and constant, but sortish, rude and desperate. For Temperance

*Cicero.  
Temperance.*

(saith *Cicero*) is of reason in lust and other euill assaults of the mind, a sure and moderate dominion and rule. This noble vertue is diuided into three parts, that is, Continencie, Clemencie, and Modesty, which well obserued and kept (if grace be to them adioyned) it is impossible for him that is endued with the aboue named vertues euer to fall into the infortunate snares of calamitie, or misfortune. But Ambition, which is immoderate desire of honor, rule, dominion, and superiority, (the very destruction of nobilitie and common weales, as among the Romans; *Sylla, Marius, Carbo, Cinna, Catiline, Pompey* and *Cæsar*, are witnesses) hath brought great decay to our countrey, and countrey-men. But I haue heere (Right Honorable) in this booke only reprobued fol-



## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

ly in those which are heedlesse: Iniury in extortioners, rashnesse in venterers, treacherie in traytours, riot in rebels, and excesse in such as suppress not vnruely affections. Now I trust you will so thinke of it (although the stile deserue not like commendation) as you thought of the other part. Which if you shall, I doubt not but it may pleasure some; if not, yet giue occasion to others which can do better, either to amend these, or to publish their owne. And thus wishing your Prudence to discern what is meet for your callings, Iustice in the administration of your functions, Fortitude in the defence of your Countrey, and Temperance in moderation of all your affections, with increase of honors, and euerlasting felicity:

I bid you in Christ Iesus farewell. At

Winceham the 7. day of Decem.

ber. 1586.

*Your most humble in the Lord,*

IOHN HIGINS.



## TO THE READER.

**T**O acquaint you in brieſe with what is done in this im-  
preſſion: know that the verſe is in proportion by mea-  
ſure, and in ſymphonie or rithmos, in diuers places  
amended; the ſtorie in ſome places falſe and corrup-  
ted, made hiſtorically true; the tragedies wrongly inserted, diſpo-  
ſed in their proper places, according to juſt computation of time;  
thoſe neuer before collected in one volume, publiſhed in this im-  
preſſion: for the forme and frame of the whole hiſtorie I did in-  
tend to haue reduced it into the ſame order, which I haue obſer-  
ued in my Additions; but preuented by other occaſions, I haue  
thus digeſted it. The tragedies from the time of Brute to the  
Conqueſt I haue left, with dependencie vpon that Induction writ-  
ten by M. Higinſ; Thoſe from the Conqueſt to this our laſt age,  
that is, to the fall of the Lord Cromwell, excellently well penned  
by M. Drayton, hath reference to that golden Preface called  
M. Sackuils Induction. After theſe I haue placed my Addi-  
tions, the falles of ſuch Princes as were before omitted,  
and my Poem or Hymne of the late dead Queene  
of famous memorie. In all which I require no  
other gratification for my paines, but a  
gentle cenſure of my imper-  
fections.

THE



# THE CONTENTS

of the booke.



- Ow King *Albanact* the yongest sonne of *Brutus*, and first King of Albanie (now called Scotland) was slaine by King *Humber*. Pag. 1.
- 2 How *Humber* the King of Huns minding to conquer Brittain, was drowned in the arme of sea now called *Humber*. 18.
- 3 How King *Locrinus* the eldest son of *Brutus* liued viciously, and was slaine in battell by his wife Queene *Guendoline*. 22.
- 4 How Queene *Elfride* the Concubine of King *Locrinus*, was miserablie drowned by Queene *Guendoline*. 27.
- 5 How the Ladie *Sabrine* daughter of King *Locrinus* and *Elfride*, was drowned by Queene *Guendoline*. 38.
- 6 How King *Madan* for his euill life was slaine by wolues. 44.
- 7 How King *Malin* was slaine by his brother King *Mempricius*. 47.
- 8 How King *Mempricius* giuen all to lust, was deuoured by wolues. 50.
- 9 How King *Bladud* taking on him to flie, fell vpon the Temple of *Apollo*, and brake his necke. 53.
- 10 How Queene *Cordila* in despaire slew her selfe. 59.
- 11 How King *Morgan* of Albany was slaine at Glamorgan in Wales. 69.
- 12 How King *Iago* died of the Lethargie. 72.
- 13 How King *Forrex* was slaine by his brother King *Porrex*. 74.
- 14 How King *Porrex* which slew his brother, was slaine by his owne mother and her maidens. 78.
- 15 How



## The Contents.

- 15 How King *Pinnar* was slaine in battell by *Mulmucius Donwallo*. 80.
- 16 How King *Stater* was slaine in battell by *Mulmucius Donwallo*. 82.
- 17 How King *Rudacke* of Wales was slaine in battell by *Mulmucius Donwallo*. 83.
- 18 How the noble King *Brennus* after many triumphant victories, at the siege of Delphos in Greece slew himselfe. 86.
- 19 How King *Kimarus* was deuoured by wilde beasts. 103.
- 20 How King *Morindus* was deuoured by a monster. 106.
- 21 How King *Emerianus* for his tyrannie was deposed. 110.
- 22 How King *Cherinnus* giuen to drunkenesse, raigned but one yeare. 111.
- 23 How King *Varianus* gaue himself to y<sup>e</sup> lusts of y<sup>e</sup> flesh. 112.
- 24 How the worthie Britaine Duke *Nennius* encountred with *Iulius Caesar*, and was vnfortunately slaine. 114.
- 25 How the Lord *Irenglas* cosin to King *Cassibellane*, was slaine by the Lord *Elenine* cosin to *Androgeus* Earle of London. 123.
- 26 How *Caius Iulius Caesar*, which first made this Realme tributorie to the Romans, was slaine in the Senate house. 129.
- 27 How *Claudius Tiberius Nero* Emperour of Rome, was poisoned by *Caius Caligula*. 139.
- 28 How *Caius Caesar Caligula* Emperour of Rome, was slaine by *Cherea* and others. 145.
- 29 How *Guiderius* King of Britaine, the elder sonne of *Cimballine*, was slaine in battell by a Roman. 146.
- 30 How *Lelins Hamo* the Romane Captaine was slaine after the slaughter of *Guiderius*. 148.
- 31 How *Claudius Tiberius Drusus* Emperour of Rome, was poisoned by his wife *Agrippina*. 149.
- 32 How the Emperour *Domitius Nero* liued wickedly and tyrannously, and in the end miserablie slew himselfe. 152.
- 33 How *Sergius Galba* the Emperour of Rome (giuen to slaughter, ambition, & gluttony) was slaine by the souldiers. 155.
- 34 How the vicious *Siluius Orho* Emperour of Rome, slew himselfe. 157.
- 35 How *Aulus Vitellius* Emperour of Rome, came to an vnfortunate end. 159.
- 36 How

## The Contents.

- 36 How *Londricus* the Pict was slaine by King *Marius* of Britaine. 161.
- 37 How *Seuerus* the Emperour of Rome and Gouvernour of Britaine was slaine at Yorke, fighting against the Picts. 163.
- 38 How *Fulgentius* a Scythian or Pict, was slaine at the siege of Yorke. 167.
- 39 How *Geta* the yonger sonne of the Emperour *Seuerus* once Gouvernour of Britaine, was slaine in his mothers armes, by his brother *Anthonie* Emperour of Rome. 170.
- 40 How *Aurelius Antonius Bassianus Caracalla* Emperour of Rome, was slaine by one of his owne seruants. 174.
- 41 How *Carraffus* a Husbandmans son, and after King of Britaine, was slaine in battell by *Alectus* a Romane. 185.
- 42 How Queene *Helena* of Britaine married *Constantius* the Emperour, and much aduanced the Christian faith through the whole world. 289.
- 43 How *Vortiger* destroyed the yong King *Constantine*, and how he obtained the crowne: & how after many miseries he was miserablie burnt in his Castle by the brethren of *Constantine*. 203.
- 44 How *Vter Pendragon* was inamoured on the wife of *Gorolus* Duke of Cornewal, whom he slew, and after was poysoned by the Saxons. 213.
- 45 How *Cadvallader* the last King of the Britaines, was expelled by the Saxons, went to Rome, and there liued in a religious house. 219.
- 46 How *Sigebert* for his wicked life was thrust from his throne and miserablie slaine by an heardsman. 225.
- 47 How Ladie *Ebbe* did flea her nose and vpper lip away to saue her virginitic. 235.
- 48 How King *Egelred* for his wickednes was diuersly distressed by the Danes, and lastly died for sorrow. 239.
- 49 How King *Harrold* had continuall warre with the Danes, with the Norway King, with his brother *Tostius*, and was at last slaine in battell by *William* the Conquerour. 245.
- From the Conquest.*
- 50 M. *Sackuils* Induction. 255.
- 51 How the two *Rogers* surnamed *Mortimers*, for their sundrie vices ended their liues vnfortunately. 271.
- 52 The



## The Contents.

52 The fall of *Robert Tresilian* Chiefe Iustice of England, and other his fellowes, for misconstruing the Lawes, and expounding them to serue the Princes affections. 276.

53 How Sir *Thomas* of *Woodstocke* Duke of Gloucester vid. cleto King *Richard* the second, was vnlawfully murdered. 281.

54 How the Lord *Mowbray*, promoted by King *Richard* the second to the state of a Duke, was by him banished the Realme, and after died miserablie in exile. 287.

55 How King *Richard* the second was for his euill gouernance deposed from his seat, and murdered in prison. 293.

56 How *Owen Glendour* seduced by false prophesies, tooke vp on him to be Prince of Wales, and was by *Henrie* Prince of England chased to the mountaines, where he miserablie died for lacke of food. 296.

57 How *Henrie Percie* Earle of Northumberland, was for his couetous and trayterous attempt put to death at Yorke. 303.

58 How *Richard Plantagenet* Earle of Cambridge, intending the Kings destruction, was put to death at Southhampton. 307.

59 How *Thomas Montague* Earle of Salisburie, in the midst of his glory was vnfortunately slaine at Oleanse with a peece of Ordnance. 309.

60 How Dame *Eleanor Cobham* Duchesse of Gloucester, for practising of Witchcraft and sorcerie Suffered open penance, and afterward was banished the Realme into the Ile of Man. 317.

61 How *Humfrey Plantagenet* Duke of Gloucester, Protector of England, during the minoritie of his nephew King *Henrie* the sixt, commonly called the good Duke, by practise of enemies was brought to confusion. 327.

62 How Lord *William de la Pole* Duke of Suffolke, was worthily banished for abusing his King, and causing the destruction of the good Duke *Humfrey*. 340.

63 How *Jack Cade* naming himselfe *Mortimer*, trayterously rebelling against his King, was for his treasons and cruell doings worthily punished. 345.

64 The tragedie of *Edmund* Duke of Somerset, slaine in the first battell at S. Albons, in the 32. yeare of *Henrie* the sixt. 350.

65 How *Richard Plantagenet* Duke of York, was slaine through his rash boldnesse, and his sonne the Earle of Rutland for his lacke

## The Contents.

- lacke of valiancie. 360.
- 66 How the Lord *Clifford* for his strange and abominable cruelty, came to as strange and sudden a death. 365.
- 67 The infamous end of Lord *Tipstaff* Earle of Worcester, for cruelly executing his Princes butcherly commandements. 367.
- 68 How Sir *Richard Newil* Earle of Warwicke, and his brother *John*, Lord Marquesse *Montacute*, through their too much boldnesse were slaine at Barnet. 371.
- 69 How King *Henry* the sixt a vertuous Prince, was after many other miseries cruelly murdered in the Tower of London. 375.
- 70 How *George Plantagenet* third son of the Duke of Yorke, was by his brother King *Edward* wrongfully imprisoned, and by his brother *Richard* miserablie murdered. 380.
- 71 How King *Edward* the fourth through his surfetting & vntemperate life, suddenly died in the midst of his prosperity. 392.
- 72 How Sir *Anthonie Woodville* Lord Riuer and Scales, Gouernour of Prince *Edward*, was with his nephew Lord *Richard Grey* and other causelesse imprisoned and cruelly murdered. 394.
- 73 How the Lord *Hastings* was betrayed by trusting too much to his euill counsellour *Catesby*, and villanously murdered in the Tower of London by *Richard* Duke of Glocester. 411.
- 74 The complaint of *Henrie* Duke of Buckingham. 433.
- 75 How *Colingborne* was cruelly executed for making a Rime. 455.
- 76 The wilfull fall of the Black-smith, and the foolish end of the Lord *Audley*. 463.
- 77 How the valiant Knight Sir *Nicholas Burdet*, Chiefe Butler of Normandie, was slaine at Pontoise. 477.
- 78 How *Shores* wife, King *Edward* the fourths Concubine, was by King *Richard* despoiled of her goods, and forced to do open penance. 494.
- 79 How *Thomas Woolsey* did arise vnto great authoritie and gouernment, his maner of life, pompe and dignitie, & how he fell downe into great disgrace, and was arrested of high treason. 506.
- 80 How the Lord *Cromwell* exalted from meane estate, was after by the enuie of the Bishop of Winchester and other his complices brought to vntimely end. 520.

# The Contents.

## The Additions.

81	The life and death of King <i>Arthur</i> .	561.
82	The life and death of King <i>Edmund Ironside</i> .	585.
83	The life and death of Prince <i>Alfred</i> .	603.
84	The life and death of <i>Godwin</i> Earle of Kent.	617.
85	The life and death of <i>Robert</i> surnamed <i>Curthose</i> Duke of Normandie.	631.
86	The life and death of King <i>Richard</i> the first surnamed <i>Cœur de Lion</i> .	659.
87	The life and death of King <i>Iohn</i> .	681.
88	The life and death of King <i>Edward</i> the second.	703.
89	The life and death of the two yong Princes, sonnes to <i>Edward</i> the fourth.	736.
90	The life and death of King <i>Richard</i> the third.	750.
91	The Poem annexed called Englands <i>Eliza</i> .	783.

## The end of the Contents.



THOMAS NEWTON TO THE  
Reader, in the behalfe of this  
booke.



*When an arming sword of prooffe is made,  
Both Steele and iron must be tempred well:  
(For iron giues the strength vnto the blade,  
And Steele, in edge doth cause it to excell)  
As each good Blade-smith by his Art can tell:  
For, without iron, brittle will it breake,  
And without Steele, it will be blunt and weake:*

*So bookes, that now their faces dare to show,  
Must mettald be with nature and with skill:  
For nature causeth stiffe enough to flow,  
And Art the same contriues by learned quill  
In order good, and currant method still.  
So that, if Nature frowne, the case is hard:  
And if Art want, the matter all is mar'd.*

*The worke, which heere is offred to thy view,  
With both these points is full and fitly fraught;  
Set forth by sundrie of the learned Crew:  
Whose stately stiles haue Phœbus garland caught,  
And Parnasse mount their worthy worke haue raught:  
Their words are thundred with such maiestie,  
As sitteth right each matter in degree.*

*Reade it therefore, but reade attentiuely,  
Consider well the drift whereto it tends:  
Confer the times, perpend the history,  
The parties states, and eke their dolefull ends,  
With odde euents, that diuine iustice sends.  
For things forepast are presidents to vs,  
Whereby we may things present now discusse.*

*Certes this world a Stage may well be call'd,  
Whereon is plaid the part of euery wight:  
Some, now aloft, anon with malice gal'd,  
Are from high state brought into dismall plight.  
Like counters are they, which stand now in sight  
For thousand or ten thousand, and anone  
Remoued, stand perhaps for lesse then one.*

Thomas Newtonus,  
Castreshyrins.



## THE AVTHORS Induction.

**W**hen Sommer sweet, with all her pleasures past,  
And leaues began to leaue the shadie tree,  
The winter cold encreased on full fast,  
And time of yeare to sadnes moued me :  
For moistie blasts not halfe so mirthfull be,  
As sweet *Aurora* brings in spring-time faire,  
Our ioyes they dimme, as winter damps the aire.

The nights began to grow to length apace,  
Sir *Phæbus* to th'Antarctique gan to fare :  
From *Libraes* lance to th'Crab he tooke his race  
Beneath the liue, to lend of light a share.  
For then with vs the daies mote darkish are,  
More short, cold, moist, and stormie cloudie clit,  
For sadnes more then mirths or pleasures fit.

Deuising then what bookes were best to reade,  
Both for that time, and sentence graue also,  
For conference of friend to stand in stead :  
When I my faithfull friend was parted fro,  
I gate me straight the Printers shops vnto,  
To seeke some worke of price I surely ment,  
That might alone my carefull mind content.

Amongst the rest, I found a booke so sad,  
As time of yeare or sadnesse could require :  
The Mirour nam'd for Magistrates he had,  
So finely pen'd, as heart could well desire :  
Which when I read, so set my heart on fire,  
Eftsoones it me constrain'd to take the paine,  
Not left with once, to reade it once againe.

## *The Authors Induction.*

And as againe I view'd this worke with heed,  
And marked plaine each partie paint his fall :  
Me thought in mind, I saw those men indeed,  
Eke how they came in order Princely all ;  
Declaring well, this life is but a thrall,  
Sith those on whom for Fortunes gifts we stare,  
Oft soonest sinke in greatest seas of care.

For some perdie, were Kings of high estate,  
And some were Dukes, and came of regall race :  
Some Princes, Lords, and Iudges great that sate  
In counsell still, decreeing euery case :  
Some other Knights that vices did embrace,  
Some Gentlemen, some poore exalted hie :  
Yet euery one had pla'd his tragedie.

A Mirrour well it might be call'd, a glasse  
As cleare as any crytall vnder Sun:  
In each respect the Tragedies so passe,  
Their names shall liue that such a worke begun.  
For why, with such *Decorum* is it done,  
That *Momus* spight with more then *Argus* eies,  
Can neuer watch, to keepe it from the wife.

Examples there for all estates you find,  
For Iudge (I say) what iustice he should vse :  
The noble man to beare a noble mind,  
And not himselfe ambitiously abuse ;  
The Gentleman vngentlenesse refuse :  
The rich and poore, and eu'ry one may see,  
Which way to loue, and liue in due degree.

I wish them often well to reade it than,  
And marke the causes why those Princes fell :  
But let me end my tale that I began.  
When I had read these Tragedies full well,  
And past the winter euenings long to tell,  
One night at last I thought to leaue this vse,  
To take some ease before I chang'd my Muse.

B

Wherefore



## *The Authors Induction.*

Wherefore away from reading I me gate,  
My heauie head waxt dull for want of rest :  
I laid me downe, the night was waxed late,  
For lacke of sleepe mine eyes were sore opprest :  
Yet fancie still of all their deaths encreast,  
Me thought my mind from them I could not take,  
So worthie wights, as caused me to wake.

At last appeared clad in purple blacke  
Sweet *Somnus*, rest which comforts each aliue ;  
By ease of mind, that weares away all wracke,  
That noysome night from wearie wits doth driue,  
Of labours long the pleasures we atchieue.  
Whereat I ioy'd, sith after labours past,  
I might enioy sweet *Somnus* sleepe at last.

But he by whom I thought my selfe at rest,  
Reuiued all my fancies fond before :  
I more desirous, humblie did request  
Him shew th'vnhappie Albion Princes yore :  
For well I wist, that he could tell me more,  
Sith vnto diuers, *Somnus* erst had told  
What things were done in elder times of old.

Then straight he forth his seruant *Morpheus* call'd,  
On *Higins* heere thou must (quoth he) attend ;  
The Britaine Peeres to bring (whom Fortune thral'd)  
From Lethean lake, and th'ancient shapes them lend ;  
That they may shew why, how, they tooke their end.  
I wil (quoth *Morpheus*) shew him what they were ;  
And so me thought I saw them straight appeare.

One after one, they came in strange attire,  
But some with wounds and blood were so disguis'd,  
You scarcely could by reasons aid aspire,  
To know what warre such fundrie deaths deuise'd ;  
And seuerally those Princes were surpris'd.  
Of former state, these States gaue ample show,  
Which did relate their liues and ouerthrow.

XVII.  
*The Authors Induction.*

Of some the faces bold and bodies were  
Distain'd with woad, and Turkish beards they had :  
On th'ouer lips mutchatoes long of haire,  
And wilde they seem'd, as men despairing mad ;  
Their lookes might make a constant heart full sad :  
And yet I could not so forsake the view,  
Nor presence, ere their minds I likewise knew.

For *Morpheus* bad them each in order tell  
Their names and liues, their haps and haplesse daies,  
And by what meanes from Fortunes wheele they fell,  
Which did them erst vnto such honors raise.  
Wherewith the first not making moe delaies,  
A noble Prince broad wounded brest that bare  
Drew neere, to tell the cause of all his care.

Which when me thought to speak he might be bold,  
Deepe from his brest he threw an vnquoth sound :  
I was amaz'd his gestures to behold :  
And blood that freshly trickled from his wound,  
With echo so did halfe his words confound,  
That scarce a while the sense might plaine appeare:  
At last, me thought, he spake as you shall heare.

HOW





*Faults escaped.*

**P**Age 555. lin. 17. browes, reade bowes. p. 566. l. 10. left, r. let. p. 579. l. 3. sh  
r. shore. p. 583. l. 13. speele, r. steele. p. eadem l. 15. vaines flow, r. vaines  
did flow. p. 588. l. 3. n. r, r. not. p. 599. l. 28. approth, r. approach. p. 600. l. 1.  
r'abate, r. to abate. p. 629. l. 23. this, r. his. p. 636. l. 5. foe, r. woe. p. 657. l. 16.  
foec, r. foare. p. 671. l. 32. with Austrian, r. with th'Austrian. p. 682. l. 7. let, r.  
lets. p. 683. l. 37. to obtraine, r. t'obtraine. p. 706. l. 15. I, r. O. p. 728. l. 15. Bur,  
z. Blunt, in loun e copies. p. 793. marg. Anno Reg. 51. r. 15. p. 834. l. 13. recoil'd  
z. recoile. p. 855. l. 30. throne, r. chaire. 866. l. 25. house tops, r. houses tops.

*The tragedie of Sir Nicholas Burdet misplaced through oversight  
in page 477. which should have begun in page 317.*





# TO THE VERTVOVS

LADIE, THE LADIE ELIZABETH

CLERE, WIFE TO THE RIGHT WOR-

shipfull Sir FRANCIS CLERE,

*Knight.*

**M**Y Muse, that whilome wail'd those Briton Kings,  
Who vnto her in vision did appeare,  
Craues leaue to strengthen her night-weathered wings,  
In the warme sun-shine of your golden *Clere*;

Where she (faire Ladie) tuning her chaste layes  
Of Englands Empresse to her Hymnicke string,  
For your affect, to heare that Virgins praise,  
Makes choice of your chaste selfe to heare her sing:

Whose royall worth (true vertues Paragon)  
Heere made me dare t'ingraue your worthie name;  
In hope, that vnto you the same alone

Will so excuse me of presumptuous blame,

That gracefull entertaine my Muse may find,  
And euer beare such grace in thankfull mind.

*Your Ladiships euer humblie  
at command,*

RICHARD NICCOLS.

*This leaf is misplaced, and ought to follow the title page to Englands Eliza.  
Page 773, 774. It is frequently wanting. J.W.C.*



## To the Reader.



Entle Reader, when I first writ this Poem,  
I had thought for the length therof to haue  
distinguished it by section into Cantoes or  
bookes; but since perswaded by the Printer to publish  
it with this worke: it being, though no fall, yet a wor-  
thie Mirrour answerable to that of the Empresse He-  
lena in the first part of this volume: I present it in  
one whole entire Hymne, distinguishing it only by  
succession of yeares, which I haue margented through  
the whole storie. For my quotation of Authors, I  
heere vse it not for singularitie, it being a thing  
not customarie to VVriters in this kind, but to con-  
firme the truth of that which is written, as not be-  
ing ignorant that I shall be bitten by those mongrill  
English (I can terme them no other) that barke at  
the Maiestie of that most noble Princeesse, against  
whose railing, an inseparable propertie to their profes-  
sion, I only arme my selfe with this confidence, that  
the same of her royalties mounting aloft like the  
sun verticall, shall in the height of all true  
borne English estimation, abate the  
shadowes of their enuie.

Farewell.





# HOW KING ALBANACT THE YOUNGEST SONNE OF

BRUTVS, AND FIRST KING OF

Albany (now called Scotland) was

*slaine by king Humber, the*

*yeere before Christ,*

1085.



Ith flattering Fortune slyly could beguile  
Mee first, of Britaine Princes in this land:  
And yet at first on mee did sweetely smile,  
Behold mee here, that first in presence stand.  
And when thou well my wounded corps hast scand,  
Then shalt thou heare my hap to penne the same  
In stories called Albanact: by name.

Lay feare aside, let nothing thee amaze,  
Ne haue despaire, ne scuse the want of time:  
Leaue off on mee with fearefull lookes to gaze,  
Thy pen may serue for such a tale as mine.  
First I will tell thee of my fathers line,  
Then why he flying from the Latin land  
Did saile the seas and found the Briton strand.

And last I minde to tell thee of my selfe,  
My life and death, a Tragedy so true  
As may approue your world is all but pelfe,  
And pleasures sweete, whom sorrowes aye ensue.  
Hereafter eke in order comes a crue,  
Which can declare, of worldly pleasures vaine  
The price we all haue bought, with pinching paine.

C

When

## King Albanact.

When Troy was sackt, and brent, and could not stand,  
*Aeneas* fled from thence, *Anchises* sonne,  
 And came at length to King *Latinus* land:  
 He *Turnus* slew, *Lavinia* eke he wonne.  
 After whose death, *Ascanius* next his sonne,  
 Was crowned King, and *Silvius* then his heire,  
 Espoused to a Latine Lady faire.

By her had *Silvius* shortly issue eke,  
 A goodly Prince, and *Brutus* was his name.  
 But what should I of his misfortune speake,  
 For hunting, as he minded strike the game,  
 He strook his father, that beyond it came.  
 The quarrell glaunst, and through his tender side  
 It flew, where through the noble *Silvius* dide.

Lo thus by chance though princely *Brutus* slew  
 His father *Silvius*, fore against his will,  
 Which came too soone, as he his arrow drew,  
 Though he in chace the game, did mind to kill,  
 Yet was he banisht from his countrey still,  
 Commanded thither to returne no more,  
 Except he would his life to lose therefore.

On this, to Greece Lord *Brutus* tooke his way,  
 Where Troians were, by Grecians, captiues kept:  
*Helenus* was by *Pirrhus* brought away  
 From death of Troians, whom their friends bewept.  
 Yet he in Greece this while no busines slept,  
 But by his facts, and feates obtain'd such fame,  
 Seuen thousand captiue Troians to him came.

*Assaracus* a noble Grecian eke,  
 Who by his mother came of Troian race,  
 Because he saw himselfe in Greece too weake,  
 Came vnto him to aide him in this case,  
 For of his brother he could finde no grace,  
 Which was a Greeke by both his parents sides.  
 His Castles three the Troian *Brutus* guides,

While

## King Albanact.

3

While he to be their Captaine was content,  
And as the Troians gathered to his band,  
Ambassage to the Grecian King he sent,  
For to entreate they might depart his land.  
Which when King *Pandrasus* did vnderstand,  
An armie straight he did therefore addresse,  
On purpose all the Troians to suppress.

So as King *Pandrasus* at Spartane towne  
Thought them in deserts by, to circumuent,  
The Troians with three thousand beate them downe,  
Such fauour loe, them Ladie Fortune lent.  
By *Mars* his force, their raies and rancks he rent,  
And tooke the brother of the Grecian King,  
With others moe, as captiues home to bring.

The taken towne from which the King was fled,  
Sir *Brutus* with fixe hundred men did man,  
Ech prisoner was vnto his keeper led  
To keepe in towne, the noble Troians wan:  
And into woods the Troiane gate him than  
Againe with his, he kept him there by night  
To quaile the Grecians if they came to fight.

The King which cal'd to minde his former foile,  
His flight, and brother deare by Troians take,  
The towne he lost, where *Brutus* gaue the spoile,  
He thought not so the field and fight forsake,  
But of his men a muster new to make,  
And so againe for to besiege the towne  
In hope reuenge, or winne his lost renowne.

By night the ambush, that his purpose knew,  
Came forth from woods, whereas they waited by,  
The Troians all th' vnarmed Grecians slew,  
Went through their campe, none could their force denie,  
Vnto the tent where *Pandrasus* did lie,  
Whereas Lord *Brutus* tooke their King that night,  
And sau'd his life as see md a worthie wight.



„ This great exploit so wisely well atchiu'd,  
 „ The Troiane victour did a counsaile call,  
 „ Wherein might be for their estate contriu'd  
 „ By counsaile graue, the publike weale of all.  
 „ Now tell (quoth he) what ransome aske we shall?  
 „ Or what will you for our auaille deuise?  
 „ To which *Mempricius* answer'd, graue and wise.

„ I cannot (*Brutus*) but commend thine act  
 „ In this, thou noble Captaine worthy praise :  
 „ Which deemest well, it were an heinous fact,  
 „ T'abridge the Grecian king of vitall daies,  
 „ And that we ought by clemencie to raise  
 „ Our fame to skie, not by a sauage guise,  
 „ Sith Gods and men both, cruelty despise.

„ The cause we fought, was for the freedome all  
 „ Of Troians taken, we haue freedome won,  
 „ We haue our purpose, and their king withall,  
 „ To whom of rigour nothing ought be done :  
 „ Though he the quarrell with vs first begon.  
 „ And though we owe the fall of Troyes requite,  
 „ Yet let reuenge thereof from gods to light.

„ His subiects now bewaile their proude pretence,  
 „ And weapons laide aside, for mercy crie :  
 „ They all confesse their plagues to come from thence,  
 „ Where first from faith of Gods they seem'd to flie.  
 „ Their Nobles dare not come the case to trie,  
 „ But euen for peace, with all their hearts, they sue,  
 „ And meekely grant, whence all their mischiefes grew.

„ The Princeffe faire, his daughter, who surmounts  
 „ For vertues rare, for beautie braue, and grace  
 „ Both *Helen* fine, of whom they made accounts,  
 „ And all the rest that come of Grecian race,  
 „ She for her father sues, bewailes his case,  
 „ Implores, desires thy grace, and gods about,  
 „ Whose woes may them and thee to mercy moue.

## King Albanact.

5

„ Some Troians say he should depofed be  
„ From kingdome quite, or elfe be flaine he fould,  
„ And we heere bide, eke this miliketh me,  
„ Nay rather while we ftay keepe him in hold,  
„ Or let him pay a ranfome large of gold,  
„ And hofstage giue, and homage do of right  
„ To thee, that wonft the field by Martiall fight.

„ For kingdomes fake a captiue king to kill,  
„ Our names for aye with foule defame would brand;  
„ For vs in Greece to dwell were euen as ill,  
„ The force of Greece we cannot ftill withftand.  
„ Let vs therefore both cruelty aband,  
„ And prudent feeke both gods and men to pleafe:  
„ So fhall we find good lucke at land and feas.

„ Or fith the Grecians will thee for to take  
„ The noble Ladie *Iunogen* to wife,  
„ If thou fo pleafe, let him her dowrie make  
„ Of gold, fhips, filuer, corne, for our reliefe,  
„ And other things, which are in *Gracia* rife.  
„ That we fo fraught may feeke fome defert fhore,  
„ Where thou and thine may raigne for euermore.

This pleas'd both *Brutus* and the Troians all,  
Who wil'd forthwith that *Pandrafus* the King  
Should reuerently be brought into the hall.  
And prefent when they told him of this thing,  
So grieve and forow great his heart did ftिंग,  
He could not fhew by countenance or cheere  
That he it lik'd, but fpake as you fhall heare.

„ Sith that the wrath of gods hath yeelded me,  
„ And eke my brother, captiues to your hands,  
„ I am content to do as pleafeth yee,  
„ You haue my realme, my life, my goods and lands,  
„ I muft be needs content as Fortune ftands.  
„ I giue my daughter, gold, and filuer fine,  
„ With what for dowrie elfe you craue is mine.



To make my tale the shorter if I may,  
 This truce concluded was immediately;  
 And all things else performed by a day,  
 The King restor'd that did in prison lie.  
 The Troians proud of spoiles and victorie,  
 Did hoise vp sailes, in two daies and a night;  
 Vpon the Ile of Lestrigons they light.

And leauing of their ships at roade, to land  
 They wandring went the countrey for to view:  
 Loe there a desert citie old they fand,  
 And eke a temple (if report be true)  
 Where *Dian* dwelt of whom the Troian crew  
 In sacrifice their captaine counsell gaue  
 For good successe, a seate and soile to craue.

And he no whit misliking their aduice  
 Went forth, and did before the altar hold  
 In his right hand a cup to sacrifice,  
 Fild both with wine, and white hinds blood scarce cold.  
 And then before her stature straight he told  
 Deuoutly all his whole petition there,  
 In sort (they say) as is repeated heere.

*O goddesse great in groues that putst wilde boares in fearefull feare,  
 And maist go all the compasse pathes of euery ayrie sphere,  
 Eke of th' infernall houses too, resoluë the earthly rights,  
 And tell what countrey in to dwell thou giu'st vs Troian wights.  
 Assigne a certaine seate where I shall worship thee for aye,  
 And where repleat with virgins, I erect thy temples maye.*

When nine times he had spoken this, and went  
 Foure times the altar round, and staid agen,  
 He powr'd the wine and blood in hand he hent  
 Into the fire. O witlesse cares of men,  
 Such folly meere, and blindnes great was then,  
 But if religion now bids toies farewell,  
 Embrace that's good, the vice of times I tell.

## King Albanact.

7

He laid him then downe by the altars side,  
Vpon the white *Hinds* skin espred therefore:  
It was the third houre of the night, a tide  
Of sweetest sleepe, he gaue himselfe the more  
To rest surelie. Then seemed him before

*Diana* chaste, the goddesse to appeare,  
And spake to him these words that you shall heare.

*O Brute, farre vnder Phœbus fall, beyond of France that raigne,  
An Iland in the Ocean is, with sea tis compass maine,  
An Iland in the Ocean is, where Giants erst did dwell:  
But now a desert place that's fit, will serue thy people well.  
To this direct thy race, for there shall be thy seat for aye,  
And to thy sonnes there shall be built another stately Troye.  
Here of thy progenie and stocke, shall mightie Kings descend,  
And vnto them as subiect, all the world shall bow and bend.*

On this he woke, with ioyfull cheere, and told  
The vision all, and oracle it gaue:  
So it reioyst their hearts a thousand fold.  
To ships they got, away the shores they draue,  
And hoying sailes, for happie winds they craue.  
In thirtie daies their voyage so they dight,  
That on the coast of *Aphrica* they light.

Then to *Philenes* altars they attain'd,  
(For so men call two hilles erected are  
In *Tunise* land) two brethren ground that gain'd  
For *Carthage* once, and went tis said too farre,  
On *Cyren* ground for bounds, there buried were.  
Because they would not turne againe, but striue  
With *Cyren* men, they buried them alīue.

From thence they sailed through the middle lake,  
Betweene *Europa* faire and *Aphrica* the drie:  
With winde at will, the doubtfull race they take,  
And sail'd to *Tuscane* shores, on *Europe* coast that lie.  
Where at the last amongst the men they did descrie  
Foure banisht bands of *Troians* in distresse  
To saile with them, which did themselues addresse.

Companions of *Antenor* in his flight.  
 But *Corinaus* was their captaine than,  
 For counsell graue a wise and worthie wight :  
 In warres the praise of valiantnesse he wan.  
 Lord *Brutus* liked well this noble man,  
 With him full oft confer of fates he wold,  
 And vnto him the oracles he told.

The Troians so in number now increast,  
 Set on to sea and hoyfed sailes to wind,  
 To *Hercules* his pillars from the East  
 They cast by compasse readie way to find :  
 Where through once past to Northward race they twind,  
 To Pirene cleeuues, tweene Spaine and France the bound,  
 Reioycing neere the promist Ile so found.

Eke vnto Guyne in France they sailed thence,  
 Where at the hauen of Loire they did arriue,  
 To view the countrey was their whole pretence  
 And victuals get, their souldiers to reuiue.  
 Eke *Corinaus* lest the Galles should striue,  
 Led forth two hundred of his warlike band,  
 To get prouision to the ships from land.

But when the King *Goffarius* heard of this,  
 That Troians were arriued on his shore,  
 With Frenchmen and with Guynes their power and his,  
 He came to take the prey they gate before,  
 And when they met, they fought it both full sore,  
 Till *Corinaus* rusht into their band,  
 And caus'd them flie : they durst no longer stand.

First might you there seene hearts of Frenchmen broke :  
 Two hundred Troians gaue them all the foile  
 At home, with oddes, they durst not bide the stroke,  
 Few Troians beat them in their natie foile,  
 Eke *Corinaus* followed in this broile,  
 So fast vpon his foes before his men,  
 That they return'd and thought to spoile him then,

There



There he alone against them all, and they  
Against him one, with all their force did fight.  
At last by chance his sword was flowne away,  
By fortune on a battaile axe he light,  
Which he did driue about him with such might,  
That some their hands, and some their armes did leese,  
Some legges, of some the head from shoulders flees.

As thus amongst them all he fought with force  
And fortune great, in danger of his life,  
Lord *Brutus* had on him therewith remorse,  
Came with a troupe of men to end the strife.  
When Frenchmen saw the Troians force so rise  
They fled away, vnto their losse and paine,  
In fight and flight nigh all their host was slaine.

And in that broile, saue *Corinaus*, none  
Did fight so fiercely, as did *Turnus* then,  
Sir *Brutus* cosin with his sword alone  
Did slay that time well nigh fixe hundred men.  
They found him dead as they return'd agen,  
Amongst the Frenchmen, wounded void of sence,  
And bare his noble corps with honour thence.

On this they bode awhile reuenge to yeeld,  
And to interre the dead, and *Turnus* slaine,  
They tooke a towne not farre from place of field,  
And built it strong, to vex the Galles againe.  
The name they gaue it still doth yet remaine,  
Sith there they buried *Turnus* yet men call  
It Tours, and name the folke Turones all.

Which towne they left at last with Troians mand,  
When as their ships were stor'd with what they need:  
Aboord, they hoise vp sailes and left the land,  
By aiding winds they cut the seas with speed.  
At length the shining Albion cleeuers did feed  
Their gazing eyes, by meanes whereof they fand:  
Out Totnes hauen, and tooke this promist land.

The countrey seemed pleasant at the view,  
 And was by few inhabited, as yet,  
 Saue certaine Giants whom they did pursue,  
 Which straight to Caues in Mountaines did them get:  
 So fine were Woods, and Floods, and Fountaines set,  
 So cleere the aire, so temperate the clime,  
 They neuer saw the like before that time.

And then this Ile that Albion had to name,  
 Lord *Brutus* causde it Britaine cal'd to bee,  
 And eke the people Britans of the same,  
 As yet in ancient Records is to see.  
 To *Corinaus* gaue he franke and free  
 The land of Cornwall, for his seruice done,  
 And for because from Giants he it wonne.

Then sith our Troiane flock came first from Troy,  
 The Chieftaine thought that dutie did him binde,  
 As Fortune thus had sau'd him from annoy,  
 The ancient towne againe to call to minde.  
 He built new Troy, them Troian laues assignde,  
 That so his race to his eternall fame,  
 Might keepe of Troy the euerlasting name.

And setled there, in perfect peace and rest,  
 Deuoid of warre, of labour, strife, or paine,  
 Then *Junogen* the Queene, his ioyes increast,  
 A Prince she bare, and after other twaine.  
 Was neuer King of noble Impes so faine,  
 Three sonnes which had so shortly here begat,  
*Locrinus*, *Camber*, last me *Albanact*.

Thus hauing wealth, and eke the world at will,  
 Nor wanting ought that might his minde content:  
 T' increase his powre with wights of warlike skill  
 Was all his minde, his purpose and intent.  
 Whereby if foes, inuasion after ment,  
 The Britans might not feare of forraine lands,  
 But keepe by fight, possessions in their hands.



## King Albanact.

II

Eke when his people once perceiu'd his minde,  
(As what the Prince doth often most embrace,  
To that the subiects all, are straight inclinde,  
And reuerence still in ech respect his grace)  
They gat in warre such knowledge in short space,  
That after they their force to trie begun,  
They car'd for nought by wit or wight not won,

Those mightie people borne of Giants brood,  
That did possesse this Ocean-bounded land,  
They did subdue, who oft in battell stood  
Gainst them in field, yntill by force of hand  
They were made subiect vnto *Brutes* command.  
Such boldnes then did in the Briton dwell,  
That they in deedes of valour did excell.

Whereby the King had cause to take delight,  
And might be bold the lesse to feare his foes:  
Surely ech Prince may recke his en'mies spight,  
Thereafter as his force in fight he knoes.  
"A princely heart the liberall gifts disclose.  
He gaue to ech such guerdons for their facts,  
As might them only moue to noble acts.

No labours great his subiects then refusde,  
No trauels that might like his regall minde:  
But ech of them such exercise well vsde,  
Wherein was praise, or glorie great to finde.  
And to their liege bare faithfull hearts so kinde,  
That what he wold they all obeyd his hest,  
Nought else was currant, but the Kings request.

What Prince aliue might more reioyce then he?  
Had faithfull men, so valiant, bold, and stout:  
What pleasures more on earth could lightly be  
Then win an Ile, and liue deuoid of doubt?  
An Ile said I? nay nam'd the world throughout  
Another world, sith sea doth it diuide  
From all, that wants not all the world beside.

What

What subiects eke more happie were then these?  
 Had such a King of such a noble heart,  
 And such a land enioyd and liu'd at ease,  
 Whereof ech man almost might chuse his part.  
 No feare of foes, vnknowne was treasons art,  
 No faining friends, no fauning *Gnatoes* skill,  
 No *Thrafoes* brags, but bearing ech good will.

But as ech summer once receiues an end,  
 And as no State can stable stand for aye,  
 As course of time doth cause things bow and bend,  
 As euery pleasure hath her ending day,  
 As will can neuer passe the power of may:  
 Euen so my father happie daies that spent,  
 Perceiu'd he must by sicknesse last relent.

As doth the shipman well foresee the storme,  
 And knowes what danger lies in Syrtes of sand:  
 Eke as the husbandman prouides beforene,  
 When he perceiues the winter cold at hand:  
 Euen so the wise, that course of things haue scand,  
 Can well the end of sicknes great presage,  
 When it is ioyn'd with yeeres of stooping age.

His sonnes and Counsell all assembled were,  
 For why he sent for vs and them with speed.  
 We came in hast, this newes did cause vs feare,  
 Sith so he sent, we thought him sick indeed.  
 And when we all approcht to him with speed,  
 Too soone alas, his Grace right sick we found,  
 And him saluted as our duties bound.

And casting of his wofull eyes aside,  
 Not able well to moue his painfull head,  
 As silent we with teares his minde abide,  
 He wild himselfe be reared in his bed.  
 Which done, with sight of vs his eyes he fed,  
 Eke pausing so a while for breath he staid,  
 At length to them and vs, thus wise he said.

## King Albanact.

13

No maruaile sure, though you herewith be sad  
(You noble Britaines) for your *Brutus* sake.  
Sith whilom me your captaine stout you had,  
That now my leaue and last farwell must take,  
Thus nature willes me once an ende to make,  
And leaue you here behinde, which after mee  
Shall die, as me depart before you see.

” You wot wherefore I with the Grecians fought,  
” With dint of sworde I made their force to flie:  
” *Antenors* friends on Tuscan shores I fought,  
” And did them not my promist land denie.  
” By Martiall powre I made the Frenchmen flie,  
” Where you to saue, I lost my faithfull friend  
” For you; at Tours my *Turnus* tooke his end.

” I need not now recite what loue I bare,  
” My friendship you, I trust, haue found so well,  
” That none amongst you all which present are,  
” With teares doth not record the tale I tell.  
” Eke whom I found for vertues to excell,  
” To them I gaue the price thereof, as due  
” As they deseru’d, whose facts I found so true.

” Now must I proue, if paines were well bestow’d,  
” Or if I spent my gratefull gifts in vaine,  
” Or if these great good turnes to you I ow’d,  
” And might not aske your loyall loues againe.  
” Which if I wist, what tongue could tell my paine?  
” I meane, if you vngratefull mindes doe beare,  
” What meaneth death to let me linger here?

” For if you shall abuse your Prince, in this  
” The gods on you for such an hainous fact,  
” To take reuenge, be sure will neuer misse.  
” And then too late you shall repent the act,  
” When all my Realme, and all your wealths are sackt;  
” But if you shall as you begun, proceed,  
” Of kingdomes fall, or foes, there is no dreed.

And



„ And to auoid contention that may fall,  
 „ Because I wish this Realme the Britans still:  
 „ Therefore I will declare before you all  
 „ Sith you are come, my whole intent and will.  
 „ Which if you keepe, and wrest it not to ill,  
 „ There is no doubt but euermore with fame  
 „ You shall enjoy the Britans Realme and name.

„ You see my sonnes, that after me must raigne,  
 „ Whom you or this haue lik'd and counsail'd well.  
 „ You know what erst you wisht they should refraine,  
 „ Which way they might all vices vile expell,  
 „ Which way they might in vertues great excell.  
 „ Thus if you shall, when I am gone insue,  
 „ You shall discharge the trust repof'd in you.

„ Be you their fathers, with your counsell wise.  
 „ And you my children take them euen as me.  
 „ Be you their guides in what you can deuise,  
 „ And let their good instructions teach you three:  
 „ Be faithfull all: as brethren ought agree:  
 „ For \* concord keepes a Realme in stable stay:  
 „ But discord brings all kingdomes to decay.

„ Record you this: to th' eldest sonne I giue  
 „ This middle part of Realme to hold his owne,  
 „ And to his heires that after him shall liue.  
 „ Also to Camber, that his part be knowne,  
 „ I giue that land that lies welnigh oregrowne  
 „ With woods, Northwest, and mountaines mightie hie,  
 „ By South whereof, the Cornish sea doth lie.

„ And vnto thee my yongest sonne, that art  
 „ Mine *Albanact*, I giue to thee likewise  
 „ As much to be for thee and thine a part,  
 „ As North beyond the arme of sea there lies,  
 „ Of which loe heere a Mappe before your eies.  
 „ Loe heere my sonnes my kingdome all you haue,  
 „ For which (remember) nought but this I craue:



## King Albanact.

15

- » First, that you take these fathers graue for me,
  - » Imbrace their counsell euen as it were mine :
  - » Next, that betweene your selues you will agree,
  - » And neuer one at others wealth repine.
  - » See that yee bide still bound with friendly line.
  - » And last, my subiects with such loue retaine,
  - » As long they may your subiects eke remaine.
- » Now faint, I feele my breath begins to faile,  
» My time is come, giue each to me your hand,  
» Farewell, farewell, to mourne will not preuaile,  
» I see with Knife where *Atropos* doth stand.  
» Farewell my friends, my children and my land,  
» And farewell all my subiects, farewell breath,  
» Farewell ten thousand times, and welcome death.

And euen with that he turn'd himsele aside,  
Vpyeelding gasping gaue away the ghost :  
Then all with mourning voice his seruants cri'd,  
And all his subiects eke, from least to most.  
Lamenting fil'd with wailing plaints each coast,  
And so the Britans all as nature bent,  
Did for their King full dolefully lament.

But what auails, to striue against the tide,  
Or else to driue against the streame and winde?  
What booteth it against the Cliues to ride,  
Or else to worke against the course of kind?  
Sith Nature hath the end of things assign'd,  
There is no nay, we must perforce depart,  
Gainst dint of death, there is no ease by art.

Thus raign'd that worthie King, that found this land,  
My father *Brutus*, of the Troian blood,  
And thus he died when he full well had man'd  
This noble Realme with Britans fierce and good.  
And so a while in stable state it stood,  
Till we diuided had this Realme in three,  
And I too soone receiu'd my part to mee.

Then

Then straight through all the world gan Fame to flie,  
 A monster swifter none is vnder Sun  
 Encreasing: as in waters we descry  
 The circles small, of nothing that begun,  
 Which at the length vnto such breadth doe come,  
 That of a drop which from the skies doth fall,  
 The circles spread, and hide the waters all:

So fame in flight increaseth more and more:  
 For at the first she is not scarcely knowne,  
 But by and by she flectes from shore to shore,  
 To clouds from th' earth her stature straight is growne:  
 There whatsoeuer by her trumpe is blowne,  
 The sound that both by sea and land out flies,  
 Rebounds againe, and verberates the skies.

They say, the earth that first the Giants bred,  
 For anger that the gods did them dispatch,  
 Brought forth this sister, of those monsters dead,  
 Full light of foote, swift wings the winds to catch;  
 Such monster erst did nature neuer hatch.  
 As many Plumes she hath from top to toe,  
 So many eyes them vnderwatch, or moe.

And tongues doe speake, so many eares doe harke,  
 By night tweene heauen she flies and earthly shade,  
 And shrieking, takes no quiet sleepe by darke  
 On houses rooves; on towres as keeper made  
 She sits by day, and Cities threats t' invade:  
 And as she tels what things she sees by view,  
 She rather shewes that's fained false, then true.

She blazde abroad perdy a people small,  
 Late landed here, and found this pleasant Ile,  
 And how that now it was diuided all,  
 Made tripartite, and might within a while  
 Be won by force, by treason, fraud, or guile:  
 Wherefore she moues her friends to make assay  
 To win the prize, and beare our pompe away.

A thou-

## King Albanact.

17

A thousand things besides, she bruits and tels;  
And makes the most of euery thing shee heares;  
Long time of vs she talkes, and nothing els,  
Eke what she seeth, abroad in haste she beares,  
With tatling toies and tickleth so their eares,  
That needs they must to flattering fame assent,  
Though afterwards they do therefore lament.

By East from hence a countrey large doth lye,  
*Hungaria* eke of Hunnes it hath to name,  
And hath *Danubius* floud on South it bye,  
Diuiding quite from *Austria* the same.  
From thence a King was named *Humber* came:  
On coasts of Albany arriued he,  
In hope to be the King of Britanie.

When by report of subiects I did heare  
How foe-men were arriued on my shore,  
I gathered all my souldiers void of feare,  
And backe the Hunnes by force and might I bore.  
But in this battell was I hurt so fore,  
That in the field of deadly wounds I dide,  
My souldiers lost their noble Prince and guide.

Such was my fate to venture on so bold,  
My rashnesse was the cause of all my woe:  
Such is of all our glorie vaine the hold,  
So soone we pompe and pleasures all forgo,  
So quickly are we rest our kingdomes fro:  
And such is all the cast of Fortunes play,  
When least we thinke, to cut vs quite away.

I deem'd my selfe an heauenly happie wight,  
When once I had my part to raigne within:  
But see the chance what hap did after light,  
Or I could scarce t' inioy my glee begin.  
This *Hunne* did seeke from me my Realme to win,  
And had his will: O flattering fortune, fie,  
What meanest thou to make thy selfe so lye?

D

You



You worthie warriers by my fall beware,  
 Let wisdome worke, lay rashnesse all apart,  
 When as with enemies you encountred are,  
 You must endeuour all your skilfull art  
 By wittie wiles, with force to make your mart.  
 Wit nought auailles late bought with care and cost,  
 Too late it comes when life and all is lost.

HOW HVMBER THE KING OF  
 Hunnes minding to conquer Britaine, was  
*drowned in the arme of sea now called*  
*Humber, about the yeare before Christ,*  
 1085.



Hough yet no forren Princes in this place  
 Haue come to tell their haplesse great mishap,  
 Yet giue me leaue a while to pleade my case,  
 And shew how I slipt out of fortunes lap.  
 Perchance some other will eschew the trap  
 Wherein I fell, and both themselues beware,  
 And also seeke the lesse their countries care.

I am that *Humber* King of Hunnes, that came  
 To win this Iland, from the Britaines fell:  
 Was drown'd in Humber, where I left my name.  
 A iust reward for him that liu'd so well  
 At home, and yet thought others to expell  
 Both from their Realme or right: well seru'd was I,  
 That by ambition thought to clime so hie.

But I must blame report, the chiefeft cause  
 Of my decay: beware of rash report:  
 Tis wisdome first to take a while a pause,  
 Before to dint of dangers you resort:  
 Left when you come in haste to scale the fort,  
 By rash assault some engine, shaft or fire  
 Dispatch you quite, or make you soone retire.



## King Humber.

19

For vnto me the rumours daily flew,  
That heere a noble Iland might be won :  
The King was dead : no warres the people knew,  
And eke themselues to striue at home begon,  
It were (quoth I) a noble act well don  
To win it then : and therewithall did make  
Prouision good, this famous Ile to take.

A warlike regall campe prouided was,  
And ships, and victuall, for my Hunnes and me,  
By sea to Britaine conquest for to passe,  
If Gods thereto or heauenly starres agree.  
At length we came to shores of Albany,  
And there to fight, with Britans, pitch'd our field,  
In hope to make them flinch, flie, fall, or yeeld.

They met vs, long we fiercely fought it out,  
And doubtfull was the victours part of twaine :  
Till with my Hunnes, I rusht among the rout,  
And fought till that King *Albanact* was slaine.  
Then they to yeeld or pardon craue were faine,  
And I with triumphes great receiu'd the pray,  
And marched forward, flesht with such a fray.

I past an arme of sea, that would to God  
I neuer had bin halfe so bold at first,  
I made, to beate my selfe withall, a rod,  
When so without their Realme I venture durst.  
But marke my tale, thou heard'st not yet the worst :  
As sure I thought the rest to circumuent,  
By spies before, they knew my whole intent.

And or I wist, when I was come to land,  
Not farre from shore two Princes were prepar'd  
Their scouts conueyed away my ships they fand,  
And of my shipmens flesh they nothing spar'd.  
To rescue which, as backe againe I far'd,  
The armies twaine were at my heeles behinde,  
So closde me in, I wist no way to winde.

On th' East *Locrinus* with an armie great,  
 By West was *Cambre* with another band :  
 By North an arme of sea the shores did bear,  
 Which compass me and mine within their land.  
 No way to scape was there but Water fand,  
     Which I must taste, or else the sword of those  
     Which were to me and mine full deadly foes.

So when I saw the best of all mine hoste  
 Beat downe with bats, shot, slaine, or forst to swim,  
 My selfe was faine likewise to flie the coast,  
 And with the rest the waters entred in.  
 A simple shift for Princes to begin.  
     Yet farre I deem'd it better so to die  
     Then at my foe-mens feet an abiect lie.

But when I thus had swam with hope to scape,  
 If I might wend the water waues to passe :  
 The Britans that before my ships had gate  
 Can watch me, where amidst the surge I was.  
 Then with my boats they rowde to me (alas)  
     And all they cri'd keep *Humber*, keepe their King  
     That to our Prince, we may the traytor bring.

So with my boats beset, poore *Humber* I  
 Wist no refuge, my wearie armes did ake,  
 My breath was short, I had no power to crie,  
 Or place to stand, while I my plaint might make.  
 The water colde made all my ioynts to shake,  
     My heart did beat with sorow, grieve, and paine,  
     And downe my cheeks, salt tears they gusht amaine.

O must thou yeeld, and shall thy boats betray  
 Thy selfe (quoth I) no mercie Britans haue :  
 O would to God I might escape away,  
 I wot not yet if pardon I may craue,  
 Although my deeds deserue no life to haue.  
     I will, I nill, death, bondage, beast am I  
     In waters thus, in forren soile to die.

## King Humber.

21

With that I clapt my quauering hands abroad,  
And held them vp to heauen, and thus I said :  
O Gods that know the paines that I haue bode,  
And iust reuengement of my rashnes paid,  
And of the death of *Albanaſt* betraid  
By me and mine, I yeeld my life therefore  
Content to die, and neuer greeue yee more.

Then ſtraight not opening of my hands, I bowde  
My ſelfe, and ſet my head my armes betweene :  
And downe I ſprang with all the force I could,  
So duckt, that neither head nor foot were ſcene,  
And neuer ſaw my foes againe I weene,  
There was I drown'd : the Britans, to my fame,  
Yet call that arme of ſea by *Humbers* name.

Take heed by me, let my preſumption ſerue,  
And let my folly, fall, and raſhneſſe, be  
A glaſſe wherein to ſee if thou do ſwerue :  
Thou mai'ſt thy ſelfe perceiue ſomewhat by me.  
Let neither truſt, nor treaſon, traine forth ye,  
But be content with thine eſtate, ſo ſhall  
No wrath of God, procure thy hapleſſe fall.

If thou be forren, bide within thy foile  
That God hath giuen to thee and thine to hold :  
If thou oppreſſion meane, beware the foile,  
Beare not thy ſelfe of thee or thine too bold,  
Or of the ſeats thy elders did of old.  
For God is iuſt, iniuſtice will not thriue :  
He plagues the proud, preſerues the good aliue.

D 3

HOW

# HOW KING LOCRINVS the eldest son of Brutus liued vitiously,

*and was slaine in battell by his wife, Queene  
Guendoline, the yeare before Christ,*

1064.



F euer any noble Prince might rue  
My haplesse deeds of yore, the same may I,  
That would to God it were not farre too true,  
Or that I iustly could my faults denie.  
\* The truth of things the end, or time, doth trie,  
As well by me is seene: my haplesse fall  
Declares whence came my great misfortunes all.

I am *Locrinus*, second Britaine King,  
The eldest sonne of him that found this land:  
Whose death, to me my mischiefes all did bring,  
And caus'd why first I tooke my death in hand.  
He chiefly wil'd me when he gaue this land  
I should be rul'd, by all his Counsels will,  
And vse their iudgements in my dealings still.

But what do I accuse my fathers heft;  
What meane I heere th' unfaultie for to blame?  
All he commanded euen was for the best,  
Though in effect, of best the worst became.  
So things oft times well ment, vnfitly frame,  
So often times the counsell of our frend  
Apparent good, falles faultie in the end.

For as he wisht, I vsde his Counsels aide,  
In each thing that I deem'd was good for me:  
I neuer ought that they desir'd, denaide,  
But did to all their minds and hefts agree.  
And *Corineus* saw my heart so free,  
By diuers meanes he sought this match to make,  
That to my wife I might his daughter take.



So I that wist not then what mariage ment,  
Did straight agree his *Guendoline* to haue :  
Yet afterward suspecting his intent,  
My friends to me this point of counsell gaue,  
That \* who so doth of Prince alliance craue,  
He meanes thereby to worke some point of ill,  
Or else to frame the Prince vnto his will.

It may well be he ment no ill at all,  
But \* wise men alwaies vse to dread the worst.  
And sith it was the fountaine of my fall,  
From whence the spring of all my sorowes burst,  
I may well thinke was some of vs accurst.  
For why, \* the end doth alwaies proue the fact :  
By end we iudge the meaning of the act.

I made no haste to wed my spoused wife,  
I wist I could (as yet) without her bide :  
I had not tasted ioyes of trained life,  
I deem'd them fooles by *Cupids* dart that dide.  
*Venus* vile and all her feats defide,  
I liu'd at rest, and rul'd my land so well,  
That men delighted of my facts to tell.

My brethren eke long weilded well their parts,  
We fear'd no foes, we thought our state would stand :  
We gaue our selues to learned skilfull arts,  
Wherein we either fruite, or pleasure fand,  
And we enioyd too fine a fertile land,  
That few in earth might with our states compare,  
We liu'd so void of noisome carke and care.

But see the chance : when least we thought of ill,  
When we esteem'd our state to be most sure,  
Then came a flaw to bridle all our will,  
For strangers farre gan vs to warre procure.  
And euen when first, they put their pranke in vre,  
On Albaine shores my brother there they slew,  
Whose death we after made the Hunnes to rue.

When he was dead they hop'd to winne the rest,  
 And ouer Aby streame with hast did hie.  
 But I, and eke my brother *Camber*, drest  
 Our armies straight, and came their force to trie.  
 We brake their raies, and forc'd the King to flie  
 Into the arme of sea they ouer came,  
 Where *Humber* drownde the waters tooke their name.

We either slew, or tooke them captiues all,  
 Amongst the which (O mischiefe great to tell!)  
 The Gods to worke mine ouerthrow and fall,  
 Sent Ladies three, whose beauties did excell.  
 Of which, because I liked one so well,  
 I tooke her straight, nor she did ought denie,  
 But ech thing granted so she might not die.

Thus *Humber* we this hatefull hungrie King,  
 In *Humber* drencht, and him depriu'd of pride,  
 And of his louely Ladies he did bring  
 He lost the pray, and all his men beside,  
 And we the spoiles of all his host diuide.  
 But I that thought I had the greatest share,  
 Had caught the cause of all my wofull care.

They cal'd this Ladie, *Elfride*, whom I tooke,  
 Whose beautie braue did so my wits confound,  
 That for her sake my promise I forsooke,  
 Whereby I was to *Guendoline* first bound.  
 Me thought no Ladie else so high renound  
 That might haue cause me change my constate minde,  
 So was I caught by snares of *Cupid* blinde.

Was neuer none before so li'kd mine eye,  
 I lou'd her more then I could loue my life:  
 Her absence still me thought did cause me dye,  
 I surely ment to take her for my wife.  
 But see how beautie breedeth deadly strife,  
 Loe here began my whole confusion, here  
 Sprang out the shaft from whence this wound I beare.

For *Corinans* had no sooner heard,  
That I did meane his daughter to forsake,  
But straight as one that did nought else regard,  
In hast his voyage towards me did take.  
Where he declar'd what promise I did make,  
From which he said if once I sought to slide,  
It would by dint of sword, and blood, be tride.

But if I would her take, as erst I said,  
And not this stranger chuse against his minde,  
His helpe he promist at each time, and aide  
To be so readie, as I wisht to finde.  
He further said my countrey did me binde,  
To take such one as all my subiects knew,  
Sith strangers to their foes are seldome true.

I waide his words, and thought he wisht me well,  
But yet because his stock should gaine thereby,  
I reckt them lesse : and yet the truth to tell,  
I durst not dare my promise made denie.  
For well I wist if once it came to trie,  
It would both weaken all this noble land,  
And doubtfull be who should haue th'vpper hand.

Thus needes perforce I must his daughter take,  
And must leaue off to loue where I delight :  
I was constraind, contented to forsake  
The forme that most did captiuate my sight,  
What luck had I on such a lot to light?  
What ment you Gods that me such fortune gaue,  
To cast my minde on her I might not haue?

To short my tale : his *Guendoline* I tooke,  
I was content against my will : what then?  
Nor quite for this mine *Elstride* I forsooke.  
For why, I wrought by skill of cunning men  
A Vault along vnder the ground, a den  
Her companie wherein I vsed still,  
There we accomlisht our unhappie will.

There

There I begat my *Sabrino* fillic childe,  
 That virgin small, mine *Elstride* bare to mee:  
 Thus I my wife full often times beguilde,  
 Which afterward did beare a sonne to mee,  
 Nam'd *Madan*: yet we neuer could agree.  
 And he that was the cause she was my Bride,  
 The while, her father *Corinaus* dide.

Which when I heard, I had my hearts desire,  
 I crau'd no more, there was my end of griefe:  
 At least I thought to quench *Cupidoes* fire,  
 And eke to worke my lusting loues reliefe,  
 I ment no more to steale it like a thiefe:  
 But married *Elstride*, whom I lou'd as life,  
 And for her sake I put away my wife.

Likewise my *Elstride* I as Queene ordain'd,  
 And tooke her as my lawfull wife by right:  
 But *Guendoline* that saw her selfe disdain'd,  
 Straight fled, and mou'd the Cornish men to fight,  
 To them when she declar'd her piteous plight,  
 In hast they raisd an armie, for to be  
 Reuengers of my new made Queene and me.

And I likewise an armie did prepare,  
 I thought to quaile their courage all by force:  
 But to my cost I found too late beware.  
 There is no strength in armour: men, ne horse  
 Can vaile, if *Ioue* on wronged take remorse.  
 Sith he on whom the deadly dart doth light,  
 Can neuer scape, by ransome, friend, or flight.

So when our armies met nigh Habrine streame,  
 The trumpets blew and I denide the peace:  
 I minded to expell them all the Realme,  
 Or else to make them euer after cease.  
 And they, except I *Elstride* would release  
 (They said) and take my *Guendoline* againe,  
 They would reuenge the wrong or else be slaine.



On this we met, and valiantly we fought  
On either side, and neither part did yeeld:  
So equally they fell it was great doubt,  
Which part should haue the better of the field.  
But I too bold rusht in with sword and shield,  
To breake their raies, so hastie men get smart,  
An arrow came, and stroke me to the heart.

Thus was I brought to bale, vnhappie, there,  
My bodie pierst that wicked life had led:  
When I had raigned all out twentie yeare,  
And had my corps with many pleasures fed,  
The earth receiu'd my corps as cold as led.  
And all my pompe, my princely troupe and traine,  
On earth no more shall see their Prince againe.

To all estates let this for wedlocke serue,  
Beware of change, it will not hold out long.  
For \* who so mindeth from his mate to swerue,  
Shall sure at length receiue reuenge for wrong,  
Tis folly fight with God, h'is farre too strong.  
For though yee colour all with coat of right,  
No false deceit deceiues or dimmes his sight,  
He guides the good, and wrekes the wrongs of might.

---

HOW QUEENE ELSTRIDE, THE  
Concubine and second wife of King *Locrinus*, was  
miserable drowned by Queene *Guendoline*,  
the yeere before Christ, 1064.

**A**nd must I needs my selfe recite my fall,  
Poore Princess I? must I declare my fate?  
Must I the first of Queenes amongst vs all,  
Shew how I thrice fell from my princely state?  
And from the loftie seate on which I sate?  
If needs I must, then well content, I will,  
Lest here my place in vaine I seeme to fill.

I am that *Elstride* whom *Locrinus* lou'd,  
 A Prince his daughter, came from Germanes land.  
 My fame of beautie many Princes mou'd  
 To sue for grace, and fauour at my hand.  
 Which bruite once blowne abroad in euery land,  
     One *Humber* King of Hunnes with all his traine,  
 To come to me a suiter, was full faine.

What need I tell the gifts to me he gaue,  
 Or shew his suite, or promise he me plight,  
 Sith well you know a Prince need nothing craue,  
 May nigh command each thing as twere his right?  
 For \* as the fowle before the Eagles fight,  
     Euen so we fall, submit, and yeeld vs still  
 At Prince his call, obeysant to his will.

And for that time the Hunnes full mightie were,  
 And did encrease by martiall feats of warre :  
 Therefore our Germane Kings agast, did beare  
 Them greater fauour, then was need by farre.  
 My father durst not *Humbers* hest debarre,  
     Nor I my selfe, I rather was content  
 In hope of crowne, with *Humber* to consent.

Two Princely dames with me came then away,  
 He brag'd to win these countrie parts all three.  
 We Ladies rather were this Prince his pray,  
 Because he promist that we *Queenes* should be.  
 We came to cost, these countrey coasts to see,  
     Sith he on whom our hope did wholly stand,  
 Was drown'd, nam'd *Humber* waters, lost the land.

For as you heard before when he suppos'd  
 He had won all, because he won a part,  
 Straightway he was againe thereof depos'd,  
 Constrain'd to flie and swim for life poore heart :  
 Loc heere the cause of all my dolefull smart :  
     This noble King with whom I came to raigne,  
 Was drencht, and drown'd vnto my grieuous paine.

Then were his souldiers taken, slaine, or spoild,  
And well were they, that could make suite for life.  
Was neuer such an armie sooner foild :  
O wofull warre, that flowd'ft in flouds of strife,  
And card'ft not whom thou cut'ft with cruell knife.  
So, had not *Venus* fraught my face with hue,  
I had no longer liu'd my forme to rue.

But as I came a captiue with the rest,  
My countenance did shine as braue as Sunne,  
Ech one that saw my natiue hue, were prest  
To yeeld themselues, by beames of beautie wonne.  
My fame straight blowne, to gaze on me they runne,  
And said I past ech worldly wight, as farre  
As *Phæbus* bright excels the morning starre.

Like as you see in night, if light appeare,  
Straightway to that ech man directs his eye :  
Euen so among my captiue mates that were,  
When I did speake, or make my plaints with crie,  
Then all on me they stared by and by,  
Bemoning of my fates, and fortune, so,  
As they had bin partakers of my woe.

My forme did praise my plea, my sighes they sued,  
My teares enti ft their hearts, some ruth to take.  
My sobs in sight a seemely hue renew'd,  
My wringing hands, wan suiters shift to make,  
My sober sooths did cause them for my sake  
Me to commend, vnto their noble King,  
Who wild they should me into presence bring.

T'whom when I came, in cords as captiue bound,  
" O King (quoth I) whose power we feele too strong,  
" O worthie wight, whose fame to skies doth sound,  
" Doe pitie me, that neuer wisht thee wrong.  
" Release me, one, thy captiues all among,  
" Which frō my friends, by fraud am brought away,  
" A Prince his daughter, drown'd in deepe decay.

Now

- " Now as thou art a Prince thy selfe, of might,  
 " And maist do more then I do dare desire :  
 " Let me (O King) find fauour in thy sight,  
 " Asswage somewhat thy deadly wrath and ire,  
 " No part of knighthood tis for to require  
 " A Ladies death thee neuer did offend,  
 " Sith that thy foe, hath brought her to this end.  
  
 " But let me rather safely be conuay'd,  
 " O gracious King, once home before I die :  
 " Or let me liue thy simple wayting maid,  
 " If it may please thy royall Maiestie.  
 " Or let me ransome pay for libertie.  
 " But if you mind reuenge of vnwraught ill,  
 " Why spare you Britaines my deare blood to spill ?

With that the King: Good Ladie faire, what ist  
 Thou canst desire or aske but must obtaine ?  
 Eke would to God with all my heart I wist  
 Best way to ease thee of thy wofull paine.  
 But if thou wilt, do heere with me remaine.  
 If not content, conductors shalt thou haue,  
 To bring thee home, and what thou else wilt craue.

- " O King (quoth I) the gods preserue thy grace,  
 " The heauens requite thy mercie shew'd to me,  
 " And all the starres, direct thy regall race,  
 " With happie course, long length of yeares to see.  
 " The earth with fertill fruits enrich so thee,  
 " That thou maist still like Iustice heere dispose,  
 " And euermore treade downe thy deadly foes.

The noble King commanded to vnbind  
 Mine armes, and giue me libertie at will.  
 With whom such fauour I did after find,  
 That as his Queene I was at elbow still:  
 And I enioy'd all pleasures at my fill.  
 So that they quite had quenched out my thrall,  
 And I forgot my former Fortunes all.



Thus loe by fauour I obtain'd my suite,  
So had my beautie set his heart on fire,  
That I could make *Locrinus* euen as mute,  
Or pleasant as my causes did require.  
And when I knew he could no way retire,  
I prai'd he would his fauour so extend,  
As I might not be blamed in the end.

For if (quoth I) you take me as your owne,  
And eke my loue to you hath constant beene :  
Then let your loue likewise againe be showne,  
And wed me as you may your spoused Queene.  
If since in me misliking you haue seene,  
Then best depart betime, before defame  
Begin to take from *Elstride* her good name.

No wauering heart (said he) *Locrinus* beares,  
No fained flatterie shall thy faith deface :  
Thy beautie, birth, fame, vertue, age and yeares,  
Constraineth me mine *Elstride* to imbrace.  
I must offorce, giue thy requests a place,  
For as they do with reason good consent,  
Euen so I grant thee all thy whole intent.

Then was the time appointed and the day,  
In which I should be wedded to this King.  
But in this case, his Counsell causde a stay,  
And sought out meanes at discord vs to bring.  
Eke *Corinans* claim'd a former thing,  
A precontract was made and full accord  
Between his daughter, and my soueraigne Lord.

And yet the King did giue me comfort still,  
He said he could not so forsake my loue :  
He euermore would beare me all good will,  
As both my beautie and deserts did moue.  
Yet faithlesse in his promise he did proue :  
His Counsell at the last did him constrain  
To marrie her, vnto my grieuous paine.

At which I could not but with hate repine,  
 It vexed me, his mate that should haue beene:  
 To liue in hate a Prince his concubine,  
 That euer had such hope to be his Queene.  
 The steps of state are full of woe and teene,  
 For when we thinke we haue obtain'd the throne,  
 Then straight our pompe and pride is quite orethrowne.

Lo twice I fell from hope of Princely crowne,  
 First, when vnhappy *Humber* lost his life:  
 And next I laid my peacocks pride adowne,  
 When I could not be King *Locrinus* wife.  
 But oft they say the third doth end the strife,  
 Which I haue prou'd, therefore the sequell view,  
 \* The third paies home, this prouerbe is too true.

The King could not refraine his former minde,  
 But vsde me still, and I my doubtfull yeares  
 Did linger on, I knew no shift to finde,  
 But past the time full oft with mourning teares.  
 \* A concubine is neuer void of feares,  
 For if the wife her at aduantage take,  
 In rage reuenge with death she seekes to make.

Likewise I wist if once I sought to flie,  
 Or to intreat the King depart I might:  
 Then would he straight be discontent with me.  
 Yea if I were pursued vpon the flight,  
 Or came deflour'd into my fathers sight,  
 I should be taken, kept perforce, or slaine,  
 Or in my countrey liue in great disdaine.

In such a plight what might a Ladie doe,  
 Was euer Princeesse poore, in such a case?  
 O wretched wight bewrapt in webs of woe,  
 That still in dread wast tost from place to place,  
 And neuer foundest meane to end thy race,  
 But still in doubt of death in carking care  
 Didst liue a life deuoid of all welfare.

## Queene Elstride.

32

The King perceiuing well my chaunged cheare,  
To ease my heart with all deuif'd deceates,  
By secret wayes I came deuoyde of feare,  
In vaults, by cunning Masons craftie feates.  
Whereas we safely from the Queene her threats,  
So that the King and I, so vsde our art,  
As after turn'd vs both to paine and smart.

By him I had my *Sabrine* small, my childe,  
And after that his wife her father lost.  
I meane he died and she was strayght exilde,  
And I made Queene vnto my care and cost.  
For she went downe to Cornwall strayght in post,  
And caused all her fathers men to rise  
With all the force and strength they might deuise.

My King and hers, with me, gainst her prepar'd  
An army strong: but when they came to fight,  
Dame *Guendoline* did wax at length too hard,  
And of our King vs both depos'd quight.  
For from her campe an arrow sharp did light  
Vpon his brest, and made him leaue his breath:  
Lo thus the King came by vntimely death.

Then I too late, began in vaine to flye,  
And taken was presented to the Queene:  
Who me beheld with cruell Tigers eie.  
„ O queane (quoth she) that cause of warres hast beene,  
„ And deadly hate, the like was neuer seene,  
„ Come on, for these my hands shall ridde thy life,  
„ And take reuengement of our mortall strife.

„ I longed long to bring thee to this day,  
„ And thou likewise hast sought to suck my bloud:  
„ Now art thou taken in my spoiles, a pray  
„ For thee my life full long in daunger stood.  
„ I will both teach thy selfe and others good,  
„ To breake the bands of faithfull wedlocke plight,  
„ And giue thee that which thou deseruest right.

- „ O harlot whore, why should I stay my hands?  
 „ O paynted picture, shall thy lookes thee saue?  
 „ Nay, bind her fast both hand and foote in bands,  
 „ And let her some straunge kinde of torments haue.  
 „ What strumpet, think'ſt for that thou seemeſt braue,  
 „ Or for thy teares, or sighes, to ſcape my fight?  
 „ My ſelfe will rather vanquiſh thee by fight.

Thou rather ſhould'ſt my vitall breath depriue  
 Then euer ſcape, if none were here but wee.  
 But now I will not file my hands to ſtrive,  
 Or elſe to touch ſo vile a drab as ſhe.  
 Come on at once, and bring her after me,  
 With hand and feete (as I commaunded) bound,  
 And let mee ſee her here, as *Humber*, drown'd.

A thouſand things beſide ſhe ſpake in rage,  
 While that a caitiffe did with cords me binde.  
 No teares, nor ſobs, nor ſighes, might ought aſſwage  
 The ielous Queene, or mollifie her minde.  
 Occaſions ſtill her franticke head did finde,  
 And when ſhe ſpake her eies did ſeeme as fire,  
 Shee lookt as pale as chalke, with wrathfull ire.

Ne ſtood ſhe ſtill, but ſearcely me deſide,  
 Raung'd vp and downe, and oft her palmes ſhee ſtrooke.  
*Lacrinus* now (quoth ſhe) had not thus dide,  
 If ſuch an harlot whore he had not tooke.  
 And therewithall ſhee gaue a Tigers looke,  
 That made me quake, what lettes (quoth ſhe) my knife  
 To ridde this whore, my husbands ſecond wife.  
 H'is dead, I liue, and ſhall I ſaue her life?

O Queene (quoth I) if pitie none remayne,  
 But I be ſlaine or drown'd as *Humber* was:  
 Then take thy pleaſure by my pinching payne,  
 And let me hence as thou appointeſt paſſe.  
 But take ſome pitie on my childe, alas,  
 Thou know'ſt the infant made no fault but hee  
 That's dead, and I, therefore reuenge on mee.



No bastards here shall liue to dispossesse  
My sonne, (she sayd) but sith thou soughtest fame,  
I will prouide for her a kingdome lesse,  
Which shall hereafter euer haue her name.  
Thou know'st whereof the name of *Humber* came,  
Euen so *Sabrina* shall this streame bee cal'd,  
Sith *Sabrina* me, as *Humber* *Lochrine* thral'd.

With that my childe was *Sabrina* brought in sight,  
Who when she saw mee there in bandes to lie,  
Alas (she cri'd) what meanes this piteous plight?  
And downe shee fell before the Queene, with cry:  
O Queene (quoth shee) let me more rather die  
Than she that's guiltlesse should: for why, thy king  
Did as his captiue her to leaudnes bring.

Which when I saw the kindnes of the childe,  
It burst my heart much more then doome of death:  
Poore little lambe, with countenance how milde  
See pleaded still: and I for want of breath,  
(With woefull teares that lay her feete beneath)  
Could not put forth a word our liues to saue,  
Or if therefore I might a kingdome haue.

Her piteous plaints did somewhat death withdraw,  
For as shee long beheld the Queene with teares,  
(Quoth shee) let me haue rigour void of law,  
In whome the signe of all thy wrath appeares.  
And let me die, my fathers face that beares.  
Sith he is dead, and we are voide of stay,  
Why should I thee for life or mercy pray?

My mother may to Germany returne,  
Where shee was borne, and if it please thy grace:  
And I may well lie in my fathers tombe,  
If thou wilt grant his childe so good a place.  
But if thou think my bloud is farre too bace,  
(Although I came, by both, of princely line)  
Then let me haue what shroud thou wilt assigne.

With that the Queene replied with milder cheere,  
 And sayd the childe was wonderous feate, and wittie:  
 But yet shee would not her reuenge forbeare,  
 For why (quoth shee) the prouerbe sayes,\* that pittie  
 Hath lewdly lost full many a noble Cittie.

Here *Elfride* now ile wreke my greefes on thee  
 To die, take leaue, but talke no more to mee.

On this my leaue I tooke, and thus I sayd,  
 Farewell my countrey Germany, farewell:  
 Adew the place from whence I was conueyd.  
 Farewell my father, and friends there dwell.  
 My *Humber* drown'd, as I shall be, farewell.

Adew *Locrinus* dead for thee I die:  
 Would God my corps might by thy coffine lie.

Adew my pleasures past, farewell, adew.  
 Adew the cares and sorrowes I haue had.  
 Farewell my friends that earst for me did sue,  
 Adew that were to saue my life full glad.  
 Farewell my fauning friends I lately had,  
 And thou my beauty, cause of death, farewell,  
 As oft as heart can thinke, or tongue can tell.

Adew you heauens, my mortall eyes shall see  
 No more your lights and planets all farewell,  
 And chiefly *Venus* faire that paintedst me,  
 When *Mercury* his tale to me did tell,  
 Eke afterwards when *Mars* with vs did dwell.  
 And now at last thou cruell *Mars* adew,  
 Whose dart my life and loue *Locrinus* slew.

And must I needes depart from thee my childe?  
 If needes I must, ten thousand times farewell:  
 Poore little lambe, thy friends are quite exilde?  
 And much I feare thou shalt not long doe well.  
 But if they so with boyling rancour swell  
 As thee to slea which neuer wroughtest ill,  
 How can they stay my stayued corps to kill?

With that, my *Sabrin*s slender armes imbrast  
Me round, and would not let me so depart.  
Let me (quoth she) for her the waters tast,  
Or let vs both together end our smart.  
Yea rather rip you forth my tender heart :  
What should I liue ? But they the child withdrew,  
And me into the raging streame they threw.

So in the waters as I striu'd to swimme,  
And kept my head aboue the waues for breath :  
Me thought I saw my child would venter in,  
Which cri'd amaine, O let me take like death.  
The waters straight had drawne me vnderneath,  
Where diuing, vp at length againe rose I,  
And saw my child, and cri'd farewell, I die.

Then as my strength was wasted, downe I went,  
Eke so I plunged twice or thrice yet more :  
My breath departed, needs I must relent.  
The waters pierst my mouth and eares so sore,  
And to the bottome with such force me bore,  
That life, and breath, and mind, and sense was gone,  
And I as dead and cold as marble stone.

Lo thus you heare the race of all my life,  
And how I past the pikes of painfull woe :  
How twice I thought to be a Princes wife,  
And twice was quite depriu'd my honor fro,  
The third time Queene, and felt foule ouerthro.  
Let Princely Ladies view mine historie,  
Mine haps, and woes, and hatefull destinie.

Bid them beware, lest beautie them abuse,  
Beware of pride, for haue a fall it must :  
And bid them Fortunes flatterie refuse,  
Her turned wheele is void of steadie trust.  
Who reckes no meane, but leaueth all to lust,  
Shall find my words as true as I them tell :  
Bid them beware in time, I wish them well.



## HOW THE LADIE SA

*brine*, daughter of King *Locrinus*

and *Elstride*, was drowned by Queene

*Guendoline*, the yeare before Christ,

1064.



Ehold me *Sabrine* orphane erst bereft

Of all my friends, by cruell case of warre:

When as not one to treat for me was left,

But ielousie did all their powers debarre.

When as my father eke was slaine in warre,

And when my mother euen before my sight

Was drown'd to death, O wretch in wofull plight.

Trust who so will the staffe of high estate,

And bring me word what stay thereby you haue:

For why, if Fortune once displeasure take,

She giues the foile, though lookes be neu'r so braue.

\*Tis wisdom when you winne, to winne to saue:

For oft who trusts to get a Prince his traine,

Would at the length of beggers life be faine.

This might the Hunne erst *Humber* well haue said,

And this my mother *Elstride* prou'd too true,

When as his life by striding streames was staid,

And when the tyrants her in waters threw.

What I may say, my selfe reports to you,

Which had more terror shew'd then twice such twaine:

Giue care, and iudge if I abode no paine.

First when my fathers corps was stricken downe

With deadly shaft, I came to mourne and see:

And as he lay with bleeding brest in fowne,

He cast aside his watring eyes on me.

Flie, flie, (quoth he) thy stepdame seekes for thee,

My wofull child: what flight maist thou to take

My *Sabrine* poore, I must thee needs forsake.



See heere mine end, behold thy fathers fall,  
 Flie hence, thy stepdame seekes thy staylesse life:  
 Thy mother eke ere this is wrapt in thrall,  
 You cannot scape of icalous grieve her knife.  
 Farewell my child, mine *Elstride* and my wife,  
 Aduce (quoth he) I may no longer bide:  
 And euen with that he gasped breath, and dide.

What bird can flie, and soare, if stormes do rage?  
 What ship can saile if once the winds resist?  
 What wight is that can force of warres assuage?  
 Or else what warre can bridle fortunes list?  
 What man is he, that dare an hoast resist?  
 What woman only dare withstand a field?  
 If not? what child but must to enemies yeeld.

My fathers souldiers fled away for feare,  
 As soone as once their Captaines death they scand:  
 The Queene proclaim'd a pardon euery where  
 To those would yeeld and craue it at her hand:  
 Excepting such as did her aye withstand.  
 For so the course alwaies of pardons goes  
 As saues the souldier, and entraps the foes.

Then wist I flight could nothing me preuaile,  
 I fear'd her pardon would not saue my life:  
 The storme was such I durst not beare a saile,  
 I durst not go t'intreate my fathers wife,  
 Although I neuer was the cause of strife:  
 For iealousie, deuoid of reasons raigne,  
 With frenzies fume enragde her restlessse braine.

But see the chance: thus compast round with feare  
 In broiles of blood, as in the field I stand,  
 I wisht to God my corps were any where  
 As out of life, or off this hatefull land.  
 No sooner wisht, but there was euen at hand  
 A souldier vile, in haste (quoth he) come on,  
 Queene *Elstride* will before thou come begon.

The rascall rude, the rogue, the clubfist grept  
 My slender arme, and pluckt me on in hast:  
 And with my robes the bloodie ground he swept,  
 As I drue backe he hal'd me on full fast.  
 Vnder his arme my carefull corps he cast.  
 Sith that (quoth he) thou put'st me to this paine,  
 Thou shalt thereby at length but little gaine.

So at the length we came where we descri'd  
 A number huge of folkes about the Queene:  
 As when you see some wonder great betide,  
 Or else the place where some strange sight hath beene:  
 So might you there the people standing seene,  
 And gazed all when as they see me brought,  
 Then sure I deem'd I was not come for nought.

And in the prease, some praisde my comely face,  
 In beautie *Elfride* which resembled right:  
 Some said I looked like my fathers grace,  
 But others said it was a piteous sight  
 I should so die: the Queene me pardon might.  
 They said the beast me bore did me abuse,  
 Which not so rudely ought a Princessse vse.

But what did this redresse my wofull care,  
 You wot the Commons vse such prouerbs still:  
 And yet the captiues poore no better are,  
 It rather helps their pained hearts to kill.  
 \* To pitie one in grieve doth worke him ill.  
 Bemone his woe, and cannot ease his thrall,  
 It kils his heart, but comforts none at all.

Thus past we through the prease: at length we came  
 Into the presence of the iealous Queene,  
 Who nought at all the rascall rude did blame  
 That bare me so, but askt if I had seene  
 My father slaine, that cause thereof had beene.  
 O Queene (quoth I) God knowes my whole intent  
 Of slaughter guiltlesse: I am innocent.

With that I saw the people looke aside,  
To view a mourning voice : I heard thereby  
It was my wofull mother by that cri'd,  
Lo *Sabrine*, bound at brinke of death I lie.  
What pen, or tongue, or teares with weeping eie  
Could tell my woes, that saw my mother bound  
On waters shoare, wherein she should be drown'd.

With that I fell before the Queene, and pray'd  
For mercie, but with fierie eyes she bent  
Her browes on me, out bastard vile (she said)  
Thou wot'st not yet wherefore for thee I sent.  
O Queene (quoth I) haue pitie, be content,  
And if thou mind of mercie ought to show,  
Drowne me, and let my mother harmelesse go.

For why, she was a Prince his daughter, borne  
In Germany, and thence was brought away  
Perforce, by *Humber*, who by warres forlorne  
Thy King as captiue tooke her for his pray :  
Thou maist full well her case with reason way.  
What could she do, what more then she or I  
Thy captiues now, thine owne to liue or die?

Take pitie then on Princely race, O Queene,  
Haue pitie, if remorse may ought require,  
Take pitie on a captiue thrice hath beene,  
Let pitie pierce the rage of all thine ire.  
But if thy breast burne with reuenging fire,  
Then let my death quench out that fuming flame,  
Sith of thy husbands blood and hers I came.

Much more I said while teares out streaming went,  
But nought of ease at all thereby I gain'd.  
My mother eke, did, as she lay, lament,  
Wherewith my heart a thousand fold she pain'd.  
And though the Queene my plaints to fauour fain'd,  
Yet at the last she bad she should prepare  
Her selfe to die, and end her course of care.

Then

Then all her friends my mother *Elstride* nam'd,  
 And pleasures past, and bade them all adue  
 Eke as she thus her last farewell had fram'd,  
 With losse of him from whom her sorowes grue.  
 At length to me (which made my heart to rue)  
 She said farewell my child, I feare thy fall,  
 Ten thousand times adue, my *Sabrina* finall.

And as the cruell caytiffes came to take  
 Her vp, to cast and drowne her in the floud,  
 I fast mine armes about her clipt did make,  
 And cri'd, O Queene let mercie meeke thy mood,  
 Do rather reauue my heart of vitall blood,  
 Then thus I liue : with that they slackt my hold,  
 And drencht my mother in the waters cold.

For loue to aide her, venter in would I,  
 That saw my mother striue aloft for wind.  
 To land shee lookt and said farewell, I die,  
 O let me go (quoth I) like fate to find.  
 Said *Guendoline*, come on likewise and bind  
 This *Sabrina* heere likewise, for so shall she  
 At once receiue, her whole request of me.

Eke as I wish to haue in mind her fame,  
 As *Humbers* is, which should her father been :  
 So shall this floud of *Sabrina* haue the name,  
 That men thereby may say, a righteous Queene  
 Heere drown'd her husbands child of concubine.  
 Therefore leaue *Sabrina* heere thy name and life,  
 Let *Sabrina* waters end our mortall strife.

Dispatch (quoth she) with that they bound me fast,  
 My slender armes and feet, with little need :  
 And fau's all mercie, me in waters cast,  
 Which drew me downe, and cast me vp with speed,  
 And downe me drencht the *Sabrina* fish to feed :  
 Where I abode till now from whence I came,  
 And there the waters hold as yet my name.



Lo thus this ielous Queene, in raging fort,  
With bloodie hate bereft her husbands health :  
And eke my mother *Elstrides* life (God wot)  
Which neuer ment to hurt this Common-wealth.  
And me, *Locrinus* child, begot by stealth.  
Against all reason was it for to kill  
The child, for that her parents erst did ill.

But heere you see, what time our pompe doth bide,  
Hereby you see, th'vnsteadie trust in warre,  
Hereby you see, the stay of States etride,  
Hereby you see, our hope to make doth marre,  
Hereby you see, we fall from bench to barre.  
From bench (quoth I) yea from the Princely seate,  
You see how soone vs Fortune downe doth beate.

And heere you see, how lawlesse loue doth thriue,  
Hereby you see, how ielous folkes doe fare :  
Heere may you see, with wisdome they that wiue,  
Need neuer recke *Cupidoes* cursed snare.  
Heere may you see, diuorcement breedeth care,  
Heere feldome thriue, the children may you see,  
Which in vnlawfull wedlocke gotten be.

Declare thou then our fall and great mishap,  
Declare the hap, and glory we were in :  
Declare how soone we taken were in trap,  
When we supposde we had most safest bin.  
Declare what losse they haue that hope to win.  
\* When Fortune most doth sweetly seeme to smile,  
Then will she frowne : she laughes but euen a while.

HOW

# HOW KING MADAN FOR HIS EVILL LIFE

was slaine by Wolues, the yeare before Christ, 1009.



Mong'ft the reft that fate in hautie feat,  
And felt the fall, I pray thee pen for me  
A Tragedie may some fuch wifdome geat  
As they may learne, and fomewhat wifer be.  
For in my glaffe when as themfelues they fee,  
They may beware : my fall from Fortunes lap  
Shall teach them how t'efchew the like mishap.

I am that *Madan*, once of Britaine King,  
The third that euer raigned in this land :  
Marke well therefore my death : as ftrange a thing,  
As fome would deeme could fcarce with reafon ftand.  
Yet when thou haft my life well throughly fchand,  
Thou fhalt perceiue, not halfe fo ftrange as true,  
\* Ill life, worfe death, doth after ftill enfue.

For when my mother *Guendoline* had raign'd  
In my nonage, full 15. yeares, she dide :  
And I but yong, not well in vertues train'd,  
Was left this noble Iland for to guide :  
Whereby when once my mind was pufte with pride,  
I pafte for nought, I vifde my luft for law.  
Of right, or iuftice, rekt I not a ftrow.

No meane I kept, but ruled all by rage,  
No bounds of meafure could me compaffe in.  
No counfell could my meekelefse mind affwage :  
When once to fume I fiercely did begin.  
And I exceld in nothing elfe but fin.  
So that my fubiefts all did wifh my end,  
Saue fuch to whom for vice I was a friend.

And pleasures plung'd I tooke my whole repast,  
My youth mee led deuoid of compasse quite:  
And vices were so rooted in at last,  
That to recure the ill, it past my might.  
For \* who so doth with will and pleasure fight,  
(Though all his force doe striue them to withstand)  
Without good grace they haue the vpper hand.

\* What licour first the earthen pot doth take,  
It keepeth still the sauour of that same.  
Full hard it is a Cramocke straight to make,  
Or crooked Logges with wainscot fine to frame.  
Tis hard to make the cruell Tiger tame.  
And so it fares with those haue vices caught:  
\* Naught once (they say) and euer after naught.

I speake not this as though it past all cure  
From vices vile to vertue to retire:  
But this I say, if vice bee once in vre,  
The more you shall to quite your selfe require.  
The more you plunge your selfe in fulsome mire.  
As hee that striues in soakte quicke sirts of sand,  
Still sinkes, scarce euer comes againe to land.

The gifts of grace may nature ouercome,  
And God may graunt the time when we repent.  
But I did still in laps of lewdnes runne,  
At last my selfe to cruelty I bent.  
But who so doth with bloudy acts content  
His minde, shall sure at last finde like againe,  
And feele for pleasures thousands pangs of paine.

For in the midst of those vntrusty toyles,  
When as I nothing fearde, but all was sure:  
With all my traine, I hunting rode for spoiles  
Of those, who after did my death procure.  
These lewd delights did boldly me allure,  
To follow still and to pursue the chase,  
At last I came into a desert place,

Beset with hils, and monstros rocks of stone,  
 My company behinde mee lost, or stayde:  
 The place was eke with haucie trees oregrowne,  
 So vast and wilde it made mee halfe afraid.  
 And straight I was with rauening wolues betraid,  
     Came out of caues, and dens, and rockes amaine,  
     There was I rent in peeces, kilde, and slaine.

Woe worth that youth (in vayne) so vily spent  
 Should euer cause a King to feele such smart:  
 Woe worth that euer I should here lament,  
 Or shew the hurt of my poore Princely heart.  
 I thinke the clowne that driues the mixen cart  
     Hath better hap then Princes, such as I:  
     No storme of Fortune casts him downe so hie.

A man by grace and wit may shun the snare.  
 Tis sayd \* a wise-man all mishap withstands:  
 For though by starres we borne to mischieues are,  
 Yet grace and prudence bayles our carefull bands:  
 \* Each man (they say) his fate hath in his hands,  
     And what he marres, or makes to leese, or saue  
     Of good or euill, is euen selfe doe, selfe haue.

This thing is seene by me, that led my daies  
 In vitious sort, for greedy wolues a pray.  
 I wish, and will, that Princes guide their wayes:  
 Lo, here by this eschew like chance they may,  
 And vices such as worke their whole decay.  
     Which if they doe, full well is spent the time  
     To warne, to write, and eke to shun the crime.



# HOW KING MALIN WAS SLAINE BY HIS BROTHER King Mempricius, the yeare before Christ, 1009.



If Fortune were so firme as shee is fraile,  
Or glosing glorie were still permanent:  
If no mishap mens doings did assaile,  
Or that their acts and facts were innocent:  
If they in hope no hurt nor hatred ment,

Or dealings aye were done with duty due,  
They neuer neede their great misfortunes rue.

If pompe were paine, and pride were not in price,  
Or haucie seate had not the highest place:  
If they could learne by others to be wise,  
Or els eschew the daungers of their race:  
If once they could the golden meane imbrace,  
Or banish quite ambition from their breast,  
They neuer neede to recke or reape vnrest.

Bur they doe thinke such sweetenes in renowne,  
Vpon this earth is all the greatest hap:  
They nothing feare the hurt of falling downe,  
Or little roome in Lady Fortunes lap.  
They giue no heede before they get the clap:  
And then too late they wish they had bin wise,  
When from the fall they would, and cannot, rise.

As if two twinnes, or children at the teate  
Of nurce, or mother, both at once might bee,  
And both did striue the better dugged to geat,  
Till one were downe, and slipt beside her knee:  
Euen so it fares, by others as by mee,  
In fortunes lap they haue so little hold,  
She cannot stay both striuing if shee would,

I am that *Malin* one of *Madans* sonnes,  
 Which thought to raigne and rule this noble Ile,  
 And would so done: but see what chaunce there comes  
 Where bretheren loue and frendship quite exile.  
 \*Who thinks in trust no treason neither guile,  
 Is soonest cleane bereau'd of life and all,  
 In stead of rule hee reapes the crop of thrall.

My yongest brother then *Mempricius* hight,  
 Whose hautie minde, and mine, were still at square:  
 We euermore as foes hight other spite,  
 And deadly ire in hatefull hearts wee bare.  
 He fought all waies he might to worke mee care,  
 And each regarded others enuie, so,  
 As after turned both to painfull woe.

Because my father lou'd him well, therefore  
 I fear'd my brother should obtaine my right:  
 Likewise on fauour boldned hee him bore,  
 And neither had in vertues wayes delight.  
 What neede I here our inward griefes recite?  
 Wee, not as brethren, liu'd in hatred still,  
 And sought occasion other each to kill,

I hauing hope for to preferue the crowne,  
 And hee for that he feard my title bred  
 Such friendship, as might alwaies keepe him downe  
 And both depriue him of his crowne and head.  
 But when it chaunst our father once was dead,  
 Then straight appeared all his enuy plaine:  
 For he could not from his attempt refraine.

Some wisht we should diuide the realme in two,  
 And said my father eke was of that minde:  
 But neither of vs both, that so would doe,  
 Wee were not each to other halfe so kinde.  
 And vile ambition made vs both so blinde,  
 We thought our raigne could not bee sure and good  
 Except the ground thereof were laid with bloud.

At last a time of parle chosen was,  
And truce concluded for our titles right:  
Wherein I hoped might be brought to passe  
That I enioy in peace my kingdome might.  
But secretly by policie and sleight  
He slew me with his sword, before I wist:  
Where crowne, peace, kingdome life and all I mist.

Thus was I by my wicked brother slaine,  
Which with my death his cruell eyes did fill.  
This oftentimes they vse to get and gaine,  
That cannot shunne misfortune as they will.  
Was neuer man pretended such an ill,  
But God to him like measure shortly sent  
As he to others erst before had ment.

Usurping wrong incurreth the curse of heauen,  
And blood cries out for vengeance at his hand,  
Who still in care of humane good is giuen  
The good to aide, and gracelesse to withstand.  
Neither vice or vertue we aband,  
We either are rewarded as we serue,  
Or else are plagued, as our deeds deserue.

Let this my warning then suffice each sort,  
Bid them beware: example heere you see:  
It passeth play, 'tis tragicall disport  
To clime the steps of stately high degree.  
For though they thinke good fortune seru'd not mee,  
Yet did she vse me as she vsde the rest:  
And so full oft she serueth euen the best.

F

HOW

# HOW KING

*Mempricius giuen to all lust,*

*was deuoured by VVolues, the  
yeare before Christ,*

989.



Is often said, a man should do likewise  
To other, as he would to him they did.  
\* Do as thou would' st be done to, saith the wise,  
And do as conscience and as iustice bid.  
Ther's no man ought for Empire, as I did

His impious hands with cruell blood distaine:  
For \* blood doth alwaies crie for blood againe.

Eke lustfull life, that sleepes in sinkes of sinne,  
Procures a plague: fie, fie on *Venus* vile:  
We little wot the mischiefes are therein,  
When we with poisons sweet our selues beguile.  
The pleasures passe, the ioyes endure but while,  
And naught thereby at all we get or gaine  
But dreadfull death, and euerlasting paine.

Me thinkes thou harkenest for to heare my name,  
And musest what I am that thus do come.  
I would or this haue told it, but for shame:  
And yet to giue example heere to some,  
I will no longer faine my selfe so dome,  
But euen as others I will tell my fall:  
Take heere my name, my life, my death, and all.

I am *Mempricius*, *Madans* yonger son,  
Once King of Britaine, that my brother slew:  
Whereby the crowne, and kingdome all I won,  
And after nourisht vices moe that grew.  
Not natures lawes, nor Gods, nor mans I knew,  
But liu'd in lust not recking any thing,  
I deemed all things lawfull for a King.



First when I had my brother brought on beare,  
I thought in rest to keepe the Kingdome long:  
I was deuoid of doubt, I had no feare,  
Was none durst checke me, did I right or wrong.  
I liu'd at large, and thought my power so strong  
There could no man preuaile against my will,  
I steede of law that vsed rigour still.

Then wickedly I fell to slothfull ease,  
A vice that breeds a number moe beside.  
I was so testie none durst me displease,  
And eke so puffed with glorie vaine, and pride.  
My sencelesse sence, as ship without a guide,  
Was tost with euery fancie of my braine,  
Like *Phæbus* chariot vnder *Phætons* raigne.

I deem'd them foes that me good counsell gaue,  
And those my chiefeft friends could glose and lie:  
I hated them that were so sage and graue,  
And those I lou'd were lustie, lewde, and flie.  
I did the wisest wits as fooles descie,  
Such sots, knaues, ruffians, roysters I embrace,  
As were vnwise, vn timerly, rude, vn timerly.

I lusted eke, as lasie lechers vse,  
My subiects wiues and daughters at my will  
I did so often as me please abuse,  
Perforce I kept them at my pleasure still.  
Thus gate I queanes and concubines at fill,  
And for their sakes I put away my wife:  
'Such was my lewdnesse, lust, and lawlesse life.

But shame forbids me for to tell the rest,  
It me abhors to shew what did ensue:  
And yet because it moueth in my breast  
Compunction still, and was God wot too true,  
He farther tell whence my destruction grue.  
To Sodome sinne I foulely fell, and than  
I was despised both of God and man.

Could I long prosper thus, do you suppose?  
 Might any ill exceed these vices told?  
 Thinke you ther's any wight on ground that goes  
 Might scape reuenge of vice so manifold?  
 No sure : \* who is in sinfulness so bold,  
     His vices fare like weeds, they sprout so fast  
     They kill the corps, as weeds the corne, at last.

My great outrage, my heedlesse head, the life  
 I beastly led could not continue so :  
 My brothers blood, my leauing of my wife,  
 And working of my friends and subiects woe  
 Cri'd still to God, for my foule ouerthroe,  
     Who heares the wrong'd, who viewes their carefull case,  
     And at the length doth all their foes deface.

Yet I mistrusting no mishaps at hand,  
 (Though I were worthie twentie times to die)  
 I lewdly liu'd, and did my wealth withstand.  
 I neuer thought my end was halfe so nic.  
 For my disport I rode on hunting, I,  
     In woods the fearefull Hart I chased fast,  
     Till quite I lost my company at last.

And or I wist, to cost I found my foes,  
 By chance I came whereas the Wolues they bred :  
 Which in a moment did me round inclose,  
 And mounted at my horse his throat and head.  
 Some on the hinder parts their panches fed.  
     Yet fought I still to scape, if it might be,  
     Till they my panting horse puld downe with me.

Then was I hopelesse to escape their iawes,  
 They fastned all their holders fast on mee :  
 And on my royall robes they set their clawes :  
 My Princely presence, nor my high degree  
 Mou'd them no more obeyfant for to bee,  
     Nor of my corps to take no more remorse,  
     Then did the grieuous groning of my horse.

## King Bladud.

53

But rauenously they rent my breast and throat,  
Forsooke my steed, came all at once and tare  
My Kingly corps, from which they fleid my coat,  
And of my flesh they made at all no spare,  
They neuer left me till my bones were bare.

Lo thus I slew my brother, left my wife,  
Liu'd vilely, and as vilely ended life.

Beware of bloodie broiles, beware of wrong,  
Embrace the counsell of the wise and sage:  
Trust not to power though it be nere so strong,  
Beware of rashnes rude and roisters rage.  
Eschew vile *Venus* toyes, she cuts off age,  
And learne this lesson oft, and tell thy friend,  
By sudden death, pockes, begging, harlots end.

---

## HOW KING BLADVD, TAKING ON HIM TO FLIE, fell vpon the Temple of *Apollo*, and brake *his necke, the yeere before Christ,*

844.



Pray thee *Higgins* take in hand thy pen,  
And write my life and fall among st the rest:  
A warning set me downe for curious men,  
Whose wits the worke of nature seeke to wrest.  
I was Prince *Bladud* pregnant as the best.

Of wisdome, wealth, and learning I had store,  
Of regall race: or what I craued more?

But this in all the sorts of men we see,  
An vncontented mind, when much they haue:  
The learned yet would more profounder be,  
The richest most t'encrease their wealth do craue.  
The finest Dames do slike their faces braue.  
The noble higher climes and to the skies  
T'aduance his name he daily doth deuise.

F 3

In

In Britaine though I learned had full well  
 The artes, and could among'st the wise conferre:  
 Yet when of Athens I the same heard tell,  
 (Though it in Greece so far hence distant were)  
 I traual'd thither, writers witnes are,  
 I studied there, thence learned men I brought,  
 That noble Arts in Britaine might be taught.

But after he was dead that was my stay,  
 My father graue, I meane the worthie King:  
 Then all the Britaines shortly by a day,  
 To royall seat elected me did bring.  
 Where I to place in order euery thing,  
 Recciud both crowne and scepter in my hand,  
 With right and equitie to rule this land.

Then, for because the sway of all the Ile  
 Depended on my gouernment to rest:  
 I did consult with all the Peeres a while,  
 And of my fathers Counsellers the best.  
 I order tooke for matters vnredrest,  
 Giuing to each such place as best did fit,  
 Their birth, their wealth, their persons and their wit.

The learned Greekes, whom I from Athens brought,  
 Conferring with the British learned men:  
 A place, as I commanded them, had sought  
 Amid'st the Realme, and brought me word agen.  
 At Staneford there I built a Colledge then,  
 And of my land I gaue the fertil'st partes,  
 To foster learning and the famous Artes.

By this, of skilfull men the land had store,  
 And all the arts were read in Britaine well:  
 No countrey was for learning praised more.  
 We did in noble science so excell,  
 From other nations hither came to dwell  
 The wisest wits, commending vs to skies:  
 Deeming vs people valiant, learn'd and wise.



And for that time, of Gods we honor'd all,  
*Apollo* high for wisdom, arte, and skill :  
At Troynouant a Temple speciall  
I built to him, for sacrifices still.

Whereon I fell, as after speake I will.

Such was our vse and superstition then,  
To deeme as Gods the images of men.

By arts I made the holesome Baths at Bathe,  
And made therefore two Tunnes of burning brasse :  
And other twaine seuen kinds of salts that haue  
In them inclosde, but these be made of glasse,  
With sulphur fil'd, wilde fire emixt there was,  
And in foure welles these Tunnes I did assay,  
To place by arte that they might last of aye.

Which waters heate and clensing perfect powre,  
With vapours of the sulphur, salts, and fire,  
Hath vertue great, to heale, and wash, and scowre  
The bathed sores therein that health desire.

If of the vertues, moe thou dost require,  
I will recite what old experience telles,  
In causes cold the vertues of these welles.

The bathes to soften sinewes vertue haue,  
And also for to clense and scowre the skin  
From Morpewes white and blacke, to heale and saue  
The bodies freckled, faint, are bath'd therein :  
Scabs, leproy, sores both old and festered in,  
The scurfe, botch, itch, gout, poxe, and humors fell,  
The milt and liuer hard it healeth well.

I must confesse by learned skill I found  
Those natiue welles whence ye haue helpe for men.  
But well thou know'st there runnes from vnder ground  
Springs sweet, salt, cold, and hote euen now as then,  
From rocke, salt-petre, alume, grauell, fen,  
From sulphur, iron, lead, gold, brasse and tinne :  
Springs vertue take of vaines that they been in.

Then who so knowes by natures worke in these,  
 Of metals or of mines the force to heale,  
 May sooner giue his iudgement in disease,  
 For curing by the bath, and surer deale  
 With sickly people of the publique weale,  
 And also find of fountaines hot, and cold,  
 To heale by them the sicke, both yong and old.

The Citie eke of Bathe, I founded there,  
 Renowned far by reason of the wels :  
 And many monuments that ancient were  
 I placed there, thou know'st the storie tels.  
 I fought renowne and fame and nothing els.  
 But when our actes extols vs to the skies,  
 We look not downe from whence we first did rise.

There are but few, whom Fortune bathes in blesse,  
 But blinded are, and dazelingly they looke :  
 They see nought else but worldly happinesse,  
 At that they only fish with Fortunes hooke.  
 Ambition will not wisdomes counsell brooke,  
 Pride sets her thoughts on things that vade away,  
 Forfaking vertue which doth nere decay.

Mens vaine delights are wondrous to behold,  
 For that that reason nils, nor nature sowes  
 They take in hand on science far too bold,  
 Deceiu'd by subtle snares of diuelish shewes;  
 From which attempts a floud of mischief flowes,  
 An heape of hurts, a frie of foule decaies,  
 A flocke of feares, and thrals a thousand waies.

If that the water fish forsake the streame :  
 Against his kind, feeles he no hurt ensues?  
 Or if the brocke would learne to play the breame,  
 And leaue the lames at land, were this no newes?  
 A fethered fowle in th'earth a den to chuse,  
 Or flounder say to flie the lark to catch,  
 We might admire what monsters time did hatch.

But sith we see that nature hath assign'd  
The fowle to flie, the aire, as seemeth well,  
The fish to swim, the sea, as fits his kind,  
The earth for men and beasts to breed and dwell:  
Of right a man, which doth the rest excell,  
Should euen so far surpasse in his degree,  
As all the rest in wisdome weaker bee.

All this I speake to warne the rest that heare,  
And eke to shew the blindnesse of delites.  
Herein my folly vaine may plaine appeare,  
What hap they heape which trie out cunning flights,  
What hurt there hits, at such vaine shewes and fights,  
Where men for pleasure only take much paine,  
To alter natures gifts for pleasure vaine.

Were not it strange, thinke you, a King to flie,  
To play the tumbler, or some iugling cast?  
To dresse himselfe in plumes, as erst did I,  
And vnder armes to knit on wings full fast?  
A sport you thinke that might the wise agast.  
But Magicke arte had taught me points of skill,  
Which in the end did proue my future ill.

I deckt my corps with plumes (I say) and wings,  
And had them set, thou seest, in skilfull wise  
With many feats, fine poyseing equall things,  
To aide my selfe in flight to fall or rise,  
Few men did euer vse like enterprife,  
Gainst store of wind, by practise rise I could,  
And turne and winde at last which way I would.

But ere the perfect skill I learned had,  
(And yet me thought I could do passing well)  
My subiects hearts with pleasant toyes to glad,  
From Temples top, where did *Apollo* dwell,  
I sayd to flie, but on the Church I fell,  
And in the fall I lost my life withall.  
This was my race, this was my fatall fall.

What

What vainer thing could any Prince deuise,  
 Then so himselfe a foolish fowle to show?  
 Learne you by me, that count your selues so wise,  
 The worst to doubt of things, what ere you know.  
 Flie not so high for feare you fall so low.

Be wise in artes, exceed not wisdomes bound,  
 The depth of arte by wit may not be found.

These curious artes allurements haue alone,  
 They profer much in recompence of paine:  
 But yet among'st a thousand scarce is one  
 In practise, ought by them can saue or gaine.  
 In their effects they are but false and vaine,  
 Sophisticall, deceitfull, and vntrue,  
 That nothing haue, yet promise all to you.

I speake not of the rest that are in vse  
 Amongst the wiser sort, Philosophie,  
 Nor of the parts thereof, but of th'abuse  
 That comes by magicke artes of Imagerie,  
 By vile inchauntments, charmes, and pamestrie,  
 All which by nature are abhor'd as euill,  
 Practisde by fooles, inuented by the diuell.

To make an end: you noble Kings content  
 Your selues with studies seruing for the State:  
 You Lords also with all your wits inuent  
 What way t'eschew the Prince and peoples hate.  
 Yee Subiects loue your Prince, eschew debate.  
 I wish you all beware of climbing high,  
 Lest that you helpelesse fall, as erst did I.

HOW



# HOW QUEENE

CORDILA IN DESPAIRE SLEW

her selfe, the yeare before

*Christ, 800.*

**I**F any wofull wight haue cause to waile her woe,  
 Or griefes are past do pricke vs Princes, tell our fall :  
**I** My selfe likewise must needs constrained eke do so,  
 And she w my like misfortunes and mishaps withall.  
 Should I keepe close my heauie haps and thrall ?  
 Then did I wrong : I wrong'd my selfe and thee,  
 Which of my facts a witnesse true maist bee.

A woman yet must blush when bashfull is the case  
 Though truth bid tell the tale and storie as it fell :  
 But sith that I mislike not audience, time, nor place,  
 Therefore, I cannot keepe my woes in counsell well.  
 \* No greater ease of heart then griefes to tell,  
 It daunteth all the dolours of our mind,  
 Our carefull hearts thereby great comfort find.

For why to tell that may recounted be againe,  
 And tell it as our cares may compasse ease :  
 That's the salue and med'cine of our paine,  
 Which cureth corsies all and sores of our disease :  
 It doth our pinching pangs and paines appease :  
 It pleads the part of an assured friend,  
 And telles the trade, like vices to amend.

Therefore if I more willing be to tell my fall,  
 With my mishaps to ease my burdened breast and mind :  
 Some others haplie may auoid and shunne the thrall,  
 And thereby for distresse more aide and comfort find.  
 They keeping measure, whereas I declin'd,  
 May be as prompt to flie like brute and blame  
 As I to tell, or thou to write the same.

Wherefore

Wherefore if thou wilt afterwards record  
 What *Queene Cordila* telles to ease her inward smart:  
 I will recite my storie tragicall each word  
 To thee that giu'st an eare, and readie art.  
 But lest I set the horse behind the cart,  
     I mind to tell each thing in order, so,  
     As thou maist see and shew whence sprang my woe.

My grandsire *Bladud* hight, that found the bathes by skill,  
 A fethered King that practisde high to soare:  
 Whereby he felt the fall, God wot against his will,  
 And neuer went, road, raign'd, nor spake, nor flew no more.  
 After whose death my father *Leire* therefore  
     Was chosen King, by right apparent heire,  
     Which after built the towne of *Leircesters*.

He had three daughters faire, the first hight *Gonerell*,  
 Next after her his yonger *Ragan* was begot:  
 The third and last was I the yongest, nam'd *Cordell*.  
 Vs all our father *Leire* did loue too well God wot.  
 But minding her that lou'd him best to note,  
     Because he had no sonne t'enioy his land,  
     He thought to guerdon most where fauour most he fand.

What though I yongest were, yet men me iudg'd more wise  
 Then either *Gonerell*, or *Ragan* more of age:  
 And fairer farre: wherefore my sisters did despise  
 My grace and gifts, and sought my wrecke to wage.  
 But yet though vice on vertue die with rage,  
     It cannot keepe her vnderneath to drowne:  
     For still she flittes aboue, and reapes renowne.

My father thought to wed vs vnto Princely peeres,  
 And vnto them and theirs diuide and part the land.  
 For both my sisters first he call'd (as first their yeares  
 Requir'd) their minds, and loue, and fauour t'vnderstand.  
 (Quoth he) all doubts of dutie to aband,  
     I must assay your friendly faithes to proue:  
     My daughters, tell me how you do me loue,

Which

Which when they answered him they lou'd their father more  
Then they themselves did loue, or any worldly wight:  
He praised them, and said he would therefore  
The louing kindnesse they deseru'd in fine requite.  
So found my sisters fauour in his sight,  
By flatterie faire they won their fathers heart,  
Which after turned him and me to smart.

But not content with this, he asked me likewise  
If I did not him loue and honor well.  
No cause (quoth I) there is I should your grace despise:  
For nature so doth bind and dutie me compell,  
To loue you, as I ought my father, well.  
Yet shortly I may chance, if Fortune will,  
To find in heart to beare another more good will.

Thus much I said of nuptiall loues that ment,  
Not minding once of hatred vile or ire:  
And partly taxing them, for which intent  
They set my fathers heart on wrathfull fire.  
Shée neuer shall to any part aspire  
Of this my Realme (quoth he) among'st you twaine:  
But shall without all dowrie aie remaine.

Then to *Maglaurus* Prince, with Albany he gaue  
My sister *Gonerell*, the eldest of vs all:  
And eke my sister *Ragan* height to *Hinnine* to haue,  
And for her dowrie Camber and Cornwall.  
These after him should haue his kingdome all.  
Betweene them both he gaue it franke and free,  
But nought at all he gaue of dowrie mee.

At last it chanst a Prince of France to heare my fame.  
My beautie braue, my wit was blaz'd abroad each where.  
My noble vertues praisde me to my fathers blame,  
Who for I could not flatter did lesse fauour beare.  
Which when this worthie Prince (I say) did heare,  
He sent ambassage lik'd me more then life,  
And soone obtained me to be his wife.

Prince



Prince *Aganippus* reau'd me of my woe,  
 And that for vertues sake, of dowries all the best:  
 So I contented was to France my father fro  
 For to depart, and hopt t'enioy some greater rest.  
 Where liuing well belou'd, my ioyes encrease:  
 I gate more fauour in that Prince his sight,  
 Then euer Princeesse of a Princely wight.

But while that I these ioyes so well enioy'd in France,  
 My father *Leire* in Britaine waxt vnwealdie old.  
 Whereon his daughters more themselves aloft t'aduance  
 Desir'd the Realme to rule it as they wold.  
 Their former loue and friendship waxed cold,  
 Their husbands rebels void of reason quite  
 Rose vp, rebeld, bereft his crowne and right:

Betwixt their husbands twaine they causde him to agree  
 To part the Realme, and promist him a gard  
 Of sixtie Knights that on him should attendant bee  
 But in fixe moneths such was his hap too hard,  
 That *Gonerell* of his retinue bard.  
 The halfe of them, she and her husband rest:  
 And scarce allow'd the other halfe they left.

As thus in his distresse he lay lamenting fates  
 When as my sister so, sought all his vtter spoile:  
 The meaner vpstart courtiers thought themselves his mates;  
 His daughter him disdain'd and forced not his foile.  
 Then was he faine for succour his to toile  
 With halfe his traine, to Cornwall there to lie  
 In greatest need, his *Ragans* loue to trie.

So when he came to Cornwall, she with ioy  
 Recciued him, and Prince *Maglaurus* did the like.  
 There he abode a yeare, and liu'd without annoy:  
 But then they tooke all his retinue from him quite  
 Saue only ten, and shew'd him daily spite.

Which he bewail'd complaining durst not striue,  
 Though in disdaine they last allow'd but fwe.



What more despite could diuellish beasts deuise,  
Then ioy their fathers wofull daies to see?  
What vipers vile could so their King despise,  
Or so vnkind, so curst, so cruell bee?

Fro thence againe he went to Albany,  
Where they bereau'd his seruants all saue one:  
Bad him content himselfe with that, or none.

Eke at what time he ask'd of them to haue his gard,  
To gard his noble grace where so he went:  
They call'd him doting foole, all his requests debar'd,  
Demanding if with life he were not well content.  
Then he too late his rigour did repent  
Gainst me, my sisters fawning loue that knew  
Found flattery false, that seem'd so faire in vew.

To make it short, to France he came at last to mee,  
And told me how my sisters ill their father vsde.  
Then humblie I besought my noble King so free,  
That he would aide my father thus by his abusde.  
Who nought at all my humble hest refusde,  
But sent to euery coast of France for aide,  
Whereby King *Leire* might home be well conueide,

The souldiers gathered from each quarter of the land  
Came at the length to know the noble Princes will:  
Who did commit them vnto captaines euery band.  
And I likewise of loue and reuerent meere good will  
Desir'd my Lord, he would not take it ill  
If I departed for a space withall,  
To take a part, or ease my fathers thrall.

He granted my request: Thence we arriued here,  
And of our Britaines came to aide likewise his right  
Full many subiects, good and stout that were.  
By martiall feats, and force, by subiects sword and might,  
The British Kings were faine to yeeld our right.  
Which wonne, my father well this Realme did guide  
Three yeares in peace, and after that he dide.

Then

Then I was crowned Queene this Realme to hold,  
 Till fūe yeares past I did this Island guide :  
 I had the Britaines at what becke I would,  
 Till that my louing King mine *Aganippus* dide.  
 But then my seat it faltered on each side.

My sisters sonnes began with me to iarre,  
 And for my crowne wag'd with me mortall warre.

The one hight *Morgan* Prince of Albany,  
 And *Conidagus* King of Cornwall and of Wales :  
 Both which at once prouided their artillerie,  
 To worke me wofull woe, and mine adherents bales.  
 What need I fill thine eares with longer tales?

They did preuaile by might and power, so fast,  
 That I was taken prisoner at last.

In spitefull fort they vsed then my captiue corse,  
 No fauour shew'd to me, extinct was mine estate :  
 Of kindred, Princes, blood, or peere was no remorse,  
 But as an abiect vile, and worse, they did me hate.

To lie in darke some dungeon was my fate  
 As t'were a thiefe, mine answeres to abide,  
 Gainst right and iustice, vnder Iailours guide.

For libertie at length I su'd to subiects were :  
 But they kept me in prison close, deuoid of trust  
 If I might once escape, they were in dread and feare  
 Their fawning friends with me would proue vntrue and iust.  
 They told me take it patiently I must,

And be contented that I had my life :  
 Sith with their mothers I began the strife.

Whereby I saw might nothing me preuaile to pray,  
 To plead, or proue, defend, excuse, or pardon craue.  
 They heard me not, despisde my plaints, sought my decay,  
 I might no law, nor loue, nor right, nor iustice haue.  
 No friends, no faith, nor pitie could me saue :

But I was from all hope of freedome bard,  
 Condem'd, my cause like neuer to be heard.

Was euer noble Queene so drencht in wrecks of woe,  
Deposde from Princely power, bereft of libertie,  
Depriu'd of all these worldly pompes her pleasures fro,  
And brought from wealth to need, distresse, and miserie,  
From Pallace proud in prison poore to lie,  
From Kingdomes twaine, to dungeon one, no more,  
From Ladies waiting, vnto vermine store?

From light to darke, from holesome aire to lothsome smell,  
From odour sweet to smart, from ease to grieuous paine,  
From sight of Princely wights, to place where theeues do dwell  
From daintie beds of downe, to be of straw full faine:  
From bowers of heauenly hew, to dens of daine:  
From greatest haps that worldly wights atchiue,  
To more distresse then any wretch aliue?

When friends I left in France that did me first exalt,  
And eke my noble King, mine *Aganippus* true:  
And came to England: for their heinous facts and fault  
Which from his right and kingdome quite our father threw  
To take his Realme: to raigne and treason knew  
I thinke of all misfortunes was the worst:  
Or else I deeme the causers all accurst.

For marke my haplesse fall that fortune did me send,  
As thus in prison vile aliue I lingring lay,  
When I had mourned long, but found no faithfull friend  
That could me helpe, or aide, or comfort any way,  
Was seru'd at meat as those that Kings betray  
With fare God wot was simple, bare, and thin  
Could not sustaine the corps it entred in.

And when the sighes, and teares, and plaints nigh burst my heart,  
And place, and stench, and fare nigh poyson'd euery pore:  
For lacke of friends to tell my seas of guiltlesse smart,  
And that mine eies had sworne to take sweet sleepe no more,  
I was content, sith cares oppresse me sore,  
To leaue my food, take mourning, plaints, and crie,  
And lay me downe, let grieve and nature trie.

G

Thus



Thus as I pining lay, my carcasſe coucht on ſtraw,  
 And felt the paine erſt neuer earthly creature knew:  
 Me thought by night a grizely gholt in darkes I ſaw,  
 Eke nearer ſtill to mee with ſtealing ſteps ſhee drew.  
 Shee was of colour pale and deadly hew,  
 Her clothes reſembled thouſand kinds of thrall  
 And pictures plaine of haſtened deathes withall.

I muſing lay in paines, and wondred what ſhe was,  
 Mine eies ſtood ſtill, mine haire roſe vp for feare an end,  
 My fleſh it ſhooke and trembled: yet I cride (alas)  
 What wight art thou? a foe? or elſe what fawning friend?  
 If death thou art. I pray thee make an end,  
 But th'art not death. Art thou ſome fury ſent,  
 My woefulſt corps, with paines, to more torment?

„ With that ſhe ſpake: I am (quoth ſhee) thy friend *Deſpaire*,  
 „ Which in diſtreſſe each worldly wight with ſpede do aide:  
 „ I rid them from their foes, if I to them repaire.  
 „ Too long from thee by other captiues was I ſtaide.  
 „ Now if thou art to die no whit afraide,  
 „ Here ſhalt thou chooſe of Inſtruments (behold)  
 „ Shall rid thy reſtleſſe life, of this bee bold.

And therewithall ſhee threw her garments lap aſide,  
 Vnder the which a thouſand things I ſaw with eies:  
 Both kniues, ſharpe ſwords, poinadoes all bedide  
 With bloud, and poiſons preſt which ſhee could well deuife.  
 „ There is no hope (quoth ſhee) for thee to riſe,  
 „ And get thy Crowne or Kingdome reſte againe:  
 „ But for to liue long laſting pining paine.

„ Lo here (quoth ſhee) the blade that *Did* of Carthage hight,  
 „ Whereby ſhe was from thouſand pangſ of paine let paſſe:  
 „ With this ſhee ſlew her ſelfe, after *Aeneas* flight,  
 „ When hee to Sea from Tirian ſhoares departed was.  
 „ Doe chooſe of theſe thou ſeeſt from woes to paſſe,  
 „ Or bide the end, prolong thy painefull daies  
 „ And I am pleaſde from thee to packe my waies.



With that was I (poore wretch) content to take the knife,  
But doubtfull yet to die, and fearefull faine would bide.  
So still I lay in study with my selfe, at bate and strife  
What thing were best of both these deepe extreames vntride.

*Good hope* all reasons of *Despaire* denide:

And shee againe replide to proue it best  
To die: for still in life my woes increast.

Shee cal'd to mind the ioyes in Fraunce I whilome had,  
Shee told me what a troupe of Ladies was my traine:  
And how the Lords of Fraunce, and Britaines both were glad  
Of late to wait on mee, and subiects all were faine.  
Shee told I had bin Queene of kingdomes twaine,  
And how my kinsmen had my seat and Crowne.  
I could not rise, for euer fallen downe.

A thousand things beside recited then *Despaire*,  
Shee told the woes in warres, that I had heapt of late:  
Rehearst the prison vile in steede of Pallace faire,  
My lodging low, and mouldy meates my mouth did hate.  
Shee shewd me all the dongeon where I fate,  
The dankish walles, the darkes, and bade mee smell,  
And bide the sauour if I likt it well.

Whereby I wretch deuoid of comfort quite and hope,  
And pleasures past compar'd with present paines I had:  
For fatall knife slipt forth my fearefull hand did grope,  
*Despaire* in this to aide my senseles limmes was glad,  
And gaue the blade: to end my woes she bad.

I will (quoth I) but first with all my hart  
Ile pray to Gods, reuenge my woefull smart.

If any wrong deserue the wrecke, I pray you skies  
And starres of light (if you my plight doe rue)  
O *Phœbus* cleere I thee beseech and pray likewise,  
Beare witnes of my plaints well knowne to Gods are true.  
You see from whence these iniuries they grue.  
Then let like vengeance hap and light on those  
Which vnderued were my mortall foes.

God grant immortall strife betweene them both may fall,  
 That th' one the other may, without remorse, destroy:  
 That *Conidagus* may his cosin *Morgan* thrall,  
 Because he first decreast my wealth, bereft my ioy.  
 I pray you Gods he neuer be a *Roy*:  
 But caytife may be pai'd with such a friend,  
 As shortly may him bring to sudden end.

Farewell my Realme of France, farewell, *Adieu*,  
*Adieu mes nobles tous*, and England now farewell:  
 Farewell Madames my Ladies, *car ie suis perdu*  
*Il me fault aler desesperer m'adonne conseil*  
*De me tuer*, no more your Queene farewell.  
 My cosins me oppresse with maine and might  
 A captiue poore, gainst Iustice all and right.

And therewithall the fight did faile my dazeling cyne,  
 Inothing saw saue sole *Despaire* bad me dispatch:  
 Whom I beheld, she caught the knife from me I weene.  
 And by her elbow carian death for me did watch.  
 Come on (quoth I) thou hast a goodly catch.  
 And therewithall *Despaire* the stroke did strike,  
 Whereby I di'd, a damned creature like:

Which I too late bewaile. Let those aliuie beware,  
 Let not the losse of goods or honors them constrain  
 To play the fooles, and take such carefull carke and care,  
 Or to despaire for any prison, pine, and paine.  
 If they be guiltlesse let them so remaine.  
 Farre greater follie is it for to kill  
 Themselues despairing, then is any ill.

Sith first thereby their en'mies haue that they desire,  
 By which they proue too deadly foes vnwares a friend:  
 And next they cannot liue, to former blisse t'spire,  
 If God do bring their foes in time to sudden end.  
 They lastly, as the damned wretches, send  
 Their soules thereby to darke some Stygian lake  
 Which kill the corps that mightie *Ioue* did make.

# HOW KING

MORGAN OF ALBANY

was slaine at Glamorgan in Wales,

*The yeare before Christ,*

766.



Wot not well what reason I may vse,  
To quit my selfe from lasting infamie :  
Wherefore I must perforce my selfe accuse,  
I was in fault I cannot it denie.  
Remorce of conscience prickes my heart so nie.

And me torments with pangs of pinching paine,  
I can no longer me from speech refraine.

I am that *Morgan* sonne of *Gonerell*  
Th'vngratefull daughter of her father *Leire* :  
Which from his kingdome did him once expell,  
As by the British stories may appeare.  
*Ragan* and she conspir'd (both sisters were)  
But were subdu'd againe and causde to yeeld  
Their fathers Crowne : *Cordila* wan the field.

I need not heere the stories all recite,  
It were too long, but yet I briefly shall :  
The cause *Cordila* ought her sisters spite  
Was, they procur'd her, and their fathers thrall.  
Yet t'was her chance at length t'out liue them all,  
Both sisters elder, and her father graue,  
And eke at length the kingdome all to haue.

That time was I, of Albany, the King,  
Call'd Scotland now, and eke my cousin then,  
Of Cornwall and of Wales, whom I did bring  
To warre, against *Cordila* and her men :  
We said we would our tittle winne agen,  
And that because our fathers had it yore,  
We ment to get it ours againe therefore.

I must confesse I was the cause of warre,  
 I was not pleasde with that was lotted mee :  
 Euen so our minds ambitious often are  
 And blinded, that we cannot reason see.  
 We thinke no men, but Gods on earth we bee,  
 Yet worse are we then beasts which know their kind :  
 For we haue nought but mischiefe oft in mind.

We thinke, if so we may our willes attaine  
 By right or wrong, by might or malice, we  
 Could neuer liue like Fortune for to gaine :  
 Or if on foes we once reuenged bee,  
 If that our foe-mens fall we chance to see,  
 O then we ioy, we list our selues to skie,  
 And on the poore we *crucifige* crie.

I deem'd if that I might once put her downe,  
 The Kingdomes all were *Conidags* and mine :  
 And I could easly after win the crowne,  
 If also I his state might vndermine.  
 I thought, indeed, to haue it all in fine :  
 By force or fraud I did intend alone  
 To sit as King vpon the Britaine throne.

To speake in few, we waged warre so long  
 Gainst her, at last we put her vnto flight :  
 We warriers for our Aunt were far too strong,  
 Pursude and tooke, depriu'd her of her right.  
 We thought it ours what so we wan by might :  
 Eke so play tyrants : Traitors all do watch  
 To get by spoile, and count their owne they catch.

Not so contented were we with the pray,  
 But fearing lest she should recouer aide :  
 I sent in hast to prison her away,  
 And all recourse of messengers denaid.  
 Thus when she saw her Maiestie decaid,  
 And that her griefes and sorowes daily grew :  
 In prison at the length her selfe she slew.



O caytife vile, that did constraîne a Queene,  
That Iustice ment, her kingdome to forsake?  
Nay traytor I, her cause of death haue been,  
That would my selfe by bloodshed ruler make.  
How could reuenge on me but vengeance take?  
Before the seat of God her blood did call  
For vengeance still, and so procur'd my fall.

Lo heere Gods iustice : see my treason, see :  
Behold and see, to raigne was my delight :  
And marke, and make a mirrour heere of me,  
Which after ward was seru'd by iustice right.  
We wan the crowne betweene vs both in fight :  
And then because I was the elder sonne  
Of th'elder Queene, I claimed all we wonne.

So were my dealings nought in peace and warre,  
But by my force and fortunes vnde in fight,  
I past, that time, the Britaines all by farre :  
I was of person, fortitude, and might  
Both comely, tall, strong, seemely eke in fight,  
Whereby I won mens fauour, glorie, wealth,  
And, puffed with pride, at length forgate my selfe.

I said it was my right the crowne to haue,  
But *Conidagus* stoutly it deni'd :  
Wherefore I went to Wales, my right to craue,  
With all mine armie, and to haue it tri'd.  
Where long we fought it stoutly on each side,  
Till at the last vnto my wofull paine,  
I was depriu'd of kingdome quite, and flaine.

And for to keepe in memorie for aye  
That there vnfaithfull *Morgan* lost his life,  
The place is call'd Glamorgan to this daye.  
There was I pierst to death with fatall knife :  
There was the end of all my hatefull strife.  
So *Morgan*, where he thought to win the crowne,  
Was at Glamorgan traytor stricken downe.

Thus maist thou tell how proud ambition proues,  
 What hap haue tyrants, what we Traytours haue;  
 What end he hath that cruell dealing loues,  
 What subiects get that Diademe do craue.  
 Tis better, then to winne, thine owne to saue:  
 For so orethwartly trade of Fortune goes,  
 When win thou would'st, then art thou sure to lose.

## HOW KING IAGO DIED OF THE LETHARGIE, about the yeare before Christ,

612.



Hue I oreslept my selfe, or am I wake?  
 Or had'st thou late oreslept thy selfe that wrote?  
 Could'st thou not for the Letharge paines to take:  
 And with the rest his sleepe life to note?  
 Was I amongst the wicked wights forgote?  
 Well then, awaked sith we are both twaine,  
 To write my sleepe sinfull life, take paine.

I am that *Iago*, once of Britaine King,  
 That ruled all this noble British Ile:  
 No fame of me the writers old do bring,  
 Because my life and gouernment was vile.  
 Yet, *Higgins*, heere take paines for me a while,  
 Enregester my mirrour to remaine,  
 That Princes may my vices vile refraine.

At first, a while, I ruled well the land,  
 I vsed iustice, right tooke regall place:  
 No wight but found iust iudgement at my hand,  
 And truth durst shew, without rebuke, her face.  
 I gaue my selfe to all good gifts of grace,  
 My subiects liu'd in rest within my raigne:  
 No cause of Prince compell'd them to complaine.

But as in calme a storme we nothing feare,  
When as the seas are milde and smooth as glasse :  
And as in peace no thought of warres we beare,  
Which least suppose of mischiefes come to passe :  
Euen so my still and rightfull rainging was.  
The calme, a tempest boads : the shine, a raine :  
Long peace, a warre : and pleasure, pinching paine.

For rest, and peace, and wealth abounding thoe,  
Made me forget my Iustice late well vsde :  
Forfaking vertues, vices gan to floe,  
And former noble acts I quite refufde.  
My gifts, my treasures, wealth and will misufde,  
Began all goodnes quite at length disdaine,  
And did my facts with filthie vices staine.

Misgouern'd both my Kingdome and my life,  
I gaue my selfe to ease, to sleepe, and sinne :  
And I had clawbackes euen at Court full rife,  
Which sought by outrage golden gaines to winne.  
For \* Kings no sooner well or worse beginne,  
But euen at hand the good or bad take paine,  
For vertues sake, or meede, the Prince to traine.

As vices grew encreasing more and more,  
So vertues fled and bad their friends adew :  
Diseases bad likewise, and sicknesse sore  
Began to waxe, and griefes about me grew.  
I may full well my naughtie surfets rue,  
Which pester'd so at length my drouisie braine,  
I could not scarce from sleeping ought refraine.

A sleepeie sicknesse nam'd the Lethargie,  
Opprest me sore, till death tooke life away :  
This was the guerdon of my gluttonie,  
As with the candles light the flie doth play,  
Though in the end it worke her liues decay :  
So of the gluttons cup so long I drunke,  
Till drown'd in it with shamefull death I sunke.

Physitians wise may take on them the cure,  
 But if *Iehoua* smite the Prince for sin,  
 As earst of me, then is the helpe vnure,  
 That's not the way for health to enter in.  
 No potions then, nor powders worth a pin :  
 But euen as we, they must to die be faine.  
 Bid them in time from vices now refraine.

## HOW KING FORREX WAS SLAINE

by his brother King *Porrex*, about  
*the yeare before Christ 491.*



O tell my storie on the tragicke stage  
 Compeld I am amongst the rest that fell :  
 I may complaine that felt god *Mars* his rage,  
 Alas that fate to State should be so fell  
 Had I been meaner borne I know right well

There had no enuie vndermin'd my State,  
 Nor fortune foild the seat whereon I fate.

While that my Kingly Sire *Gorbodug* raig'n'd  
 I had no care, in honor I did liue :  
 Would God I had in that estate remain'd,  
 But what vs fortune wonted is to giue,  
 Good hap that holds as water in a siue :

She showes a glimpse of thousand ioyes, and moe,  
 Which hides in it ten thousand seas of woe.

That hatefull hellish hag of vglie hue,  
 With rustie teeth and meygre corps misshape,  
 I meane that monster vile, the worst in view,  
 Whom some call *Discord*, *ennie*, *ire* and *hate* :  
 She set my brother first with me at bate :

When we fiue yeares had raigned ioyntly well,  
 By her entisements, foule at strife we fell.



We liu'd that space well in this noble Ile,  
Diuided well we ioyntly did enioy  
The Princely feat, while Fortune faire did smile,  
Without disdaine, hate, discord or anoy:  
Euen as our father raign'd the noble Roy  
In wealth, peace, praise, purport, renowne and fame,  
Without the blots of euerlasting blame.

But when ambition bleared both our eyes,  
And hastie hate had brother-hood bereft:  
We friendship faire and concord did despise,  
And far a part from vs we wisdome left:  
Forsooke each other at the greatest heft.  
To rule the kingdome both we left, and fell  
To warring, iarring like two hounds of hell.

For bounds we banded first on either side,  
And did incroach each one on others right.  
T'inlarge the limits of our kingdome wide,  
We would not sticke oft times in field to fight,  
The wretched ground had so bewicht our fight.  
For why, \* the earth that once shall eate vs all,  
Is th'only cause of many Princes fall.

\* On th'earth we greeue the ground for filthie gaine,  
On th'earth we close the earth t'inlarge our land,  
In th'earth we moile with hunger, care, and paine,  
We cut, we dig thence siluer, gold, and sand.  
Into her bowels by the force of hand,  
With Steele and iron we do dig profound,  
Working her woe to make our ioyes abound.

For th'earth forget we God, (vnfaithfull fooles)  
For ground forsake we faith and all our friends:  
For th'earth we set our selues to subtile schooles,  
Of ground like swine we seeke the farthest ends.  
We spoile the ground that all our liuing lends,  
Of ground to winne a plat a while to dwell  
We venter liues, and send our soules to hell.

If we behold the substance of a man,  
 How he is made of Elements by kind,  
 Of earth, of water, aire, and fire : than  
 We would full often call vnto our mind,  
 That all our earthly ioyes we leaue behind :  
 And when we passe to th'earth we turne to rot :  
 Our pompe, our pride, and glorie is forgot.

The fire first receiues his heate againe,  
 The aire the breath bereaues away by right :  
 The watric and the earthly parts remaine,  
 Of Elements composed scarce so light.  
 And in the ground a place is for them dight.  
 The moistures drie, the bones consume to dust,  
 The wormes with flesh suffice their greedie lust.

But we forget our composition old,  
 Both whence we came, and whereunto we shall :  
 We scarce remember we be made of mould,  
 And how the earth againe consumeth all.  
 This great forgetfulnes breeds Princes thrall.  
 While present ioyes we gaze vpon, meane while  
 A fading blisse doth all our wits beguile.

All this I speake to th'end it may aduise  
 All Princes great, and noble peeres that are,  
 To learne by me the rather to be wise,  
 And to abandon hate and malice farre.  
 To banish all ambitious bloodie warre :  
 To liue content in peace, with their estate :  
 For \* mischiefe flowes from discord and debate.

And now Ile tell what discord vile hath done  
 To me King *Forrex*. Thus the case it stood :  
 I thought indeed to haue some castles wonne  
 And holds, which were my brothers, strong and good.  
 So might I intercept his vitales, forrage, food,  
 Abate his pride, obtaine the kingdome all :  
 Me thought the halfe a portion was too small.

Ther's no man takes an enterprife in hand,  
But he perfwades himfelfe it is not ill :  
He hath of reasons eke in fteed to ftand  
As he fupposeth framed wife by skill.  
So I was led by reason rude, to kill  
My brother, if I caught him at the nicke,  
Because the quarrell firft he gan to picke.

And for becaufe I was the elder Prince,  
The elder fonne, and heire vnto the crowne :  
Me thought no law, nor reason could conuince  
Me from the fact, though I did beat him downe.  
This was my way to winne and reape renowne.  
I did provide an armie ftrong for field,  
Not farre from where I hop'd to caufe him yeeld.

And funderie fharp affaults on each we gaue,  
On purpofe both enflamed for to fight :  
We had in parle heard the counfell graue  
Of wife and worthie men, perfwading right.  
It pitie was (they faid) fo foule a fight  
That brethren twaine, both Princes of a land,  
Should take at home fuch wofull warres in hand.

But where ambition dwelles is no remorse,  
No countries loue, no kindred holden kind,  
No feare of God, no fentence wife of force  
To turne the heart, or mollifie the mind.  
Good words are counted wafting of your wind.  
The gaine propofde, the crowne and fcepter hie,  
Are th'only things wherewith men gaze and prie.

At length my brother for to end the strife,  
Thought beft to worke the fureft way to win :  
He found the meanes to take away my life,  
Before which time the warres could neuer lin.  
How much might better both contented bin !  
For \* hope will flip, and hold is hard to fnatch.  
Where blood embrues the hands that come to catch.

Thus.

Thus our ambition bred our subiects smart,  
 Our broiles powr'd out their guiltlesse blood on ground:  
 Which vile deuce of mine ambitious heart  
 Procured *Ioue* my purpose to confound.  
 Therefore beware ye wights whose wealths abound,  
 Content your selues in peace to spend your daies,  
 By vertues good aloft your names to raise:

---

# HOW KING PORREX WHICH SLEW HIS brother, was slaine by his owne mo- ther and her maidens, about the yeare before Christ, 491.



An cursed *Caine* that caitiue scuse himselfe,  
 That slew his brother *Abel* innocent?  
 Or *Typhon* who for state and worldly pelfe  
 His deare *Osiris* downe to Lymbo sent?  
 King *Dardan* then to do the like may trie,  
 They slew their brethren each: and so did I.

The witch *Medea* rent in pieces small  
*Abfirtus* limbes her brother, did not she?  
 She threw him in the way dismembred all,  
 That so her fathers iourney stai'd might be.  
*Orodes* slew his brother *Mithridate*:  
 And so did I my brother in debate.

*Learchus* slew his brother for the Crowne,  
 So did *Cambyfes* fearing much the dreame:  
*Antiochus* of infamous renowne  
 His brother slew, to rule alone the Realme.  
*Ardicus* did the like for Kingdomes sake:  
 So I my brothers life away did take.



*Mempricius* lewde of life likewise did kill  
His brother *Manlius*, for the same intent :  
These Princes vile were brother slayers ill,  
For kingdomes sake vnnaturally bent.

But reade the stories, thou shalt find it plaine  
The bloodie wretches all were after slaine.

Euen so I *Porrex* eke, which slew my brother,  
And ruled once the Britaine land with him,  
Vnkindly kil'd was by my cruell mother,  
Which with her maidens chopt me euery limme.  
As I lay sleeping on my bed at rest,  
Into my chamber full and whole they prest.

Appointed well they were with weapons sharpe,  
And boldly laid on me with all their might :  
Oft quite and cleane they thrust me through the hart,  
And on my corps each where their weapons light.  
They chopt me small (I say) as flesh to pot,  
And threw me out, my limbes yet trembling hot.

Can I complaine of this reuenge she raught,  
Sith I procur'd the slaughter of her sonne?  
Can I excuse my selfe deuoid of fault,  
Which my deare Prince and brother had fordonne?  
No; tis too true that \* who so slayes a King  
Incurres reproch, and slaughter blood doth bring.

The traytors to their Prince haue alwaies bin  
As slayers of their parents, vipers brood :  
The killers of their brothers, friends, and kin,  
In like degree well nigh of treason stood.  
But what by this win they, saue death, defame,  
Distaine their blood, and shroud themselues with shame.

Example take you Princes of this land,  
Beware of discord, shun ambitious pride :  
By right take ye the scepter in your hand,  
Let not your sword with soueraignes blood be dide.  
The mightie *Ioue*, that raignes eternall aye,  
Cuts off the Kings that enter in that waye.

Vsurpers may perswade themselues a while  
 There is no God, no lawes of sacred crowne :  
 No wrong they do, no murther seemeth vile,  
 Nor no respect of Princely high renowne.  
 But if they could consider well the case,  
 They would not so aspire to Princes place.

They would example take by *Lucifer*,  
 That was cast downe, the father first of pride :  
 And all his impes how high so ere they were,  
 Vsurping Realmes and Kingdomes far and wide,  
 From light to darke, from throne to thrall they fell:  
 From bale to blisse and downe from heauen to hell.

Sufficient heere is said to warne the wise,  
 For he by prudence oft forecasts the doubt :  
 The foole is bent all warnings to despise,  
 He runneth headlong with the rascall rout.  
 Then if thou cast to liue at rest a subiect good,  
 Touch not the Prince, crowne, scepter, nor his blood.

---

## HOW KING PINNAR WAS SLAINE IN BATTLE by *Mulmucius Donwallo*, about the yeare before Christ,

441.

**M**ight oftentimes right ouerrunnes too fast,  
 Right after comes and hopes to haue his owne:  
 And when he ouertakes might at the last;  
 Then is the truth of all the quarrell knowne.  
 Men neuer reape no other, then was sowne,  
 If good be gaine, the better comes the crop,  
 The grape growes on the vine and not the hop.

Of this now spoken, this would I inferre,  
Men may by might a kingdome long withhold  
Not due to them : but they far better were  
To yeeld vnto the right, what reason would.  
Good mettals bides the touch, which tries the gold,  
When copper counted counterfeit in cast,  
Is deem'd but droffe and called in at last.

I am that *Pinnar*, who when *Brutus* blood  
Extingcted was in bloodie *Porrex* raigne,  
Amongst the Princes in contention stood,  
Who in the Britaine throne by right should raigne :  
Mongst whom by might a part I did obtaine,  
That part of Albion call'd Logria hight,  
I did long time vsurpe against all right.

*Stater* who stept into the Scottissh throne,  
And *Rudacke*, that vsurpt the Cambrian crowne  
Their minds to mine did frame and ioyn'd in one,  
To keepe the Cornish Prince stout *Cloten* downe,  
Twixt whom and vs in fighting, for renowne  
Faيرة Ladie Albion Europes wondred Ile,  
Rob'd of her beautie was, alas the while.

Duke *Cloten*, though a man of worthie praise,  
Who claim'd the crowne as due to him by right :  
Could not preuaile till death did end his daies,  
His sonne *Mulmucius* that vndaunted Knight  
Pursu'd his fathers claime with all his might,  
And meeting vs in many a bloodie field,  
At length in manly fight did make vs yeeld.

He Lion-like himselfe with his tall troope  
Of nimble Cornish met vs on the way,  
And to his conquering arme did cause vs stoope,  
The price of treason I with blood did pay,  
My wrong deem'd right appear'd in my decay.  
Who so by violence scales the throne of State,  
Seldome sits sure, but falles by violent fate.

H

HOW

# HOW KING STATER OF SCOTLAND

was slaine by *Mulmucius Donwallo*,  
*about the yeare before Christ,*

441.



Exist not in histories truly to tell  
The fall of vsurpers the mirrours of pride.  
Recite of our treasons, and how that we fell,  
Intruders vntrustie the Realme for to guide:  
Of wit and of reason recklesse and wide,

That tooke so vpon vs to rule all the land,  
No Princes presum'd yet with scepter in hand.

How stately I *Stater* of Scotland the King,  
Did beare me full stoutly when I had the crowne:  
And what a great armie of Scots I did bring,  
Against Lord *Donwallo*, of noble renowne.  
I deemed dame Fortune would neuer so frowne,  
Who made me a Prince, that kingdome my pray,  
Of late but a subiect and simple of sway.

But heere now behold how steadie the state  
Of climbers aloft is aboue their degree,  
And how they do fall from fortune to fate,  
Example are such as my fellow and me.  
The fruit giues a taste of the sap of the tree,  
The seed of the herbe, the grape of the vine:  
The worke wrayes the man, seeme he neuer so fine.

For when I had leuied an armie to fight,  
I ioyned with *Pinnar*, my power to preuaile:  
And *Rudacke* of Wales came eke with his might,  
*Mulmucius Donwallo* the King to assaile.  
Our purpose the Prince by prowes did quaile,  
Which came out of Cornewall, vs vanquisht in field,  
Our souldiers were slaughterd, or forced to yeeld.



O fortune I blame thee, my selfe more vnwise:  
 Thou gau'st me a kingdome, with life I it lost.  
 My souldiers were killed before mine owne eies,  
 Or forced to yeeld, or abandon the coast.  
 I need not of honor or dignitie boast,  
 Or tell of my triumphes, or crake of my crowne:  
 \*The vaunt of vsurpers is void of renowne.

# HOW KING

RVDACKE OF WALES WAS

slaine by *Mulmucius Donwallo* about  
 the yeare before Christ,

441.

**R**Vde are the reuelles royaltie that rape,  
 Restlesse the raignes of rebels in the robe,  
 Recklesse the rage where crueltie doth scrape,  
 Roundnesse esteem'd but little of the globe,  
 No man ambitious prudent with the probe,  
 Crownerape accounted but cunning and skill,  
 Bloodhead a blockehouse to beate away ill.

The rudenesse of rebels reaching the crowne,  
 May be compar'd to *Bladhu's* fond diuice.  
 Better sit still then fall so far adowne,  
 By my mishaps let other men be wise.  
 My selfe of climbing haue pai'd well the price,  
 That rudely in throne my selfe did install  
 Aloft, not regarding how low I might fall.

When Britaine was restlesse, wanting a King,  
 (For *Forrex* hight and *Porrex* both were slaine)  
 The land many peeres ambitious did wring,  
 Endeououring each the Kingdome to gaine.  
 The heires to forsake it wrong did constraîne,  
 The subiects were armed, we nobles did striue,  
 At length we amongst vs diuision contriue.

H 2

Then

Then recklesse we were when all was at rest,  
 And each had a kingdome allotted his part :  
 The vice of the subiects daily increast,  
 And iustice and right were laid quite apart.  
 The lawes ouerlashed by couine and craft,  
 And we that did gouerne did winke at this geare :  
 The worser thereby, our faithfull friends were.

The ball that dame Fortune emparteth of blisse  
 Is golden to gaze on, but voluble round :  
 If once of your handfast in holding you misse,  
 Away then it rolet, and you are on ground.  
 Of watchers thereon so many abound,  
 And catchers thereat, with snatching therefore,  
 That if once you leese it, you catch it no more.

A Chirurgian that taketh a wound for to cure,  
 If skilfull and carefull he searcheth it surst :  
 The sea-man doth sound to take the depth sure,  
 By wisdome well taught for feare of the worst.  
 But our vile ambition, blind, blockish, accurst,  
 Not prouing the sore, nor reckoning the sound,  
 Our ships and our science we sinke and confound.

Ambition out searcheth to glorie the greece,  
 The faire to estate, the grapple of grace :  
 But in her is hid of perill a peece,  
 Which all our attempts doth dimme and deface.  
 We do enioy her vaine ioyes but a space,  
 Short, brittle as glasse : false faire giuing light :  
 Not golden, though glittering braue in the sight.

For when she hath brought vs vnto the throne,  
 And Fortune hath fraught vs with honor at fill :  
 Then there to sit stedie and rule all alone  
 We racke our deuices, and scud with our skill.  
 We cut off occursions ; we prole, pole, and pill :  
 We bolster, we band out, to bribe, banish, slay  
 The pillers of prudence that stand in our way.

Our race is then restles, our sleeping vnfound:  
 Our waking is warfare, our walking hath woe:  
 Our talking is trustles, our cares doe abound:  
 Our fauners deemd faithfull, and friendshippe a foe.  
 Which troubles our fancies so tost to and froe,  
 That scarcely wee neuer inioy any rest  
 Tormented, whom Fortune exalted and blest.

This thing can I witnesse what troubles ensue,  
 What cares doe vs compas enhaunfed aloft:  
 I therefore wish rebels to take better view  
 Of the falles of iutruders, recorded so oft.  
 Who climeth so high his fall is not soft.  
 If once hee doe stagger or falter aside,  
 He cannot recouer the rest for to guide.

When I who with others did thinke my selfe sure,  
 Here ruled the realme, there fell out a flawe:  
*Donwallo* did seeke the Crowne to procure,  
 Alleaging a title thereto by the lawe.  
 Who, when to field our powers we did draw,  
 Came straight with an hoast prepared to fight,  
 With sword for to tric out whose title was right.

Our number was great, our title vniust:  
 Our consciences guilty, our souldiers agast:  
*Donwallo* with honour had souldiers of trust:  
 And Fortune was friendly to them as they past.  
 They slew of our men by manhood full fast,  
 Or forst them to flie: in the field wee were faine  
 To oppose them (poore Princes) and so we were flaine.

First *Pinnar*, then *Stater*, I *Rudacke* likewise  
 At last was with number oppressed dispatcht.  
 Let Lordings beware how aloft they doe rise,  
 By Princes and commons their climbing is watcht.  
 No sooner they haue at the scepter once snatcht,  
 But guilty themselues they deeme worthy to die,  
 And Gods powerfull iustice such sentence doth gie.

# HOW THE NOBLE

King *Brennus*, after many triumphant  
victories, at the siege of *Delphos* in *Greece* slew  
himselfe, about the yeare before

*Christ*, 375.



Amongst the noble martiall worthy men,  
Renowned farre, victorious great of fame,  
Though Authors found my praise: eftssoones agen  
Amongst the Britaine Princes write the same.  
I am that Britaine once that *Brennus* had to name:  
My facts, exploits in warre, my conquests life and end  
Doe write as I recite, when time doth leasure lend.

The mightie Monarch of this noble Ile  
*Mulmucius* who with conquering blade did free  
The Britans troubled state from tyrants vile,  
Was father both to *Belinus* and me.  
His noble acts and lawes commended bee.  
This *Belinus* (mine elder brother) was his heire,  
And Queene *Corwenaa* was our mother wise and faire.

When after him my brother had the crowne,  
Hee was content to make me eke a king:  
He gaue mee Albany, where with renowne  
I rulde a while by Iustice euery thing.  
But at the last ambition made me bring  
An army thence, against my brother for to fight:  
Which rather ought t'haue honord him with homage right.

When *Belinus* perceiued mee approach  
Vnto his Realme, an army hee addrest:  
Hee warned me I should not seeke t'incroach  
That was not mine, for hee was ready prest  
Me to repell: hee wild mee bee at rest.  
I marched on, the armies met, wee scarcely fought:  
My souldiers slaine, to saue my selfe by flight I sought.



To Norway then, I fled for succour hence,  
Where good *Elfrigus* reigned the gentle King:  
I told him what I was, and eke of whence,  
Desirde his aide, me home againe to bring.  
And he not only graunted me this thing,  
But eke his daughter *Samye* faire to bee my wife,  
With me in Albany to leade a Princely life.

But while we were prouiding ships and men,  
The fame abroad of my returne was spread:  
And *Guthlake* that was King of Denmarke then,  
Prouided with a nauie mee forlead.  
His eie on *Samyes* beautie had so fed,  
That for her sake he must perforce my ships forlay,  
By force of armes to beare the Lady faire away.

And when our nauies met, hee wilde me yeelde  
This Lady straight, or else defend the cause:  
A thing (quoth I) requested erst but seelde,  
Against of Gods and men the sacred lawes.  
It hath not erst bene heard 'mongst wise men sawes,  
That any King should claime the like by strife,  
Or make assault by wrong to winne a Princes wife.

From words to fight we fell on either side,  
But on his side the conquest did appeare:  
I yeelded her that listd scarce abide,  
For she to him before did fauour beare.  
By tempest then our nauies seuered were,  
And he perforce by storme on shores of Britaine cast,  
For tribute hostage gaue to *Beline* ere he past.

At seas turmoilde fūe daies with raging winde,  
Sore wearied with the fight, the foile, and losse:  
And casting with my selfe in woefull minde,  
The cause why so God *Neptune* did me tosse:  
And why false fortune my attempt did crosse:  
I made a vowe to kill the man that causde me flye,  
Or with my bloud, the kingdome all from him to buy.

The Seas alaid, at last my ships I found,  
 And rigde againe, at seas we met our foes  
 The wandring Danes, where we beset them round  
 In warlike sort, we did them all inclose,  
 Euen so the wheele of Lady Fortune goes,  
     Abiects, casts downe, turnes topsie toruie quight,  
     The men of late extold with all her maine and might.

These ships my wants in some respect supplied  
 With tackle, armour, vitailles and the rest:  
 And so to Britaine land apace I hide,  
 For kingdome lost to make againe request:  
 Or else by might and force away to wrest  
     The scepter from my brother *Beline*, and the crowne,  
     Which lay that time by North at Euerwike the towne.

To land I came, and threatned *Beline* sore,  
 But he an armie did with speed addresse:  
 Which met me straight at th'entry on the shore,  
 Our battailes ioind and fought with valiantnesse.  
 But I was put in th'end to such distresse  
     To ships I flew, and tooke a few with me beside,  
     And hoising sailes, for hap to Gallia strands I hide.

Arriued there, I trauaild long to see  
 The nature of the Countrey and the men:  
 And for my purpose I disposed mee,  
 To please the Princes and the people then,  
 In hope to see my countrey once agen.  
     To win my noble kingdome, or to wreacke the wrong  
     That I sustained exile from natie soile so long.

When I had tolde the great mishaps I had  
 Vnto the Peeres of Fraunce, some aide to craue:  
 I could obtaine no succour me to glad,  
 Nor men, munition, ships, ne vittailles haue.  
 I gate me thence to Duke *Seginus* graue,  
     Of Prouence then the Prince, renowned noble farre,  
     For prudence prompt in peace, and wisdome great in warre.

This worthy Duke receiued me with ioy,  
 (For of afflicted wights he had remorse)  
 He heard me oft declare the great anoy  
 That I had felt, and of my brothers force.  
 How *Gutblacke* did my wife and me diuorce :  
 The broiles at Sea, the toiles I taken had at land :  
 Which neuer could the face of Fortunes foile withstand.

Thou Britaine tall (quoth he) I rue thy fate  
 Thou noble Prince (for so thou art in shoue)  
 If I could now restore thee thine estate,  
 Thou shouldst perceiue what fauour I thee owe.  
 Tis Fortunes vse t' exalt and ouerthrowe.  
 My counsaile then is this, expect her grace a while,  
 Till where shee frownes shee turne her friendly face and smile.

So in his court he did me intertaine,  
 Where long I liu'd and bare my selfe full well :  
 Sometimes to play the captaine I was faine,  
 To win some praise, as causes did compell,  
 For when his subiects either did rebell,  
 Or confines made inroads, to spoile or pray his land,  
 Then appointed was to take the warre in hand,

In armour scarce, and stout, and strong was I,  
 God *Mars* me gaue a stearne and stormie looke :  
 With feates of armes by land or seas to try,  
 Experience taught me what I vndertooke.  
 No paine, no toile nor daunger I forooke,  
 That might content the noble Duke of Sauois minde,  
 Whose bounteous grace, for aye my loue to him did bind.

In peace full milde I was, of comely grace,  
 And wise in talke, as time occasion gaue :  
 And (though I say't) I had a Princely face,  
 I could both hunt and hawke, and court it braue.  
 Eke Fortunes past had made me sage and graue :  
 More heedy all attempts to prosecute with skill :  
 Rashnes (by poofe I found) incurs the greatest ill.

When

When Duke *Seginus* saw my humble hart,  
 A regall Britaine Prince, of royall bloud,  
 How I emploide my selfe and all my art,  
 Mine actiue feates with grace and prowes good  
 To serue, and quaille his foes that him withstood :  
 He gaue his Daughter vnto me, a peerlesse dame,  
 With her his Dukedome after him to guide the same.

By her (when hee was deade) I Sauoye had,  
 A countrey fertile, famous for the soile.  
 With liberall gifts the souldiers hearts I glad.  
 To winne the rests good will I tooke some toile,  
 By banquets, jewels, gifts, or warlike broile:  
 Still vsing all the meanes t'obeisance thē to moue,  
 Eke all the wayes that might allure them me to loue.

And settled so in honour great at rest,  
 Without the feare of forraine foes, or nie:  
 I mused what for Britaine warres was best,  
 Which way I might againe my quarell trie.  
 Such restless heades haue they that sit on hie.  
 O poore estate, how blest were thou that sitst below,  
 How happy, safe and sure, if thou thy state couldst know?

A counsell called for the same intent,  
 I told the Lords my purpose for the warre:  
 How I to haue my kingdome here was bent.  
 They all agreed to leuy neere and farre,  
 Such souldiers good and captaines stout that were.  
 They offered seruice eke themselues to fare with mee,  
 To winne the crowne by sword, or els reuenged bee.

Concluding thus, a powre prouided was,  
 Munition good, and vitales, shipping strong:  
 On a voiage so with hoised sailes wee passe,  
 We cut the seas, and came apace along  
 To Britaine shores: In hope to wrecke the wrong  
 That oft before was done, or winne the land againe:  
 Whence whilome twice I was to fly with daungeraine.

When



When we were landed here, I Herolds sent  
To claime my Kingdome at his hands, my right:  
I bad them, if he were not so content,  
To sound defiance, fire, and sword, and fight.  
But of my message hee esteemed light.  
Hee brought an army strong, appointed was the day  
Of battaile, then to try who beares the Crowne away.

This when our mother sawe *Corwenna* wife,  
That mortall warres we wage for kingdome sake:  
Shee with her selfe did many waies deuise,  
A peace betweene her Martiall sonnes to make,  
And with the Lords full oft did counsell take.  
Yet all in vaine: there could no parle of peace preuaile,  
But on we marcht agreed each other to affaile.

The fields once pight, and time of battaile come,  
In place where should bee tride this quarell sad,  
In armour eke the souldiers all and some,  
With all the force that might so soone bee had,  
We captaines vsing speech our men to glad,  
T'incourage them with promise proud of lasting fame:  
Tweene th'armies *Corwenna* stood that noble dame.  
And thus shee spake:

„ O out alas my sonnes what meanes this broile?  
„ Wil you in field my tender bowels harne?  
„ What furies force you thus t'unkindly toile?  
„ What meane your men for slaughter here to swarme?  
„ Did not this wombe once both inclose you warne?  
„ And cannot now all Britaine hold you brethren twaine,  
„ But needes by one of you his brother must be slaine?  
„ Cannot the feare of *Ioues* immortall hate,  
„ Your mothers teares, nor woefull wailings moue?  
„ Nor naked brefts you suckt your malice flake?  
„ Nor cause t'imbrace the sacred lore of loue?  
„ O euerlasting *Ioue* that liu'ft aboue!  
„ Then I protest ere you doe fight the feelde this day,  
„ You shall in field (vngratefull sonnes) your wofull mother slay,  
If

„ Betweene you both you shall bereaue my life.  
 „ What woes (my sonnes) aliuie shall I sustaine,  
 „ When I shall after this ambitious strife,  
 „ So many see of both your subiects flaine?  
 „ And you with brothers bloud your swords distaine.  
 „ I shall (I say) in th'end of fight take woefull vewe,  
 „ Of that my sonne, which this my sonne his brother slewe.

„ O rather now, my sonnes, leaue off to iar,  
 „ Lay weapons both aside, take truce a while :  
 „ If you doe loue to spend your time in-war,  
 „ Destroy not here at home your natie Ile:  
 „ The present cause and quarell is too vile.  
 „ Ioine friendly both your armies faith, and firme the same,  
 „ To take some conquest great in hand of lasting fame.

„ Therein you may with greater honour deale,  
 „ By this you shall defame your selues for aye.  
 „ Thereby you may enlarge your publique weale,  
 „ By this your selues and it shall quite decay.  
 „ Thereby you shall mine age with honour stay.  
 „ Thereby you shall most like your noble father bee :  
 „ Which ere he wore the crowne did conquer kingdomes three.

„ Once for my sake then ioine yet hands againe,  
 „ Let me enioy once both before I die.  
 „ I would to see you friends my sonnes bee faine,  
 „ And hope I haue you will not this denie.  
 „ I aske a thing shall neuer hurt perdy.  
 „ For if you now surcease, and loue as brethren well,  
 „ Then all the world of this your concord aye shall tell.

And turning then to me thus wise she said :  
 „ Thou knowest, my sonne, how twice thou hast been foild:  
 „ Thou twice to scape with life wast well apaide,  
 „ And since full farre to countries straunge hast toild.  
 „ If now thou shouldst of life and all bee spoilde,  
 „ (When liue thou maist in Princely sort with peerelesse ioy)  
 „ What tongue can tell thy mothers grieve and great anoy.

I heare

- " I heare thou hast in France a Dukedome good,  
 " Of subiects good thou hast an armie heere :  
 " Thou hast a wife that came of noble blood,  
 " Thou need'st at home no foes at all to feare.  
 " What mean'st thou then such mortall hate to beare,  
 " Against my sonne thy brother heere, which gaue to thee  
 " His kingdome halfe, the noble land of Albany?  
 " Sith thine ambition first procur'd the strife,  
 " Which did'st in armour rise against thy King,  
 " Against thy brother lou'd thee more then life,  
 " Thou did'st thy subiects his against him bring,  
 " Think'st thou it was a wise or worthie thing?  
 " If not : thou hast good cause thy treason all confesse :  
 " And though he draue thee hence, to loue him ne're the lesse.  
 " Thou shalt therefore submit thy selfe to me,  
 " And take a truce, a peace I will conclude :  
 " Thy brother eke shall so contented be,  
 " No quarrels old shall be againe renew'd.  
 " These broiles haue oft my cheekes with teares bedew'd,  
 " My heart is rent, my hope bereau'd, my ioyes are gone,  
 " My life is lost, if you conioyne not both in one.  
 " Then turning vnto *Belinus* she spake :  
 " My noble sonne (quoth she) thou twice hast quail'd  
 " Thy brothers power, and mad'st him twice forsake  
 " His natiue land, which I haue oft bewail'd.  
 " What though thou haue so oft before preuail'd,  
 " Think'st thou againe the third time eke to win the field?  
 " Or art thou sure to slay my sonne, or force him yeeld?  
 " What glorie canst thou get thereby in th'end?  
 " Will not the world of your foule slaughters tell?  
 " Will not they all that liue, still discommend  
 " The man that did his owne deare brother quell?  
 " *Mempricius* shamefull acts are knowne too well,  
 " And *Porrex* Britaines both, their noble brethren slew,  
 " Confounded after both, examples good for you.

Now



" Now further this againe to both I say :  
 " Do not you rue these noble souldiers good ?  
 " Do not you see how many you shall slay ?  
 " Haue you no care to shed their guiltlesse blood ?  
 " The state of tyrants neuer stable stood,  
 " By bloodshed they do build, and prop their tottering State,  
 " Raigne, liue and die despisde, in neuer dying hate.

" You noble men, in briefe I speake to you,  
 " And vnto all the Captaines of your bands :  
 " And eke to all you souldiers good and true,  
 " Which haue the sway of bloodshed in your hands.  
 " Consider well the state of both our lands :  
 " You shall decrease your force, by discord and by strife,  
 " Distaine your bloods, and reauce *Cornwenas* of her life.

" Then if that either *Iones* immortall ire,  
 " (Which euer hated slaughters such as these)  
 " Or feare of *Plutoes* euerlasting fire,  
 " Or dangers threatned both by land and seas,  
 " Or mothers mind (which both you ought to please)  
 " Or countries loue, or peace (which all are bound t'imbrace)  
 " May ought perswade, then let my iust request haue place.

" If not, loe heere my naked breast (quoth she)  
 " Which once you both did sucke in tender age.  
 " Let both your swords in these first bathed be,  
 " Perhaps this slaughter shall your thirsts assuage.  
 " It shall be counted euen as small outrage  
 " To slay your mother pleading for a righteous peace,  
 " As wage the warres which gods commands you to surcease.

Much more she said which were too long to tell :  
 And proffred forth to swords her naked brest.  
 But when we both considered had full well  
 Her wofull teares, her wise and graue request,  
 They so to peace our hautie hearts addrest,  
 We laid our weapons downe : we met, and did imbrace,  
 All warre was set aside, and Ladie peace tooke place.



We ioyned hands, our captaines did the like,  
And eke the souldiers linked all in loue :  
There was not one that did our truce mislike,  
Our peace did all to ioy and maruell moue.  
With many triumphes feates of armes we proue,  
Our subiects all reioyce, in songs we found *Corwennas* praise,  
Her fame to skies, aloft with many shouts and cries they raise.

The Galles and Senons then supposing me  
In Britaine from my Dukedome hard at fight,  
Thought great occasion offred them to be,  
And set themselues in armes and order right.  
My subiects eke of Sauoy day and night  
They did entice, perswade, solícite and constraîne,  
To chuse another Duke at home with them to raigne.

Whereof when I heard tell in Britaine Ile,  
Eke when my brother *Beline* thereof knew,  
We laid aside our sports and plaies a while,  
And of our souldiers tooke a muster new.  
Of both our hoasts we chose a noble crew.  
We past the seas, as brethren ought, in concord knit :  
And both our force in one to conquer France we fit.

Without resistance much we spoil'd the land  
At th' entrie in, and after many fights  
We conquer'd all the Realme, my foes we fand,  
Which were in armes stout, valiant, noble wights.  
By sword they fell, or flew before our fights.  
The Germans force, likewise that did them succour send,  
We made to fall therefore, and to our scepters bend.

Three hundred thousand we in armour had,  
An armie great renown'd Europa through :  
The Kings and Princes of our peace were glad,  
We were in fight so puissant fierce and rough.  
Munition, victuals, money eke enough,  
We had of tributes store, of duties in that came :  
Through all the world of *Brenne* and *Beline* flew the fame.

To

To vs came souldiers out of many parts,  
 And captaines worthie for the fame of warre,  
 Of fierce *Bellona* braue we had the arts,  
 Whereof we wanne the praise both neere and farre.  
 But not with this we so contented are.

As *Hercules* to scale the Alpes did first contend :  
 So we againe (a worke of toile) the cloudie Alpes ascend.

The craggie mountaines that do touch the skies,  
 With aged heads are euer white with snow,  
 The seas allow do rore, whence vapours rise,  
 And from the hilles great streames of waters flowe.  
 The pathes so strict to passe which few do goe.  
 The ice, snow, cold, clouds, rombling stormes, and sights about  
 Are able constant hearts with doubtfull feare to moue.

For as you go, sometimes y'ar faine to reach  
 And hang by hands, to wend aloft the way :  
 And then on buttocks downe another breach,  
 With elbowes and with heeles your selfe to stay.  
 Downe vnder well behold the streames you may,  
 And waters wilde which from the mountaines falling flowe:  
 Ore head the rocks hang threatning death to them below.

When we these Alpes had past with dangers great,  
 To Clusium towne in Tuscan land we came :  
 The Tuscans as we droue our herds of neat,  
 Did issue out to intercept the same.  
 Ambassage to the Romans eke they frame,  
 To helpe them 'gainst the Galles (so vs they counted there)  
 Because I was of France, and Frenchmen with vs were.

The Romans then, because that our successe  
 Reported was to them in warres before,  
 Fearing their owne estate could do no lesse,  
 But aide their neighbours now at need the more.  
 To treat of peace they sent to vs therefore.  
 We answer'd we desir'd but space wherein to dwell,  
 Because our peopled countrie could not hold vs well.

But they forgetting quite of armes the lawe,  
Did arme themſelues, ambaffadours full ſtoute :  
With Clufians came to bring vs all in awe,  
Without reſpect of any further doute.  
Whereon, the ſiege from Cluſium walles about  
We raiſed ſtraight, at Rome we ſounded loud alarmes,  
To wreake reuenge for breach done gainſt the law of armes.

Yet firſt we thought it beſt ambaffage ſend,  
To haue truce breakers ſuch deliuered vs  
By law of armes as ought no weapons wend,  
And yet againſt the lawes came armed thus.  
They ſaid we were a people barbarous,  
They neither puniſh would nor yeeld thoſe Romanes good,  
But honour them : they came of *Fabius* noble blood,

Full ſwiftly on we marched then in haſte,  
And towards Rome with all our power we hide :  
At Alia flood gan forty thouſand taſte  
Of Romanes that vs met what might betide.  
We ſlew them faſt, the reſt durſt not abide.  
We had the ſpoile, to Rome we came, which we poſſeſſe :  
A thouſand waight of gold the Romanes paid for peace.

Pannonia eke with broiles of warres we tame,  
And many yeares we kept them vnder yoke :  
The Princes all about that heard our fame  
Deſired peace, not daring vs prouoke.  
We Britaines made Europa all to ſmoke.  
To part our armies then in twaine we tooke no doubt,  
And ſeueral conqueſts tooke in hand, as captaines ſtout.

To Macedonie *Beline* tooke the way,  
Where raigned *Ptolome* the tyrant fell,  
Which did his ſiſters ſonnes vniuſtly ſlay  
Before their mothers face, and her expell,  
• *Arſinoë* that vſide him earſt ſo well :  
Though by the gods he ſware to take her to his wife,  
And loue her ſonnes, and here he them bereft of life.



Euen so that wicked King at first refusde  
 To purchase peace with price, or hostage send,  
 That had before the faith of Gods abusde,  
 Was destinate to haue a noughtie end.  
 Let Princes well beware what they pretend.

\* Who for a crowne breakes faith, and murders foule commit  
 He will be sure to fall, on sliperie throne he sits.

Our custome was that time to send each where  
 Our Hearolds offering peace for tribute gold :  
 But from King *Protome* these newes we heare,  
 No peace he crau'd, no tribute pay he would,  
 Ne friendship crau'd (as he the Hearold told)  
 Except our weapons laid adowne we would submit,  
 No arguments of peace he would admit.

King *Beline* smil'd to heare the heedlesse King  
 Rash witted, so selfe-wild, and after this  
 The Dardanes offered twentie thousand bring  
 Of souldiers arm'd for aide, to ioyne with his.  
 Quoth he, not lost all Macedonie is.

If we once conquer'd by *Alexanders* hand,  
 Need we the Dardanes aide, these strangers to withstand?

We haue (quoth he) some souldiers sonnes of those  
 Which seru'd in pay with them that vanquisht all :  
 And for our selues we nothing feare our foes,  
 Although our armie seeme to *Dardane* small.  
 This when th'ambassadours related all

To good King *Dardane*, then this noble Realme (quoth he)  
 By this yong princ Cox pride, will all dispoiled be.

With that alarme they crie, and armies ioyne,  
 Where Britaines slay the Macedonian crew :  
 And haue for spoile their victualls, armour, coyne,  
 Tooke *Protomey* their King, and him they flew.  
 His head aboue the campe they beare for view

On speare, to make the rest of Greekes in doubt to stand,  
 Before they enterprise to take such warres in hand.



On this the fame of Britaines farre was spred,  
All Macedonie held their countrey spoil'd :  
To *Alexander* (erst their armies led)  
And vnto *Philip*, Princes neuer foil'd,  
As vnto Gods they crie in warres tormoil'd.

O helpe (quoth they) our countrey falles, we are vndone,  
Without your powerful aides: whose acts the world haue won.

But *Sosthenes* a Macedonian stout,  
When as the Britaines bathed in their blisse,  
Gate vnto him a warlike worthie rout,  
And set againe on *Beline* there and his,  
Put him to foile for all his worthinesse.

For which the souldiers all did chuse him for their King,  
But them as captaine he against their foes would bring.

When this in Greece I heard, and their successe  
First of the field they won, and follie then  
Enricht with spoiles, giuen all to idlenesse,  
Which were before approued valiant men :  
I found retreat, and backwards gate agen,  
With seuen score and ten thousand footmen for the fight,  
And fiftene thousand horse, which made a goodly fight.

With these appointed well my friends to aide  
The Britaines good, and *Beline* in that case,  
To Macedone I martcht with vengefull blade  
To take reuenge for *Belines* late disgrace.  
Whereto when as we came, in little space  
We wan the field in fight, we spoil'd the land at will,  
In pleasures plung'd we had of wealth, and fame, our fill.

So I that had all Macedone in awe,  
With spoile of mortall men was not content :  
I past not of these conquests all a straw,  
The temples of the gods to spoile I ment,  
And towards Delphos with mine armie went.  
On high his temple stood most glorious to behold,  
And god *Apollos* shrine enricht with gifts of gold.

The rich and wealthy gods (quoth I) may lend  
 To mortall men some of their treasures great :  
 They haue no neede thereof for to dispend  
 For clothing, victuals, armour, drinke or meate.  
 But yet we must therefore their priests intreate.  
     There is enough for them, and many moe beside;  
     Of offerings great, from Princes brought both far and wide.

This Delphos is on mount Parnassus faire  
 In Greece, well fenst with rising rockes about,  
 By nature plaste aloft in pleasant ayre,  
 So high to scale they neede no foes to doubt.  
 No watch, no warde to keepe the walles about.  
     So strong steepe pendent are the rockes whereon it stands:  
     As not the like could since be made with mortall hands.

When in this citie shoutes aloude they make,  
 Or when the trumpets sound therein is heard,  
 The Ecchoes shrill so cause the skies to shake,  
 That strangers staring stand and muse affeard.  
 The words and tunes resound againe so hard,  
     So oftentimes about from euery rocke so plaine,  
     As if to one that cride, one cride to him againe.

This made the men that came from far to maze,  
 To maruaile much, to feare and wonder still :  
 And at the sight thereof to stare and gaze,  
 Deuising oft the high and mighty hill.  
 A building founded first by heauenly skill  
     In citie built, and costly grau'd with worke of hand,  
     *Apolloes* temple high about the rest doth stand.

Tis round theater wise so braue within  
 And large aloft, without pendant vpright,  
 So high it seemes impossible to win,  
 With comely forme the gazers to delight.  
 The maiestie whereof did them inuite  
     That chose that seate, t' erect a temple in the fame,  
     Whereof for Oracles was spread a wondrous fame.

## King Brennus.

101

Amidst the height of this Parnassus mount  
A turning way there is, and in the plaine  
A den through rockes for deepnesse doth surmount,  
And turning vaults far in, whence answeres vaine  
The Priests receiue from sprites to tell againe.  
When any come for counsell there, of things to know:  
The answer of deluding sprites the Priests do show.

Wherefore the Kings and peoples offerings brought,  
From all the world and coasts of nations far:  
With many gifts of gold and siluer wrought,  
The gold of Kings and iewels rich were there.  
To Delphos all they run that doubtfull are.  
This was the madnes then that mortall men bewicht:  
Whereby *Apolloes* Temple was with gold so inricht.

Lo now I tell at Delphos what I did,  
For towards it as with my mates I went,  
Them be of courage good nought feare I bid,  
With Delphos spoile them to reward I ment.  
But now I askt how they would giue consent,  
Stout *Enridane* and *Thessalone* I did assay,  
Where it were good to scale, or else a while to stay.

The Captaines counsell was alarme to call,  
Before the Grecians did provide defence:  
And straight to scale with skill the mightie wall,  
Before the citie knew of our pretence.  
The souldiers stout abroad encamped thence,  
And said they must refresh their wearied limbes a space,  
Vnable else to scale, or meet their foes in face.

The Greekes in villages to make them trip  
Treated them to make no spare of wine:  
The Britaine souldiers fell thereon to sip,  
Forgate their seats of warre and plai'd the swine.  
Against their captaines eke they gan repine.  
So that full long it was or we could them perswade  
To flie from *Bacchus* boothes, and fall againe to blade.



Of souldiers thousands sixtie five I had,  
 But of our foes scarce fourteene thousand were :  
 The stately towne they see, their hearts to glad,  
 I bad them not at all to stand in feare.  
 Behold (quoth I) what doth in sight appeare,  
 Those charets glittering braue, and statues all of gold  
 Of sollid masse, more rich then glorious to behold.

For on the Temple stood faire golden shapes,  
 And in the walles thereof their pictures shone :  
 Not one of these (quoth I) the Britaines scapes,  
 We souldiers shall possesse them euery one.  
 Let vs therefore not linger here vpon,  
 But giue th' assault: for heere the God *Apolloes* pride,  
 In price of gold, and gemmes, surmounts all Greece beside.

We haue or this the wealth of men posselt  
 (Yet worthie Princes all) of mortall men :  
 But heere the treasures of the Gods are prest  
 To looke for vs : shall we refuse them then ?  
 We shall not so be proffered oft agen.  
 Within the walles hereof are greater farre by oddes :  
 Th' attire, crownes, scepters, plate and garnish of the Gods.

We sound Alarame, th' assault the rockes assayes,  
 Our souldiers brainsicke, heedlesse vp ascend :  
 The Delphos men had fenst the easiest waies,  
 So that against the rockes our force we bend.  
 With stones the scaling Britaines downe they hend.  
 An earthquake eke by vowes the sacrificers reare.  
 Which on my souldiers downe a mightie rocke did teare.

The ground did shake, and rent, and tempests rise,  
 The hailestones mightie fall, the thunders rore :  
 The lightnings flashing dazled all our eyes,  
 The Britaines from th' assault were ouerborne.  
 My souldiers slaine discomfit me before.  
 And I fore wounded, foule amazde, orecome with smart,  
 T escape the Greekish sword, did pierce my selfe to th' heart.



You noble captaines now that know my facts,  
 Learne valiantly in warres the sword to wend:  
 Let fame extoll your wise and warlike acts,  
 And let report your fortitude commend.  
 But let your warfares haue a wiser end,  
 And let what *Bochas* writes and *Higgins* heere doth pen,  
 Declare what good we gate, to warre with Delphos men.

# HOW KING KIMARVS WAS DEVOV- red by wilde beasts the yeare be- fore Christ, 321.

**N**O place commendes the man vnworthie praise.  
 No Kingly state doth stay vp vices fall:  
 No wicked wight to woe can make delaies,  
 No loslie lookes preferue the proud at all.  
 No brags or boast, no stature high and tall,  
 No lustie youth, no swearing, staring stout,  
 No brauerie, banding, cogging, cutting out.

Then what auails to haue a Princely place,  
 A name of honor or an high degree,  
 To come by kindred of a noble race?  
 Except we princely, worthie, noble be.  
 The fruit declares the goodnes of the tree.  
 Do brag no more, of birth or linage than,  
 For vertue, grace, and manners make the man.

My selfe might brag, and first of all begin,  
*Mulmucius* made and constituted lawes:  
 And *Belinus* and *Brenne* his sonnes did win  
 Such praise, that all the world giue them applause,  
*Gurgunstus* *Readbeard* with his sober lawes.  
 The sonne of *Belme* and my *Grandfire* grand  
 Was fortunate, what ere he tooke in hand.

His sonne my grand sire *Guintheine* did passe  
 For vertues praise, and *Martia* was his wife,  
 A noble Queene that wise and learned was,  
 And gaue her selfe to studie all her life,  
 Deuising lawes, discusst the ends of strife  
 Amongst the Brittaines to her endlesse fame:  
 Her statutes had of *Martian* lawes the name.

My father eke was sober, sage and wise,  
*Cicilius* hight, King *Guintheine* his sonne:  
 Of noble Princes then my stocke did rise,  
 And of a Prince of Cornwall first begonne.  
 But what thereby of glorie haue I wonne?  
 Can this suffice to answere eke for mee,  
 I came by parents of an high degree?

Or shall I say I was forsooth the King?  
 Then might I liue as lewdly as I lust.  
 No sure, I cannot so auoid the sting  
 Of shame, that prickes such Princes are vniust.  
 We rather should vnto our vertues trust.  
 For \* vertue of the ancient blood or kin,  
 Doth only praise the men that vertuous bin.

And nobles only borne (of this be sure)  
 Without the vertues of their noble race,  
 Do quite and cleane themselves thereby obscure,  
 And their renowne and dignities deface.  
 They do their birth and linage all deface.  
 For why, indeed they euer ought so well  
 In vertues graue, as titles braue excell.

But oft (God wor) they fare as erst did I,  
 They thinke if once they come of Princely stocke,  
 Then are they placed safe and sure, so hie  
 About the rest, as founded on a rocke.  
 Of wise mens warnings all they make a mocke,  
 They counsels graue, as abiect reeds, despise,  
 And count the braue, men gracious, worthie, wise.

This Kingdome came to me by due descent,  
For why my father was before me King:  
But I to pleasure all, and lust was bent,  
I neuer reckt of Iustice any thing.  
What purpose I to passe did meane to bring,  
That same t'accomplish I with all my might  
Endeuour'd euer, were it wrong or right.

I deem'd the greatest ioyes in earthly hap,  
I thought my pleasures euer would abide,  
I seem'd to sit in Lady Fortunes lap,  
I reckt not all the world; me thought, beside.  
I did by lust my selfe and others guide,  
Whereby the fates to worke my bane withall  
And cut me off, thus wise procur'd my fall.

As I was alwaies bent to hunting still,  
(Yet hunting was no vice to those I had)  
When I three yeares had rul'd this Realme at will,  
In chace a chance did make my heart full sad.  
Wilde cruell beasts as desperate and mad  
Turn'd backe on me, as I them brought to bay,  
And in their rage my finfull corps did slay.

A iust reward for so vniust a life,  
No worse a death, then I deserued yore.  
Such wreckes in th'end to wretches all are rise,  
Who may and will not call for grace before.  
My wilfull deeds were nought, what wilt thou more?  
For wanton wildenesse, witleffe, heedlesse toyes:  
The brutish beasts bereau'd me of my ioyes.

HOW



# HOW KING

## MORINDVS WAS DE-

### uoured by a monster, the yeare

before Christ. 303.



Et me likewise declare my facts and fall,  
And eke recite what meanes this slimie glere:  
You need not faine to quaint a Locke at all,  
Although I seeme to full some euery where,  
This blade in bloodie hand, which I do beare,  
And all his gore bemingled with this glew,  
In witnesse I the dreadfull monster slew.

Then marke my tale: beware of rashnes vile,  
I am *Morindus*, once a Britaine King,  
On whom long time did Ladie Fortune smile,  
Till to her wheelles steepe top she did me bring.  
My fame both far and neare she made to ring,  
And eke my praise exalted so to skie,  
In all my time more famous none then I.

Some say I was, by birth, a bastard bace,  
Begotten of the Prince his concubine:  
But what I was declared well my grace,  
My fortitude, and stature Princely mine.  
My father eke that came of Princely line  
King *Danius* gaue not to bace degree,  
Nor yet the noble Britaines vnto mee.

For feats of armes and warlike points I past,  
In courage stout there liu'd not then my peere:  
I made them all that knew my name agast,  
And heard how great mine enterprises were,  
To shrink, and flinke, and shift aside for feare.  
All which at length did me such glorie bring,  
My father dead, the Britaines made me King.

But



But see how blind we are, when Fortune smiles,  
How sencelesse we, when dignities increase:  
We euer vse our selues discretely whiles  
We little haue, and loue to liue in peace.  
Subiected thoughts doth wicked pride suppress:  
We vse no rigour, rancour, rapine, such  
As after, when we haue our willes too much.

For whiles that I a subiect was, no King,  
While I had nothing, but my facts alone:  
I studied still, in euery kind of thing  
To serue my Prince, and vnderfang his sone:  
To vse his subiects friendly euerychone:  
And for them all aduentures such to take,  
As might them all my person fauour make.

But when I once attained had the Crowne,  
I waxed cruell, tyrannous and fell:  
I had no longer minde of my renowne,  
I vsde my selfe too ill, the truth to tell.  
O bace degree in happie case full well!  
Which art not puffed with pride, vaine-glorie, hate,  
But art beneath, content to bide thy fate.

For I aloft, when once my heate was in,  
Not rained by reason, ruled all by might:  
Ne prudence reckt, right, strength, or meane a pin,  
But with my friends, in anger all would fight.  
I stroke, kild, slew who euér were in fight,  
Without respect, remorse, reproofe, regard,  
And like a mad man in my furie far'd,

I deem'd my might and fortitude was such,  
That I was able thereby conquer all:  
High kingdomes seat encreast my pompe so much,  
My pride me thought impossible to fall.  
But God confounds our proud deuices all,  
And brings that thing wherein we most do trust,  
To our destruction, by his iudgement iust.

For when three yeares I ruled had this Ile  
 Without all law, as was my lawlesse life,  
 The rumour ran abroad within a while,  
 And chiefly in the Norwest countrie rise,  
 A monster came from Th'irish seas, brought griefe  
 To all my subiects in those coasts did dwell,  
 Deuouring man and beast, a monster fell.

Which when I knew for truth, I straight prepar'd  
 In warlike wise my selfe to trie the case :  
 My haste thereto a courage bold declar'd,  
 For I alone would enter in the place.  
 At which, with speare on horse I fet my race,  
 But on his scales it enter could no more,  
 Then might a bulrush on a brasen dore.

Againe I prou'd, yet nought at all preuail'd  
 To breake my speare, and not to pierce his side :  
 With that the roring monster me assail'd,  
 So terrifi'd my horse I could not ride.  
 Wherewith I lighted, and with sword I tri'd  
 By strokes to find a passage to his life,  
 But now I found in vaine was all my strife.

And when I wearied was, and spent with fight,  
 That kept my selfe with heed his danger fro :  
 At last almost asham'd I wanted might  
 And skill, to worke the beastly monster wo.  
 I gate me neerer with my sword him to,  
 And thought his flankes or vnder parts to wound,  
 If there, for scales, might any place be found.

But frustrate of my purpose, finding none,  
 And eke within his danger entring quite :  
 The grizely beast straight seized me vpon,  
 And let his talants on my corps to light.  
 He gript my shoulders, not resist I might :  
 And roring with a greedie rauening looke,  
 At once in iawes my bodie whole he tooke.

The way was large, and downe he drew me in,  
A monstrous paunch for roomth and wondrous wide :  
But (for I felt more softer there the skin)  
At once I drew a dagger by my side.  
I knew my life no longer could abide  
For rammish stench, bloud, poison, slimy glere  
That in his body so abundant were.

Wherefore I labouring to procure his death,  
While first my dagger digde about his hart,  
His force to cast me welnigh drewe my breath.  
But as he felt within, his woundes to smart,  
I ioyed to feele the mighty monster start,  
That roard, and belcht, and groande, and plungde, and cride,  
And tost me vp and downe, from side to side.

Long so in pangs hee plungde, and panting lay,  
And drew his winde so fast with such a powere,  
That quite and cleane he drew my breath away,  
Wee both were dead well nigh within an houre.  
Lo thus one beastly monster did deuoure  
Another monster moodles, to vs paine :  
At once the realme was rid of monsters twaine.

Here maist thou see of fortitude the hap,  
Where prudence, iustice, temperance hath no place :  
How suddenly we taken are in trap,  
When we despise good vertues to embrace.  
Intemperance doth all our deeds deface,  
And lets vs heedles headlong run so fast,  
We seeke our owne destruction at the last.

For he that hath of fortitude and might,  
And thereto hath a kingdome ioind withall :  
Except he also guide himselfe aright,  
His powre and strength prewaileth him but small,  
He can not scape at length an haples fall.  
You may perceiue a myrrour plaine by me,  
Which may with wisdome well sufficient be.

# HOW KING EMERIANVS FOR HIS TYRANNIE WAS DEPOSED, ABOUT THE yeare before Christ,

225.



He wofull wight that fell from throne to thrall,  
The wretch that woue the web wherein he goes:  
A dolefull blacke bad weede still weare hee shall  
In wofull fort, and nothing blame his foes.  
What neede such one at all his name disclose?

Except the rest of Britaine princes should,  
Not here for shame resite his name he would.

I am *Emeriane* King that raignd a space,  
Scarce all one yeare, in Britaine Isle long sence,  
But for I was in maners voide of grace,  
Fierce, tyrannous, and full of negligence,  
Bloud thirsty, cruell, vaine, deuoid of sence,  
The Britaines me deposed, from seate and crowne,  
And reau'd me quite, of riches and renowne.

I was despisde and banisht from my blisse,  
Discountnant, faine to hide my selfe for shame:  
What neede I longer stand to tell thee this?  
My selfe was for my woefull fall too blame.  
My raigne was short in few my fall I frame.  
My life was lothsome, soone like death that found.  
Let this suffice a warning blast to sound.

## HOW



# HOW KING CHIRIN- NVS GIVEN TO DRVNKENNES

raigned but one yeare. He died about the  
*yeare before Christ,*

137.



Hough I my surfets haue not yet out slept,  
Nor Icarce with quiet browes begin my tale,  
Let not my drowsy talke bee ouer leapt,  
For though my belching sent of wine or ale,  
Although my face be fallo, puft; and pale,

And legs with dropfy swell, and panch resound:  
Yet let me tell what vice did me confound.

Perhaps thou thinkst so grosse a blockhead blunt,  
A sleepey swinish head can nothing say:  
The greatest heads and smallest eke were wont  
To beare in them the finest wits away.

This thing is true, thou canst it not deny,  
And *Bacchus* eke ensharps the wits of some,  
*Fœcundi calices quem non fecere desertum?*

Yet sith long since both braines and all were spent,  
And this in place amongst my mates I speake:  
I trust thou wilt be herewithall content,  
Although indeed my wits of talke are weake.  
So old a vessell cannot chuse but leake.

A drunken sot whose faltering feete do slip  
Must pardon craue, his tongue in talke will trip.

*Chirixnus* was my name a Britaine King,  
But rulse short time: Sir *Bacchus* was my let:  
*Erinnus* eke my senses so did swing,  
That reason could no seat amongst them get.  
Wherefore the truth I pray thee plainly set.  
I gaue my selfe to surfets swilling wine,  
And led my life much like a drunken swine.

Diseases

Diseases grew, distemperance made me swell,  
 My parched liuer lusted still for baste:  
 My timpane sounded like a taber well,  
 And nought but wine did like my greedie taste.  
 This vice and moe my life and me defaste,  
 My face was blowne and blubd with dropsie wan,  
 And legs more like a monster then a man.

So not in shape I onely altered was,  
 My dispositions chang'd in me likewise:  
 For vices make a man, a goate, an asse,  
 A swine or horse, (as Poets can comprise)  
 Transforming into beasts by sundry wise  
 Such men as keepe not onely shape of men,  
 But them mishapeth also now and then.

Wherefore let who so loues to liue long daies  
 Without diseases, strong, in youthfull state,  
 Beware of *Bacchus* booth which all betraies,  
 The vaile of vices vaine, the hauen of hate,  
 The well of weake delights, the brand of hate,  
 By which I lost my health, life, Realme and fame,  
 And onely wonne the shrouding sheete of shame.

---

HOW KING VARIANVS  
 GAVE HIMSELFE TO THE  
 lustes of the flesh, and dyed about the  
*yeare before Christ, 136.*

---



Here no good gifts haue place, nor beare the sway,  
 What are the men, but wilful castaway?  
 Where gifts of grace doe garnish well the King,  
 There is no want, the land can lacke nothing.  
 The Court is still well stor'd with noble men,  
 In Townes and Cities Gouvernours are graue:  
 The common wealth doth also prosper then,  
 And wealth at will the Prince and people haue.

Perhaps

Perhaps you aske, what Prince is this appeares?  
 What meanes his talke in these our golden yeares?  
 A Britaine Prince that *Varianus* hight,  
 I held sometime the Scepter here by right.  
 And though no need there be in these your daies  
 Of states to tell, or vertues good discrue,  
 Good counsaile yet doth stand in stead alwaies,  
 When time againe may vices olde reuiue.

If not: yet giue me leaue amongst the rest  
 Which felt their fall, or had their deaths adrest:  
 My cause of fall let me likewise declare,  
 For \* falles the deaths of vicious Princes are.  
 They fall, when all good men reioice or see  
 That they short time enioide their places hie.  
 For Princes which for vertues praised be,  
 By death arise, extold they scale the skie.

I will be short, because it may suffice  
 That soone is said, to warne the sage and wise.  
 Or if that they no warning need to haue,  
 This may perchance somewhat their labour saue  
 With those, that will not heare their faults them told,  
 By such as would adimonish them for loue:  
 When they my words and warnings here behold,  
 They may regard and see their owne behoue.

About my time the Princes liu'd not long,  
 For all were giuen almost to vice and wrong:  
 My selfe voluptuous was abandond quite,  
 To take in fleshly lust my whole delite:  
 A pleasure vile, that drawes a man from thrift and grace,  
 Doth iust desires, and heauenly thoughts expell:  
 Doth spoile the corps, defiles the soule, and fame deface,  
 And brings him downe to *Plutoes* paines of hell.



For this my sinne my subiects hated mee,  
 Repining still my stained life to see.  
 As when the Prince is wholly giuen to vice,  
 And holdes the lewder fort in greatest price,  
 The land decaies, disorder springs abroad,  
 The worser sort doe robbe, pill, pole, and spoile  
 The weaker force to beare the greatest load,  
 And leese the goods for which they earst did toile.

How can *Iehoua* iust abide the wrong?  
 He will not suffer such haue scepter long.  
 As he did strike for sinfull life my seate,  
 And did me downe from royall kingdome beate:  
 The like examples are in stories rife,  
 No wicked wight can gouerne long in rest:  
 For either some bereaues him of his life,  
 Or downe his throne and kingdome is deprest.  
 Bid Princes then and noble Peeres the like delights detest.  
 There is no way the wrath of *Ioue* to wrest.

## HOW THE WORTHIE

Britaine Duke *Nennius* as a valiant Souldier and  
 faithfull Subiect encountred with *Iulius Caesar*, was by him  
*death-wounded: yet neuerthelesse he gate Cæsars sword, put him to*  
*flight, slew therewith Labianus a Tribune of the Romans, endured fight till*  
*his countrie men wan the field, and now encourageth all good Subiects, to*  
*defend their countrey from the power of forraine and intruding*  
*enemies. He was slaine about the yeare before Christ, 52.*



May by right, some later writers blame,  
 Of stories olde, as rude or negligent:  
 Or else I may them well vnlearned name,  
 Or heedlesse in those things about they went.  
 Some time on me as well they might haue spent,  
 As on such tyrants, who as bloodie foes,  
 Vnto their countrey wrought such deadly woes.



As for my selfe I doe not this recite :  
(Although I haue occasion good thereto)  
But sure, me thinks it is too great despite  
That to the dead these moderne writers doe,  
For there are Britaines, neither one or two,  
Whose names in stories scarcely once appeare :  
And yet their liues examples worthy were.

T's worthy praise (I graunt) to write the ends  
Of vicious men, and teach the like beware :  
For what hath he of vertue that commends  
Such persons lewde, as naught of vertues care ?  
But for to leaue out those praise worthy are,  
Is like as if a man had not the skill  
To praise the good, but discommend the ill.

I craue no praise, although my selfe deseru'd  
As great a laude as any one of yore :  
But I would haue it tolde how well I seru'd  
My Prince and Countrey. Faith to both I bore.  
All noble hearts, hereby with courage more  
May both tall forraine force in fight withstand,  
And of their foes may haue the vpper hand.

Againe, to shew how valiant then we were  
(You Britaines good) to mooue your hearts thereby  
All other nations lesse in fight to feare,  
And for your countrey rather so to die  
With valiant hauty courage as did I,  
Then liue in bondage, seruice, slavery, thrall  
Of forraine powers, which hate your manhood all.

Doe giue me leaue to speake but euen a while,  
And marke, and write the story I thee tell.  
By North from London more then fifty mile,  
There lies the Isle of Ely, knowne full well,  
Wherein my Father built a place to dwell :  
And for because he liked well the same,  
He gaue the place height Ely of his name.

He reigned forty yeares as stories tell,  
 And fame did beare his name both wide and far.  
 By Iustice guided he his subiects well,  
 And liu'd in peace, without the broiles of war.  
 His childrens noble acts in stories are,  
     In vulgar tongue: but nought is said of mee,  
     And yet I worthy was the yongst of three.

His eldest sonne and heire was after King,  
 A noble Prince, and he was named *Lud*:  
 Full polliticke and wise in euery thing.  
 And one that wish'd his Countrey alwaies good.  
 Such vses, customes, statutes he withstood  
     As seem'd to bring the publike weales decay,  
     And them abolisht, brake, repeald away.

So he the walles of Troy the new renewde,  
 Them fortified with fortie Towers about:  
 And at the west side of the wall he vewde  
 The Towers strong gate to keepe the foemen out,  
 That made he prisons for the poore bankrout,  
     Nam'd Ludgate yet, for free men debtors, free  
     From hurt, till with their creditours they gree.

Some say the City also tooke the name  
 Of *Lud* my brother: for he it reparde:  
 And I must needs as true confesse the same,  
 For why, that time no cost on it he sparde,  
 He still increast and peopled euery warde,  
     And bad them aie *Kaerlud* the City call,  
     Or *Ludstone*, now you name it London all.

At length he dide, his ehildren vnder age,  
 The elder named was *Androgens*,  
 Committing both vnto my brothers charge,  
 The younger of them hight *Tenancius*.  
 The Britaines wanting aged rulers thus,  
     Chose for that time *Cassibellane* their King  
     My brother, Iustice ment in euery thing.

The Romane then the mighty *Cæsar* fought  
Against the Galles, and conquerd them by might:  
Which done, he stood on shores where see hee mought  
The Ocean Seas, and Britaine cliues full bright.  
(Quoth hee) what region lies there in my sight?  
Mee thinkes some Iland in the Seas I see,  
Not yet subdued, nor vanquish yet by mee.

With that they told him we the Britaines were,  
A people stout, and scarce in feates of warre.  
(Quoth he) the Romanes neuer yet with feare  
Of nation rude, were daunted of so farre:  
We therefore mind to proue them what they are.  
And therewithall these letters he did frame,  
Brought by ambassadours which hither came.

---

C. IVLIVS CÆSAR CON-  
full of Rome, to *Cassibellane*, King of Bri-  
taine, sendeth greeting.

**S**ith that the Gods haue giuen vs all the West  
As subiects to our Romane Empire hie  
By warre, or as it seemed loue the best,  
Of whom wee Romanes came, and chiefly I:

Therefore to you which in the Ocean dwell,  
(As yet not vnderneath subiection due)  
Wee send our letters greeting: wete yee well,  
In warlike cases thus we deale with you.

First, that you, as the other regions, pay  
Vs tribute yearely, Romanes we require:  
Then, that you will with all the force you may  
Withstand our foes, as yours, with sword and fire:

And thirdly, that by these you hostage send  
T' assure the covenants once agreed by you:  
So with your daunger lesse, our warres may end:  
Else bid we warre. *Cassibellane* adieu.

*Cæsar.*



No sooner were this *Cæsars* letters scene,  
 But straight the King for all his nobles sent :  
 He shew'd them what their ancestors had beene,  
 And prai'd them tell in this their whole intent.  
 He told them whereabout the Romans went,  
 And what subiection was, how seruile they  
 Should be, if *Cæsar* bare their pompe away.

And all the Britaines euen as set on fire  
 (My selfe not least enflamed was to fight)  
 Did humblie him in ioyfull wise desire,  
 That he his letters would to *Cæsar* write,  
 And tell him plaine we past not of his spite :  
 We past as little of the Romans, we,  
 And lesse, then they of vs, if lesse might be.

Wherefore the ioyfull King againe repli'd,  
 Through counsell wise of all the nobles had :  
 By letters he the Romans hefts denide,  
 Which made the Britaines hautie hearts full glad :  
 And eke the Romane Consul proud as mad  
 To heare these letters written : thus they went,  
 Which he againe to mightie *Cæsar* sent.

---

## CASSIBELLANE KING OF BRITAIN TO C. IVLIUS *Cæsar* Consull of Rome.

**A**s thou, O *Cæsar*, writ'st the Gods haue giuen to thee  
 The West : so I reple, they gaue this Ile to mee.  
 Thou sai'st you Romans, and thy selfe of Gods descend :  
 And dar'st thou then, to spoile our Troian blood pretend ?  
 Again, though Gods haue gi'n thee all the world as thine,  
 That's parted from the world, thou gei'st no land of mine.  
 And sith likewise of Gods we came a Nation free :  
 We owe no tribute, aide, or pledge to Rome or thee.



*Retraſt thy will, or wage thy warre: as likes thee beſt,  
We are to fight, and rather then to friendſhip, preſt.  
To ſaue our countrey from the force of forren ſtrife,  
Each Britaſke heere, is well content to venter life.  
We feare not of the end, or dangers thou doſt tell:  
But uſe thy pleaſure if thou maiſt: thus fare thou well.  
Caſſibellane.*

When *Caſar* had receiu'd his anſwere ſo,  
It vext him much: he thereupon decreed  
To wage vs warre, and worke vs Britaines woe.  
Wherefore he haſted hitherward with ſpeed.  
The Britaines eke, prepar'd themſelues with heed  
To meete the Romans all, in warlike guiſe,  
With all the force, and ſpeed they might deuife.

And heere the wiſer deem'd it meeter much  
T'afſaile them firſt at th'entry on this land,  
Then for to giue arriuall heere to ſuch,  
Might with our victuals aide, our ſelues withſtand.  
Tis better far the enemies t'aband  
Quite from thy borders, to a forren ſoile,  
Then he at home, thee and thy countrie ſpoile.

Wherefore we met him at his entrie in,  
And pitcht our camps directly in his way:  
We minded ſure to loſe, or elſe to win  
The praiſe, before we paſt from thence away.  
So when that both the armies were in ray,  
And trumpets blaſt on euery ſide was blowne,  
Our minds to either each, were quickly knowne.

We ioyned battaile, fiercely both we fought,  
The Romanes to enlarge their Empires fame:  
And we with all the force and might we mought,  
To ſaue our countrie, and to keepe our name.  
O worthie Britaines! learne to do the ſame.  
We brake the rayes of all the Romane hoſt,  
And made the mightie *Caſar* leaue his boſt.

Yet he the worthiest Captaine euer was,  
 Brought all in ray, and fought againe a new.  
 His skilfull souldiers he could bring to passe  
 At once, for why his traynings all they knew.  
 No sooner I his noble corps did view,  
 But in I brake amongst the captaines band,  
 And there I faught with *Cesar* hand to hand.

O God thou might'st haue giuen a Britaine grace,  
 T'haue slaine the Roman *Cesar* noble then :  
 Which sought the noble Britaines to deface,  
 And bring in bondage valiant worthie men.  
 He neuer should haue gone to Rome agen,  
 To fight with *Pompey*, or his peeres to slay,  
 Or else to bring his countrie in decay.

It ioy'd my heart, to strike on *Cesars* crest.  
 O *Cesar* that there had been none but wee,  
 I often made my sword to trie thy brest :  
 But Ladie fortune did not fauour mee.  
 I able was me thought with *Cesars* three  
 To trie the case : I made thy heart to quake,  
 When on thy crest, with mightie stroke I strake.

The strokes thou strook'st me, hurt me nought at all :  
 For why, thy strength was nothing in respect.  
 But thou had'st bath'd thy sword in poyson all,  
 Which did my wound, not deadly else, infect.  
 Yet was I or I parted thence bewreckt.  
 I gate thy sword from thee, for all thy fame :  
 And made thee flie, for feare to eate the same.

For when thy sword was in my target fast,  
 I made thee flie, and quickly leaue thy hold :  
 Thou neuer wast in all thy life so gast,  
 Nor durst againe be euer halfe so bold.  
 Imade a number Romans hearts ful cold.  
 Fight, fight, you noble Britaines now (quoth I)  
 We neuer all will vnreunged die.

What

What *Cesar* though thy praise and mine bee od,  
 (The ancient stories scarce remember me)  
 Though Poets all of thee doe make a God,  
 (Such simple fooles in making Gods they bee)  
 Yet if I had my quarell try'd with thee,  
 Thou neuer hadst returnde to Rome againe,  
 Nor, of thy faithfull friends, bin beastly slaine.

A number Britaines mightst thou there haue seene  
 Wounded in fight, and spoile their spitefull foes.  
 My selfe maimde, slew and mangled mo (I weene)  
 When I was hurt, then twenty more of those.  
 I made the Romanes stout their courage lose.  
 In all the campe no Romane scarce I spide  
 Durst halfe the combate gainst a Britaine bide.

At length I met a noble man, they cald  
 Him *Labiennus*, one of *Casars* friends,  
 A Tribune erst had many Britaines thrald,  
 Was one of *Casars* Legats forth he sends:  
 Well met (quoth I) I minde to make th'amends,  
 For all thy friendships to our Country crew.  
 And so with *Casars* sword, his friend I slew.

What neede I name you euery Britaine here,  
 As first the King, the nobles all beside,  
 Full stout and worthy wights in warre that were,  
 As euer erst the stately Romanes tride.  
 We fought so long they durst no longer bide.  
 Proude *Cesar* he for all his bragges and boast  
 Flew backe to ships, with halfe his scattered hoast.

If he had bene a God (as sots him nam'd)  
 He could not of vs Britaines taken foile:  
 The Monarch *Cesar* might haue been asham'd,  
 From such an Iland with his ships recoile,  
 Or else to flie and leaue behind the spoile.  
 But life is sweete, he thought it better flie,  
 Then bide amongst vs Britaines, here to die.

I had



I had his sword, was named *Crocea mors*,  
 With which he gaue me in the head a stroke :  
 The venime of the which had such a force,  
 It able was to pierce the heart of oke:  
 No medcines might the poyson out reuoke.  
 Wherefore though scarce he pierced had the skin,  
 In fifteene daies my braines it rancled in.

And then too soone (alas) therefore I dide.  
 Yet would to God he had returnde againe,  
 So that I might but once the dastard spide  
 Before he went, I had the serpent slaine.  
 He plaide the coward cutthroate all too plaine.  
 A beastly serpents heart that beasts detects,  
 Which, or he fight, his sword with bane infects.

Well, then my death brought *Cesar* no ronowne,  
 For both I gate thereby eternall fame,  
 And eke his sword to strike his friends adowne,  
 I flew therewith his *Labiene* by name.  
 With Prince, against my Countrey foes I came,  
 Was wounded, yet did neuer faint nor yeeld,  
 Till *Cesar* with his souldiers fled the field.

Who would not venture life in such a case?  
 Who would not fight, at Countries whole request?  
 Who would not meeting *Cesar* in the place,  
 Fight for life, Prince, and Countrey, with the best?  
 The greatest courage is by facts exprest:  
 Then for thy Prince, with fortitude, as I;  
 And Realmes defence, is praise to liue or dy.

Now write my life when thou hast leasure, and  
 Will all thy countrymen to learne by me,  
 Both for their Prince and for their native land  
 As valiant, bold, and fearelesse for to be;  
 A paterne plaine of fortitude they see:  
 To which directly if themselves they frame,  
 They shall preserue their Countrey, faith, and fame.

HOW



# HOW THE LORD IREN- GLAS COSIN TO KING CAS-

SIBELLANE, was slaine by the Lord *Elimine*,  
*cosin to Androgeus Earle of London, about*  
*the yeare before Christ,*

5 I.

**A**Mongst the rest that whilome fate aloft,  
Amongst the rest, that once had happie chance,  
Amongst the rest, that had good fortune oft,  
Amongst the rest, that could themselues aduance,  
Amongst the rest, that led in warres the dance,  
And wan the palme, the praise, renowne, and fame,  
Leaue in thy booke a place to put my name.

I will be brieft and truly tell thee all  
The cause why I from graue do now appeare,  
I will recite to thee my sudden fall,  
And what in life mine exercises were.  
To which since I do see thee set thine eare,  
Marke now my tale, and beare it well away,  
Marke what me brought so sudden in decay.

Let who so stands trust to a stedfast hold,  
If stedfast hold he thinke that he may find,  
Presume not on thy strength, nay yet be bold  
On Fortunes gifts, nay let her guide thy mind  
In hope of hap, for she is counted blind:  
To praise her pranks occasion giues no cause.  
Do wisely, or you praise her take the pause:

Some loue to boast what fortune they haue had,  
Some other blame misfortune theirs as fast:  
Some tell of fortunes there be good and bad,  
Some fooles of fortune make themselues agast.  
Some shew of fortune comming, present, past,  
And say there is a fate that ruleth all:  
But sure it seemes their wisdom is but small.

No

No fortune is so bad but we it frame,  
 There is no chaunce at all hath vs preferu'd:  
 There is no fate whom we haue need to blame,  
 There is no destiny but is deseru'd,  
 No lucke that leaues vs safe or vnpreferu'd.

Let vs not then complaine of Fortunes skill:  
 For all our good descends from Gods good will.

If so a man might stay on Fortunes holde,  
 Or else on Prince, as pillar of defence:  
 Then might my selfe t'haue done the same be bolde,  
 In euery perill, purpose, or pretence.

*Cassibellane* as much as any Prince  
 Lou'd me his Cofin *Irenglas* by name,  
 For feates in armes, for fauour and for fame.

I came (by parents) of his regall race,  
 Liu'd happie daies (if happy mortall be)  
 Had (as I said) his fauour, bare the grace,  
 I was his loyall seruant franke and free,  
 But what of this at all preuailed mee?

Yet furthermore the feates of armes I knew,  
 I fought in field, when mighty *Cesar* flew.

Shall I for this praise Fortune ought at all?  
 Did Fortune ought in this? no whit be sure.  
 Or shall I blame her after for my fall  
 That neuer could me any hurt procure?  
 T'was glory vaine did sweetely me allure,  
 Wherefore giue eare, and then with pen disclose  
 How seeming friends did prooue my chiefeft foes.

Full happy were our Countrey men that dide,  
 (As noble *Nennius*) in the field that fought:  
 When first both Britaines, and the Romanes tride  
 With dint of sword, if titles theirs were ought.  
 They dide in their defence: no pompe they sought:  
 They liu'd to see their Countrey conquer still:  
 They dide before they felt of priuate ill.

When

When *Cæsar* so with shamefull flight recoil'd,  
And left our Britaine land vnconquer'd first :  
Which only thought our Realme and vs t'haue spoil'd,  
We came to see (of all our field the worst)  
Our souldiers flaine. O cruell *Cæsar* curst,  
(Quoth we) by thee did all these Britaines die,  
That durst not bide, but like a dastard flie.

But then to see them in array to lie,  
And for to see them wounded all before,  
Not one but in his place his life did trie :  
To see the Romans bloodie backes that bore  
Their wounds in flight all scattered on the shore,  
What thousand tongues our ioy to light could bring,  
This made our hearts reuiue, this pleasde our King.

With trumpets mourning tune, and wayling cries,  
And drums, and fluits, and shawmes we found adieu :  
And for our friends we watred all our eyes,  
As loth to lose the liues of such a crew.  
To th'earth we bare them all in order dew,  
According vnto each mans noble name,  
And as their birth requir'd and worthie fame.

Of noble triumphes after was no spare,  
We Britaines erst were neuer halfe so glad :  
That so we made the Romans hence to fare,  
No tongue can tell the heartie ioyes we had.  
We were therewith for battaile bent as mad,  
Our fingers tickled still, which came from fight :  
We had before our eyes our foes foule flight.

So fares it when the meaner giue the spoile,  
And make the mightie all their force reuoke :  
So fares it when great victours feeble the foile,  
And men lesse deem'd do giue the conquering stroke,  
That pierceth euen the hardest heart of oke.  
For where the weaker win the wage of fame,  
The victours hearts a thousand ioyes enflame.



A solemne Iusts proclaimed was for those  
 Who would to win renowne their valour trie,  
 Where th' Earle of Londons cofin did expose  
 Himselfe to purchase praise, against whom I  
 To win the prize did all my powers applie :  
 But fatall was the scope I did intend,  
 Th' effects bewray'd my folly in the end.

For why, when glorie vaine stirres men to strife,  
 When hope of praise prouokes them once to ire :  
 Then they at all regard no goods nor life,  
 From faithfull friendship rudely they retire :  
 They are so set with glories glose on fire,  
 That quite they rule and reason wrest awrie,  
 They turne away their former friendly cie.

O God that workest all the wonder wrought,  
 (And hast the power to turne the hearts aliue)  
 Grant grace to those that labour so for nought  
 But flitting fame, and titles hautie striue.  
 Let not ambition so the earth deprive  
 Of worthie wights, giue them some better grace,  
 That they may run for countries weale their race.

Let them not breake the bond of friendly loue  
 In broiles of bate, but friendly faults redresse :  
 Let not them so their manhood seeke to proue  
 By priuate hate, to worke their owne distresse :  
 So shall they need their foes to feare the lesse.  
 Friends worse then forren foes themselues do make,  
 That fall at oddes for fond vaine glories sake.

But what need I on those aliue to stay ?  
 They haue examples good before their eyes :  
 By which (if they haue grace) beware they may,  
 \* The happiest men by others harmes are wise.  
 Let them not then our warning words despise,  
 Do will them wisely of these things debate :  
 For why, the foolish aye the warning hate.



We spent the day in iusting (as I said)  
Appointed erst among our selues before :  
And all the feats of armes in field we plaid  
*Ennas* taught our ancestors of yore.  
What need I fill thine eares with talking more?  
My men and I had put those feats in vre,  
And he likewise (but nothing yet so sure)

For as with fortune still I gaue the foile,  
To him that thought the glorie all to haue,  
When he perceiu'd he could not keepe the coile,  
Nor yet with equall match himselve to saue :  
Occasion of disension great he gaue.  
In stead of iest he offered earnest play,  
In lieu of sport he spite did still display :

The traytour vile, the tyrant (so he prou'd)  
With coward, canker'd, hatefull, hastie ire  
And caytife dealing, shew'd how me he lou'd;  
When as he could not to his hope aspire,  
To win the praise of triumph, his desire,  
He challeng'd me : and heere began the broile :  
He thought with banding braue to keep the coile,

And that because mens iudgement fauour'd me.  
Report almost of all the common rout  
Ran still that I was worthie praide to be,  
And often times they gaue me all a shout.  
This made my foes to stare and looke about,  
And often with them ill aloude that cride :  
\* Such is the nature still of naughtie pride.

We twaine (quoth he) betweene our selues will trie  
Alone our manhoods both, if thou consent.  
We ought not breake the Prince his peace (quoth I)  
His grace would not therewith be well content.  
And sith no hurt was heere, nor malice ment,  
You ought not so on choler take it ill,  
Though I to win the prize put forth my skill :

With

With that quoth *Elenine* (for so he hight)  
 That was the Earle his cofin, then my foe,  
 I meane (quoth he) to trie the case in fight,  
 Before thou passe againe my presence froe:  
 And euen with that he raught to me a bloe.  
 My friends nor I could not this wrong abide:  
 We drew, and so did those on th'other side.

But I was all the marke whereat he shot,  
 The malice still he meant to none but me:  
 At me he cast, and drew me for the lot  
 Which should of all reuenge the ransome bee.  
 Wherefore he set them at me franke and free  
 Till me they tooke, so compast round about,  
 As I could not scape from among them out.

To make it short: I singled was therefore,  
 Euen as the Deere to find his fatall stroke:  
 I could not scape, in number they were more,  
 My pageant was in presence there bespoken.  
 A pillow they prepared me of oke,  
 My hands they bound, along my corps they led,  
 From off my shoulders quite they stroke my head.

If euer man that seru'd his Prince with paine,  
 And well deserued of his publique weale:  
 If euer Knight esteem'd it greatest gaine,  
 For Prince and Countrey in the warres to deale:  
 My selfe was such, which venter'd life and heale  
 At all assayes, to saue my natiue soile,  
 With all my labour, trauell, paine and toile.

Yet heere you see, at home I had my fall,  
 Not by my fiercest foes that came in warre:  
 But by my friend I gate this griping thrall,  
 When folly fram'd vs both at home to iarre,  
 Oh that my friend of yore should range so farre  
 From wisdomes way, to wed himselfe to will,  
 From reasons rule, to wrest his wits to ill.

Well,

Well, bid the rest beware of triumphes such,  
 Bid them beware for titles vaine to striue:  
 Bid them not trust such fullen friends too much,  
 Bid them not so their honours high atchieue.  
 For if they will preserue their names aliue,  
 There is no better way to worke the same  
 Then to eschew of tyranny defame.

HOW CAIVS IVLIVS  
 CÆSAR, which first made this Realme  
 tributarie to the Romanes, was slaine in the  
*Senate house, about the yeare before*  
*Christ, 42.*

**A**lthough by *Bocas* I haue whilom told my mind,  
 And *Lydgate* haue likewise translated well the same:  
 Yet sith my place in order here againe I finde,  
 And that my facts deseru'd in Britaine worthy fame:  
 Let me againe renue to memory my name:  
 Recite my minde; which if thou graunt to mee,  
 Thou shalt therefore receiue a friendly fee.

If euer erst the fame of ancient Romane facts  
 Haue come to pierce thine eares before this present time,  
 I thinke amongst the rest, likewise my noble acts  
 Haue shew'd themselves in sight, as *Phæbus* faire in prime.  
 When first the Romane state began aloft to clime,  
 And wanne the wealth of all the world beside,  
 When first their force in warlike feates were tride.

I *Caius Iulius Caesar* Consull had to name,  
 That worthy Romane borne, renownd with noble deeds.  
 What neede I here recite the linage whence I came,  
 Or else my greate exploit? surely t's more then needs:  
 But onely this to tell, of purpose now proceedes:  
 Why I a Romane Prince, no Britaine, here  
 Amongst these Britaine Princes now appeere.

L

And



And yet because thou maist perceiue the storie all  
 Of all my life, and so deeme better of the end:  
 I will againe the same to mind yet briefly call,  
 To tell thee how thou maist me praise or discommend.  
 Which when thou hast, in brieft, as I recite it, pend,  
 Thou shalt confesse that I deserued well,  
 Amongst them heere my tragedie to tell.

What need I first recite my pedigree well knowne?  
 No noble author writes that can forget the same:  
 My praise I know in print through all the world is blowne,  
 Ther's no man scarce that writes, but he recites my fame.  
 My worthie father *Lucius Cæsar* had to name,  
*Aurelia* faire my mother also hight,  
 Of *Cainus Cotta* daughter borne by right.

How I was trained vp in youth what need I tell?  
 Sith that my noble Aunt (that *Iulia* hight) me taught,  
 Who could with morall discipline instruct me well,  
 And saw the frame in me that natures skill had wrought,  
 By her instructions aye I wit and fauour sought.  
 I was accounted comely of my grace,  
 I had by natures gift a Princely face.

Of stature high and tall, of colour faire and white,  
 Of bodie spare and leane, yet comely made to see:  
 What need I more of these impertinent recite,  
 Sith *Plutarch* hath at large describ'd it all to thee,  
 And eke thy selfe that think'st thou seest and hearest me,  
 Maist well suppose the rest, and write the truth,  
 Of all my noble actions from my youth.

In iourney swift I was, and prompt and quicke of wit,  
 My eloquence was likte of all that heard me pleade,  
 I had the grace to vse my tearmes, and place them fit,  
 My roling Rhetoricke stood my Clients oft in stead:  
 No fine conueyance past the compasse of my head.  
 I wan the spurres, I had the laud and praise,  
 I past them all that pleaded in those daies.



At seuentene yeares of age a Flamin was I chose;  
 An office great in Rome of Priesthood Princely hie,  
 I married eke *Cossutia*, whereof much mischief rose,  
 Because I was diuorc't from her so speedilie.  
 \* Diuorcement breeds despite, defame is got thereby.  
 For such as fancies fond by chance fulfill,  
 Although they thinke it cannot come to ill.

Of these the stories tell, what need I more recite,  
 Or of the warres I waged Consul with the Galles?  
 The worthiest writers had desire of me to write,  
 They plac't my life amongst the worthies and their falles.  
 So Fame me thinks likewise amidst the Britaines calles  
 For *Caesar* with his sword, that bare the sway,  
 And for the cause that wrought his swift decay.

When I in France had brought the valiant Galles to bend,  
 And made them subiect and obeyant vnto mee:  
 I then did thinke I had vnto the world his end  
 By West subdued the Nations which were whilome free.  
 There of my famous warres I wrote an historie,  
 I did describe each places and sequels of my warre,  
 The Commentaries cal'd of *Caesars* acts that are.

At length I did perceiue there was an Island yet  
 By West of France, which in the Ocean sea did lie:  
 And that there was likewise no cause or time to let,  
 But that I might with them the chance of fortune trie.  
 I sent to them for hostage of assurance, I,  
 And wil'd them tribute pay vnto the Romane stout,  
 Or else I would both put their liues and goods in doubt.

But they a people fierce and recklesse of my powers,  
 Abused those which brought th'ambassage that I sent:  
 Now sith (quoth they) the land and region heere is ours,  
 We will not *Caesar* to thy rightlesse hestes assent.  
 By doome of friendly Gods this Iland first we hent,  
 Of *Priames* blood we are, from Greece we Troians came,  
 As *Brutus* brought vs thence, and gaue this land his name.

This land reported was full fertile for the soile,  
 The wealthie warlike sort of Britaines stout within,  
 Were rather able well to giue, then take the soile,  
 To those which came by warres, their freedome for to win.  
 My selfe made first assault, with them I did begin,  
 Of all the Romanes first I waged with them warre :  
 And this I can report, they valiant people are.

It was reported eke that in my warres in France  
 Some Britaines thither came amongst the Galles to fight,  
 And that for pleasure sake, to try of *Mars* the chance,  
 And for to haue in field of Romane warres the fight :  
 That they no labour sparde by day nor yet by night,  
 In campe, in scout, for hunger, heate, or colde :  
 But were in all attempts of armes both stout and bolde.

This fame enflamed me, displeasure eke I tooke,  
 That glory hopte to get so doughtie hearts to daunt :  
 On which, with winds at wil, I Gallia shores forsooke,  
 Full minded for to make the Britaines tribute graunt,  
 Sith at my message sent, they seemed so to taunt.  
 With armour, souldiers good, and of munition store,  
 I went appointed wel, with fiftie sailes or more.

But so the noble Britaines plaide the valiaunt men  
 By policies, and force to hurt my shippes and mē,  
 That I was forced after my returne agen,  
 To rigge my shippes : againe a wondrous thing to see :  
 For in the strands and in the seas, where hauens be,  
 Sharpe postes they pight, whereon our shippes we ron :  
 When many diu'd the deepe before the land wee won.

Being hardly come to land, at length we met the hoast,  
 And sharply fought with them, whose praises earst we hard :  
 I haue no cause of Britane conquest for to boast,  
 Of all the Regions first and last with whom I ward.  
 A people stout and strong, enduring chances hard,  
 And desperate, wilde and fearce, and recklesse found I then,  
 Not soone agast with dint, or fright with fall of men.

For when our armies met, no dangers they forsooke,  
 But so behau'd themselues in euery place of fight,  
 As though to Martiall feates they onely had betooke  
 Themselves, and for the palme did all their dealings dight.  
 Though with my Romanes I wag'd all my warlike might,  
 I was not able there, to cause them yeeld or flee,  
 Or for a space to take a time of truce with me :

The toiles wee tooke to enter at the first on land,  
 And for to saue our shattered ships and armour brought,  
 To wey them out that else had bulg'd themselues in sand,  
 Hereon before the fielde with might and maine we wrought,  
 Beside at skirmish oft, vpon the shore we fought,  
 These labours tired so my men and me that tide,  
 That we could not endure the battailes brunt t' abide,

They followed hard the chace, with scath and losse we scape,  
 And shipt, we hoised sailes, to Fraunce we made retire :  
 Where for an armie new, another roade we shapte,  
 If winter colde were past, to come the following yeare :  
 And so we did indeed, and bought our comming deere:  
 For they prouided had so well to fight, that I  
 With all mine armies stout could finde no victorie.

Againe to shippe my mates I bad my Captaines stur,  
 Eke from this people scarce with speede to shift away :  
 The chance of warre is hard and doubtfull for t' assure,  
 Where th' enemies neither dint of death nor dangers fray.  
 They reckt not of their wealth nor losse of goods decay,  
 But for their freedome fought, on Princes case they stood,  
 With ioyfull hearts they waged warlike life and blood :

Almost I had no hope at all to make returne,  
 The people were so scarce, so stubburne, stout, and bold :  
 No time of rest I wrought amongst them to soiurne,  
 They could not by our power bee ruled nor controld.  
 They said they would vs pay no siluer, brasse, nor gold.  
 To our indictions sent, they would not set their hand,  
 But for to trie the case, with all their power to stand.



When to the coasts of Gallia againe with losse we come,  
 That neuer erst with such repulse to foes did turne the backe,  
 The Britaines they reioyce with triumphes all and some,  
 And fame doth sound report, they make the Romanes packe:  
 Where we no men, no coine, nor no munition lacke,  
 No captaines good, no art, no victuall, hearte to fight,  
 A goodly spoile, the land a pray before our fight.

Now marke the hap we had: while I in Gallia lay,  
 The Britaines past the time in triumphes and in feasts,  
 And for our second flight with sports they spend the day,  
 Accounting vs in their respect but coward beasts.  
 Amongst their other sport of Iusts and pleasant iests,  
 A ciuill discord fell betweene two worthy peeres,  
 Of courage both so good, that neither best appears:

The one hight *Irenglas*, of kinred to the king,  
 A worthy wight in warre, and prudent, wise and sage:  
 The other *Elenine*, whose praise no stories bring,  
 But stoutnesse in his fight, as ruled all by rage.  
 Yet both against the Romanes with the king did wage  
 The British warre full well, and serued as they ought,  
 Till time at home the praise of triumphes vaine they sought.

This *Elenine* was stout, for he was neere of kin  
 Vnto *Androgens* which was th' Earle of London then;  
 And claimed eke the palme (they say) that he did win  
 In triumphs at the iusts amongst the noble men.  
 But as they went about to trie the line agen,  
 They fell from words to sharpe, and laide on loades amaine,  
 Vntill at length in fight hight *Irenglas* was flaine.

The King did send for *Elenine*, but he was fled  
 Vnto the Earle his cosin, whence he would not come:  
 He feared lest he should haue lost his hated head.  
 \*The guilty heart conceau's before the Iudge doe doome.  
 He wist if once he went, there needed him no toome.  
 Wherefore he it refused, and th' Earle was discontent:  
 Who message sharpe againe vnto the King had sent.

*Cassibellane*



*Cassibellane* displeased much that subiects should  
 Both slay his friend, and eke refuse to bide the lawe,  
 And also in rebellious wise, endeuour what they could,  
 To cut themselues vniustly from the Princes awe,  
 Though it him greeu'd to see at home so foule a flawe,  
 He could not yet abide the iniuries were showne,  
 But armde himselfe and his, gainst subiects once his owne.

When th' Earle *Androgens* saw that he was far too weake,  
 Against his Prince to wage rebellious wars begon,  
 He sent to me in France, desiring helpe to wreake  
 The iniuries and wrong *Cassibellane* had don.  
 He also *Scena* sent, for pledge, his onely sonne,  
 And thirtie youths beside, of honour great well borne:  
 I would not trust his talke, nor message sent before.

On this I expedition made the third and last,  
 (For he did warrant me my purpose to obtaine)  
 I shipt my men, and hide me thitherward full fast,  
 Had winde at will, and came to see the shining shores againe:  
 And of my comming so the Earle was glad and faine.  
 We ioined hands and league and armies for the fight:  
 And fought, and put *Cassibellane* the noble King to flight.

Yet he repaire his hoste againe, that fiercely faught,  
 And oft assaid to slay or take the Earle or mee:  
 And when hee saw at length his labour vailed naught,  
 And Britanes with the Romanes linked so to bee,  
 Great grieve he had in them such treason for to see.  
 His losse in doubtfull war not grieu'd him halfe so sore,  
 His peoples base reuolt he chiefly did deplore.

To make it short: the King was faine at length to yeeld,  
 The tribute granted was three thousand pound a yeere:  
 We bare away the price, we wan the worthy field,  
 And made them friends againe that bought our fauour deere.  
 I need no longer stay to tell the story heere,  
 Nor yet to giue my friend the Earle of London blame,  
 Sith by his meanes I wan to Rome eternall fame.

From France I after sent to Rome, reporting how  
 Amongst the warlike Galles and Britaines I had sped :  
 I made request ; by friends, I might be *Consull* now  
 On my returne againe : but *Pompeyes* hautie hed  
 Did ioyne himselfe with Peeres and armies which he led,  
 Alledging plaine I meant the publique weale t' inuade :  
 They would repressse my pride with might and dint of blade.

With speed I came and force, which made them all to flie  
 To Greece from Rome in haste, where they prepared war :  
 For in Epyrus then with souldiers they did lie.  
 This *Pompey* proud that made the Romans with me iar,  
 He at Dyrrachium staid, to which (though it were far)  
 I led my conquering host : I skirmisht often there :  
 But from the fight to flie we soone contented were.

On this he followed fast, in hope to win the field,  
 To Thessalie he came, where I did stay therefore :  
 Our armies met and fiercely faught, not bent to yeeld,  
 Till fifteene hundred men were slaine in fight, or more.  
 But in the end they fled, we tooke of prisoners store,  
 They durst not dare t' abide the chance of *Mars* to trie,  
 But either fell in fight or from the field did flie.

Thence *Pompey* fled the field, and into Egypt came  
 To *Ptolemie* the King as then but yong of age,  
 Where of his slaughter foule *Septimius* hath the blame,  
 He was his end that did these warres against me wage.  
 Euen so by course we come to play vpon the stage,  
 Our trauels haue an end when we do feeble the fall :  
 For all our life is but a race of miserie and thrall.

But *Pompeyes* friends and sonnes by might did oft assay  
 When he was done to death, to take reuenge on me,  
 And I by dint of sword repel'd their force away,  
 Gate offices of rule, and gouern'd each degree,  
 At *Caesars* beck and call obeyfant all they bee :  
 Enacted lawes, directed each estate,  
 Emperially the first aloft I sate.

But glorie won, the way to hold and keepe the fame,  
 To hold good fortune fast, a worke of cunning skill:  
 Who so with prudent art can stay that stately dame,  
 Which sets vs vp so high vpon her hautie hill,  
 And constant aye can keepe her loue and fauour still,  
 He wins immortall fame, thrice blessed is the crowne:  
 If once misfortune kicke and cast the scepter downe.

For when in Rome I was alone *Dictator* chose,  
 And Emperour or Captaine sole to be for ay:  
 My glorie did procure me many secret foes,  
 Because about the rest I bare the soueraigne sway.  
 By sundrie meanes they sought my ruine and decay.  
 For why, there could no thing in state determin'd be,  
 Vnlesse it likte me first, and were approu'd by me.

This they enui'd at me that su'd aloft to clime,  
 As hautie *Cassius*, which the *Pretorship* did craue,  
 And *Brutus* eke his friend which bare the chiefeft crime  
 Of my dispatch and death, for they did first depraue  
 My life, mine acts, my raigne, and sought my blood to haue,  
 Full secretly amongst themselues conspir'd, decreed  
 To be attemptors of that cruell bloodie deed.

Yet I forewarned was by *Capis* fatall tombe  
 His Epitaph my death did long before foreshow:  
*Cornelius Balbus* saw mine horses headlesse ronne  
 Without the guide of man, forsaking food for woe.  
*Spurina* warned me that sooth of things did know,  
 A little wren in beake with Laurell greene that flew,  
 Foreshew'd my dolefull death, as after all men knew.

The night before my fall in slumber I did dreame  
 I caried was, from earth and flew the clouds aboue,  
 And sometime hand in hād I thought I walkt with *Ioue* supream,  
 My wife *Calphurnia*, *Caesars* only loue,  
 Did dreame she saw her crest of house to fall,  
 Her husband thrust through breast a sword withall,  
 Eke that same night her chamber dores theselues flew open all.  
 These



These things did make me much that mourning to mislike,  
 And I crazed was and thought at home to stay :  
 But who is he can void deaths dart when he doth strike,  
 Where so great number seekes his life for to betray?  
 The traytor bloodie *Brutus* bad me not delay,  
 Nor yet to frustrate there so great assemblie fate,  
 At last I went and there did meet vntimely fate.

To Senate as I went, behold a Roman flood,  
 Presenting me a scrole of euery traytors name :  
 And all their whole deuice that sought to spill my blood,  
 That presently decreed to execute the same.  
 But I blind wretch supposde that for some suite he came,  
 I heedlesse bare this scrole in my vnhappie hand,  
 For which I lost my life, as you shall vnderstand.

*Spurina* as I came at sacrifices was,  
 Neere to the place where I was after slaine :  
 Of whose diuinings true I then did little passe,  
 To warne me of my death the Priest did seeke in vaine,  
 My haucie heart growne proud these warnings all disdaine.  
 (Quoth I) the Ides of March be come, yet harme is none,  
 (Quoth he) the Ides of March be come, yet th'are not gone.

Assoone as I was set, the traytors all arose,  
 And one approched neere, as to demand some thing :  
 To whom as I gaue eare, at once my cruell foes  
 Beset me round about, their weapons hid they bring.  
 Then I too late perceiu'd my deaths approching sting.  
 O this (quoth I) is violence : then *Cassius* pierst my brest :  
 And *Brutus* thou my sonne (quoth I) whom erst I loued best?

Yee Princes all, and noble men beware of pride,  
 Wracke not the Commonwealth for wealthie kingdomes sake :  
 Be warn'd by me, that set my selfe the world to guide,  
 Beware what bloodie warres for rule you vndertake.  
 Ere three and twentie wounds had made my heart to quake,  
 How many thousands fell for *Pompeyes* pride and mine?  
 How many valiant Knights did loued life resign?



Full many noble men, to rule alone, I flew,  
 And some themfelues againe for grieſe of heart did ſlay:  
 For they would neuer yeeld though I did them ſubdue:  
 Some I did force to yeeld, ſome trauail'd farre away,  
 As loth to ſtay and ſee their countries ſwift decay.

The world on Aphrike coaſts, and Aſia diſtant farre,  
 And Europe alſo knew my bloodſheds great in warre.

But ſith my whole pretence was nought but glorie vaine,  
 To haue renowne and rule 'mongſt men aboue the reſt,  
 Without remorse in mind of many thouſands ſlaine,  
 Which, for their owne defence, their warres ſo oft addreſt:  
 I iuſtly deeme therefore my ſtonie heart and breſt

Receiu'd ſo many wounds this ſentence long hath ſtood  
 That who ſo ſlaves, he paies the price of blood for blood.

## HOW CLAVDIUS TIBERIVS NERO EMPEROVR OF

Rome, was poiſoned by *Caius Caligula*, the  
*yeare of Chriſt, 39.*



What bootes it hautie hearts depend ſo much  
 On high eſtate, auailles it ought thinke yee?  
 The gold is tri'd when it is brought to tuch:  
 So triall telles what worldly triumphs bee.  
 When glorie ſhines, no dangers deepe we ſee,

Till we at laſt find true the prouerbe old:  
 \*Not all th at ſhines is pure and perfect gold.

While valiant men ſo burne with hot deſire  
 Of royall rule, and thirſt ſo ſore for ſeat,  
 No ſprings of Pernaffe mount can quench the fire,  
 Nor Boreas blaſt allay the hautie heate.  
 On high renowne ſo much their braines they beate,  
 And toyle ſo much for fading flickering fame,  
 On earth for aye to leaue behind a name.

But

But if they would marke Fortunes double face,  
 And how she turnes about the tottering wheele :  
 How she doth change her minde and turne her grace,  
 How blinde of sight she is, how light of heele:  
 They would not rue the fatall falles they feele,  
     They would not after blame her blindnesse so,  
     But looke before, and leape her lightnesse fro.

All men that in affaires themselues imploy,  
 Doe praise Dame Fortune first if they speede well :  
 But if thereby fall after some annoy,  
 They curse her then, as hatefull hagge of hell :  
 If Fortune firme had stooode, they had not fell.  
     They ban her then, and yet themselues were curst,  
     Which tooke her baite so freely at the first.

For while her idle impes doe bathe in blisse,  
 They count her gifts and pleasures all good hap :  
 But if at last she frowne (as custome is)  
 And let them slip againe beside her lap,  
 They then confesse her baites did boad some trap.  
     As I haue prou'd, what Fortune giues to men,  
     For pleasure each, she brings displeasures ten.

*Augustus* great that good *Octavius* hight,  
 The Emperour which in peace did rule so long,  
 In whole good raigne was borne the Lord of light  
 Nam'd *Iesus Christ*, in power and works so strong,  
 Whom in my daies the Iewes opprest with wrong,  
     Of which good *Christ* anon I haue to tell :  
     But first vnto *Augustus* what befell.

This noble Emprour did my mother wed  
 Which *Linia* hight, a faire and noble dame :  
 His daughter *Iulia* I likewise did bed,  
 And put away my wife of better fame  
*Agrippa* great with child, the more my blame :  
     I was through this and th'Empresse *Linias* skill,  
     Adopted Emprour by *Augustus* will.

When

When he was dead, then I *Tiberius* raig'n'd  
 Adopted thus, and for my noble acts,  
 I was both vnto warre and peace well train'd,  
 Th'Illyrians must confesse my famous facts :  
 In three yeares space my power their pride subacts.  
 On them and Germanes triumpht neare and farre,  
 Saue Punike fight the greatest Roman warre.

Now (for it was my hap a victour so  
 To Rome returne a yeare before his end)  
 Throughout the world the fame of me did go,  
 The Romans all to fauour me did bend.  
 To them *Augustus* did my warres commend,  
 Adopted me, and (as I said) for this  
 The Romanes heapt on me all worldly blisse.

So when I had obtained my desire,  
 Who then but *Cesar* ? I did rule alone :  
 By nature proud, presuming to aspire,  
 Dissembling that which afterward was knowne.  
 For when the fathers mind to me was showne,  
 Of their electing mine Emperiall place,  
 I seem'd to stay, refusing it a space.

And thus to proue my friends before I did,  
 And eke to heare what euery one would say,  
 Which was the cause why some I after rid,  
 The best'mongst them I made as foes away.  
 By slaughter so I thought my throne to stay,  
 But otherwise then I had thought it fell,  
 As time doth trie the fruit of things full well.

Another grieve conceiu'd I will recite,  
 Which made me with the *Senate* discontent :  
 About that time did *Pontius Pilate* write  
 His letters how the *Iewes*, to malice bent,  
 Had put to death one *Christ* full innocent,  
 The Sonne of God, of might, of power no lesse,  
 Which rose from death, as Christians all confesse.  
 Thus wise he wrote :

PONTIUS



# PONTIVS PILATE

## TO HIS LORD CLAV-

### DIVS, wisheth health.

*This letter is  
in Flores hi-  
storiarum; but  
you may not  
thinke that I do  
set it douvne  
thereby to as-  
firme that he  
wrote it. For  
I am persua-  
ded he would  
not write so  
well, and yet  
it appeares by  
Orosius and o-  
thers, that  
Claudius  
would have  
made Christ to  
have bin taken  
in Rome for a  
God, and that  
the Senate and  
he fell so at va-  
riance about  
the same mat-  
ter.*

**O**F late it chanst, which I have pruned well,  
The Iewes through wrath by cruell dooms have lost  
Themselves, and all their offspring that ensue.  
For when their fathers promise had that God  
Would send to them from heauen his holy one,  
That might deservingly be nam'd their King.  
And by a virgin him to th' earth to send,  
Loe now when as the Hebrewes God was come,  
And they him saw restore the blind to sight,  
To cleanse the leapers, cure the palsies eke,  
To cast fiends out of men, and raise the dead,  
Command the winds, on sea with drie feete walke,  
And many marvels great beside to do,  
When all men called him the Sonne of God,  
The Priests in enuie brought him unto me,  
And bringing many forged fained faults  
Nam'd him a wisard, gainst their laddes to do:  
Which I believing whipt him for the cause,  
And gaue him up to use as they thought best.  
They crucifi'd him, buried him, his tombe,  
They kept three daies with souldiers stout: yet he  
The third day rose againe, and came to life.  
Which when they heard, they brib'd the souldiers all,  
And bad them say, his corpes was stolne away.  
The souldiers yet, when they the money had,  
Could not the truth keepe silent of the fact:  
For they did witnesse he did rise againe,  
And of the Iewes, that they money taken had.  
I write the truth; if any otherwise  
Do bring report, account it but vaine lies.



These letters read, I did thereon conferre,  
 Both with the Fathers graue in high degree,  
 And with the nobles who of Senate were  
 That Christ in Rome as God might counted bee,  
 To which they only did not disagree,  
 (Because the letters came not first to them)  
 But by edict did punish Christen men.

To their accusers threaten death I did,  
 Although *Seianus* from my partie fell:  
 The Senate which the Christians sought to rid,  
 By me were after seru'd in order well.  
 For as Christs Godhead they would Rome expell,  
 And would not serue the God of meekenesse sent,  
 To pot apace their hautie heads were pent.

I banisht some, and some to death I put,  
 And foure and twentie Fathers graue I chose:  
 From shoulders eke most of their heads I cut,  
 And left likewise aliue but twaine of those.  
*Seianus* I did slay, all *Drusus* deadly foes.  
 I eke *Germanicus* with poyson slew,  
 His sonnes likewise, my poysons force well knew.

The men that did *Iehouas* sonne refuse,  
 The King of Iewes, the Lord of life and health,  
 Were govern'd thus: *Tiberius* thus did vse  
 The men that were the Gods in Commonwealth,  
 Forsaking so their heavenly sauing health.  
 The Emprour I which should their liues defend,  
 Sought all the meanes to bring their liues to end.

Yet to religion I was nothing bent,  
 Dissembled things that least I fauour'd still:  
 I neuer vsde to speake the things I ment,  
 But bare in mind the waies to worke men ill.  
 I seem'd to some to beare them great good will,  
 And those I tooke away as time did serue,  
 Inconstant vnto each, yet seldome seem'd to swerue.

To drunkenesse and riot, sports and ease,  
 And pleasure all I gaue my studie then :  
 Nought more then subtile shiftings did me please,  
 With bloodshed, craftie, vndermining men.  
 My Court was like a Lions lurking den.  
 The Iesters nam'd me *Caldius Biberius Mero*,  
 In stead of this my name, *Claudius Tiberius Nero*.

I will no more my life describe this time,  
 For why, my facts at last deseru'd defame,  
 Infected with so many a fulsome crime,  
 As may not heere repeated be for shame.  
 I haue no cause the Ladie blind to blame,  
 But mine owne selfe, who did abuse my place,  
 Which might full well haue vnde the gifts of grace.

Three things in fine I tell, that wrought my fall,  
 First vile dissembling both with God and man :  
 For bloodshed then, which hauocke made of all,  
 Blood cries to him that well reuenge it can.  
 For filthie life I much offended than :  
 Wherefore aliue thus poysoned with these three,  
*Caligula* at last did poyson me.

To Princes this I say, and worthie Peeres,  
 I wish them wisely weigh that heare me shall,  
 And poise my first exploits with latter yeeres,  
 And well consider one thing in my fall :  
 \* Abuse of power abaseth Princes all.  
 In throne on earth, a Prince as God doth sit,  
 And as a God no iustice should omit.

HOW

## HOW CAIVS CÆSAR

CALIGVLA EMPEROVR OF

Rome was slaine by *Cherea* and others,  
*the yeare of Christ,*

42.



Nhappie Princes haue in wealth no grace,  
To see how soone their vices bring them vnder,  
But run vnruely, reckelesse of their race,  
Till at the length they make themselues a wonder,  
When from aloft their traces fall asonder,

There is no hope to hold aright the trace:  
They cannot keepe aloft th'Emperiall place.

Beholde my hap, on whom the Romane rout  
With ioy did gaze, when bloody slaine I lay.  
Here lies (quoth they) thrust thirtie times throughout,  
The monster vile, that beast *Caligula*,  
Which did so many guiltlesse Romanes slay.

The nobles now the matrons need not doubt.  
The worthy writers may their works set out.

I was (I grant) full leaudly led by lust,  
I forced nought of vertue, faith, nor law:  
In power I put my confidence and trust,  
Regarding right nor Iustice strict a strawa.  
My facts infarst my life with many a flawe,  
Did me to deedes of foule lust incest draw:  
Which had of God nor natures hefts the awe.

To make my selfe a God I did deuise,  
That *Iupiter* to name my selfe did dare,  
For incests vile, which all good wights despise,  
Nam'd *Bacchus* eke a drunken shrine I bare.  
To call me God some flatterers did not spare.  
By message I commanded them likewise,  
My statue in the Temple to comprise.

M

I

I would not haue my slaughters here enrolde,  
 And murtherous mischieues mingled with the rest,  
 Without regard of sexe, of yong or olde,  
 For which the Romanes did my life detest.  
 To vices vile my deedes were all adrest:  
 Which mine owne seruants loathing at the last  
 With their owne hands my timelesse death did hast.

My life was naught, and thus at last I dide,  
 My life procur'd both Gods and men my foes:  
 Let Princes then beware of pompe and pride,  
 And not themselues to vices such dispose.  
 The throne will soone a Princely minde disclose,  
 The tyrants heart at once in throne is tride:  
 The Princely robe no tyrant thoughts can hide.

---

HOW GVIDERIUS KING  
 of Britaine, and the elder son of *Cimbaline*  
 was slaine in battaile by a Romane, the yeare  
*of Christ, 44. or as some write, 46.*



Ake, *Higgins*, now in hand thy pen for me,  
 Let not my death and story lie forgotte:  
 Good cause there is I should remembred be,  
 If thou the falles of Britaine Princes note.  
 Aloft I sate in Princely place affote,  
 I had the sword, I bare the scepter right:  
 I was accounted aye a worthy wight.

*Guiderius* was my name, the sonne of yore  
 Of noble *Cimbaline*, and after King:  
 The Romane tribute I would pay no more,  
 Me thought it was too base a seruile thing.  
 No Romane should me in subiection bring,  
 I stoutly did deny what they did claime,  
 Though many counseld me to yeeld the same.

When



When *Claudius* sent this tribute for to haue,  
I sent him word againe, I would not pay :  
I would not graunt, vniustly he did craue,  
That might in time procure my Realmes decay :  
He should not beare our freedome so away :  
By force and fraude proud *Casar* heere did raigne,  
But now by might my right I would maintaine.

On this addrest himselfe in warlike sort,  
The noble *Claudius* came to trie the case :  
Which had before receiued high report,  
Both of my wealth, my force, and noble grace.  
So thinking well he might my fame deface,  
From Rome he came to Britaine with his hoast,  
And landed here vpon my Southerne coast.

Now marke my tale, and hereby shalt thou know  
The subtill sleights of Romanes in their war :  
The flie deceits of such doe make a show,  
Whereby to trie the people what they are.  
Note well such foes in dealing neere and far,  
Amidst the field, in scout, or fight alone :  
Of all the rest example take by one.

Amongst his men, a Captaine stout he had,  
With whom in fight I made my party good :  
*Hamonius* men him cal'd, who for his blade  
In single fight so often I withstood :  
At last did worke a wile to shed my blood,  
He clad himselfe as he a Britaine weare,  
Like armour, sword, and target did he beare.

He marcht with vs as he a friend had been,  
And when we came to fight he shew'd a face  
Of comfort and bold courage gainst his men :  
And when they fled, and we pursu'd the chace,  
Pursue (quoth he) the Romans flie apace,  
In British tongue he cride, they flie, they flie,  
Our hostages had taught him so to crie.

As we pursude, in me he thrust his blade,  
 Betweene my armour splints he gaue the wound :  
 And fast away for life to shift he made,  
 Thus by deceits my life hee did confound.  
 Of my decay this was the fatall ground:  
 Which thou must pen, that I, a miror be  
 For men to shun the flights of trecherie.

---

HOW LÆLIUS HAMO  
 THE ROMANE CAPTaine  
 was slaine, after the slaughter of  
 Guiderius, *about the yeare of*  
*Christ, 46.*

**A** Romane Captaine I in Britaine armour clad,  
 Disguisde therfore, in field did slay their noble King.  
 I ventred in their host, and I my purpose had :  
 To venture so for Countries sake a worthy thing.  
 But who so weenes to win by slaughter high renowne,  
 Hath often times the fate, to fall by slaughter downe.

Euen so my selfe that slew, short time my ioyes did last,  
 In flight I taken was, and hewde in pieces small,  
 Which downe the cleeuues they did into the waters cast,  
 And by my name as yet the hauen and harbor call.  
 Who thinkes by slaughters praise, to winne immortall fame  
 By treason vile, deserues a shrowding sheete of shame.

HOW

# HOW CLAVDIVS TIBERIVS DRVSVS EMPEROVR

of Rome, was poisoned by his wife *Agrippina*, *The yeare of Christ,*

56.

**S** Ay not the people well, that fortune fauours fooles?  
 So well they say, I thinke, which name her beetle blind,  
 I need not tell thee heere what I haue learn'd at schooles,  
 But may by prooffe expresse the madnesse of my mind,  
 My mother by her proverbs me a foole defin'd,  
 Which often said when any foolishly had done:  
 In faith you are as wise as *Claudius* my sonne.

It pleased her not only so to name me for,  
 But also me in ire a monster oft she nam'd,  
 Vnperfect all, begun by nature, but begot  
 Not absolute, not well, nor fully compleat fram'd.  
 Sith thus my mother oft in anger me defam'd,  
 What meant the men of Rome, which so elected me,  
 A foole, a monster foule, their gouernour to be?

Th'Emperiall blood and high descent was partly cause,  
 That I (vnfit therefore) attain'd the supreame throne:  
 And yet the bloodie Senate tooke a while the pause,  
 Determining in mind t'abolish euery one  
 Of *Casars* ancient lineage, as their mortall sone.  
 For why they could, they thought, receiue no quiet rest,  
 But still by our proud raigne were cruelly oppress.

The souldiers which me found where I my selfe had hid,  
 Loe from a place obscure, vnfit for *Casars* grace,  
 They brought me forth by force, there me proclaime they did,  
 Because I seem'd in heart much meekenesse to embrace,  
 And could dissemble eke t'obtaine th'Emperiall place,  
 Whereby the warriors stout were vnto me inclinde,  
 Supposing I was meeke, and of a gentle mind.



The wilie wolfe that seekes to slay the silly sheepe,  
 Doth faine himselfe oft times to beare a simple eye:  
 The craftie fox likewise would take of lambes the keepe,  
 If that he do perceiue the mastiue lying by:  
 The Crocodile in Nile will faine to weepe and crie:  
     But if the sheepe, her yong, or wandring man be caught:  
     Wolfe, Foxe, and Crocodile, haue euen the prey they fought.

So I could wisely faine, as though I did refuse  
 To take the Empires sway, a charge for me too great,  
 But well in mind I wist, if th'armie did me chuse,  
 The Senate could not me by force thereof defeate:  
 They had no power to stay me from the hautie seate.  
     Thus though I seem'd at first so simple, meeke and plaine:  
     Yet was I subtile, slie, and glad of glorie vaine.

But after I was thron'd, I gaue my selfe to ease,  
 To wine, to women eke, to sport, and bellie chere,  
 And foolish fearefull was, my wife for to displease  
 Who *Messalina* hight, whose manners homely were.  
 She made not only me the cuckolds horne to beare,  
     But also did allure good matrons vnto vice,  
     And virgins chaste to sinne, or made them pay the price.

For if that either they did seeme t'abhor the fact,  
 Or if that men with her adulterate would not be,  
 Some famous crime was fain'd or else some hainous act,  
 For which not they nor theirs from slaughter could be free.  
 My household seruants were prefer'd in place by me,  
     Their wealth was more then mine: the prouerbe went as then,  
     \* I need no treasure want, if I would please my men.

On this I caused her for to be made away,  
 And made a vow no more with women for to wed,  
 Because my vicious wiues sought either me to slay,  
 Or else with whoredome vile to violate my bed.  
 But blind at length with folly from my vow I fled,  
     And *Agrippina* hight my brothers daughter braue  
     Incestuously I chose, for spoused wife to haue.



So leading then my life in sloth and lothsome sinne,  
 I gaue my selfe to riot, drinking, cards and dice :  
 And I so skilfull was by practise growne therein,  
 That I of dicing arte did write a worke of Price.  
 This may full well declare if I were graue and wise.  
     Growne old in all my deeds so credulous was I,  
     That in each doubtfull place I had some secret spie.

So bloodie was I growne, that euery light offence  
 Was cause enough to take away th'offenders life :  
 I so forgetfull was, and such my negligence,  
 I would enquire for those that causde my former griefe  
 For *Messalina* faire, of late my wanton wife :  
     Eke for such others dead I would enquire againe,  
     As I in rage before commanded to be slaine.

Ifondly did extoll the meaner sort of men,  
 Adorning their degrees with titles of estate,  
 Euen such as seruants were and seru'd my diet then,  
 Amongst the ancient men in Senate often sate,  
 For which the Romans me vnto the death did hate.  
     And for the cruell deeds and beastly life I lead,  
     Full often times they wisht that I their Prince were dead.

My *Agrippine* perswaded me t'adopt her hopefull sonne,  
 That after my decease the Empire he might haue :  
 Which when too soone at length I had vnwisely donne  
 At her vniust request, as she the same did craue :  
 In recompence to me she deadly poyson gaue,  
     Whereof at last I di'd : this was my life and end :  
     Which as a mirour heere to thee I do commend.

# HOW THE EMPEROVR DOMITIVS NERO LIVED

wickedly and tyrannously, and in the end  
*miserable he slew himselfe, the yeare of  
Christ, 70.*

**M**Vst I that lead so loose a life speake heere,  
Amongst the wreckes whom Fortunes tempests tore?  
Well, then I see I must, the case is cleere,  
But blame I must my onely selfe therefore.  
I am that *Nero* rule in Rome that bore,  
My mother *Agrippine* so wrought for me,  
Her husband poisoned, I might Emprour be.

A while I gaue my selfe to gouerne well,  
As *Senec* graue instructed me thereto:  
But after, I to shamelesse dealings fell,  
At randome liu'd in lust as Lechers doe,  
To slaughters fell, of friends and kinred too,  
Not spariug those in fleshly lusts desire,  
Whom natures impes dumb beasts will not require.

A shame it were to tell my hatefull life:  
But he that wanted shame, whose face was brasse,  
That spared neither men, maide, virgine, wife,  
Nor mother, sister, kind, nor kin that was:  
Whose facts both care and shame did alwaies passe:  
What should he shame to do, speake, think, or say,  
Which all his life cast bashfull shame away?

For wantonnesse, I past the filthie stues:  
For gluttonie, I had no where my peere:  
No kind of crueltie but I did vse,  
No wickednesse from which my life was cleere.  
My pride did passe them all, both far and neere.  
Against the trade of kinde in shamelesse life,  
One man had me for bride and for bride-wife.

With golden nets in riot I would fish.  
 And purple lines to draw my nets I had :  
 I vsed eke for pleasures many a dish,  
 And was with nought but lust and mischiese glad.  
 Though these things made the Romans hearts full sad,  
 They durst not speake : for who so did complaine,  
 Without respect or sentence more, was slaine.

For pleasures sake to see the flames arise,  
 I causde that Rome should then on fire be set :  
 And for to feede therewith my gazing eyes,  
 On high Mæcenus Tower to stand I get.  
 So, sixe daies fire and seuen nights waste I let,  
 And sang there while, beholding it with ioy,  
 The Iliades sweet of Grecians burning Troy.

Then I restrain'd that no man should resort  
 To the ruines great, when as the fire was past :  
 Nor should therefrom the reliques left transport,  
 But to my selfe reseru'd them all at last.  
 The Merchants causelesse from their goods I cast,  
 And Senatours depriu'd of all they had,  
 Some slaine, the rest with life to scape were glad.

Still out the sword to slay all sorts I drew,  
 My mother could not scape amongst them free :  
 My brother deare, and sisters eke I slew,  
 And of my wiues likewise a two or three.  
 My kinsmen eke I kil'd of each degree,  
 Reioycing in so heinous bloodshed still,  
 Nought else with *Nero* then but, kill, them kill.

And for that *Seneca* me counsaile gaue  
 (My tutour good in youth) to leaue my vice,  
 I bad him choose what death him lik'd to haue,  
 Which now should pay, for then, my stripes the price:  
 In water warme to stand was his deuice,  
 And there to bleede: a milde and gentle death :  
 Euen so I causde them reauē his vitall breath.

So with almightie *Ioue* I gan to warre,  
 The Christians good I did torment and flay :  
 Commanding all my subiects neere and farre,  
 Their liues and goods to spoile and take away.  
 Which they accomplisht straight without delay :  
     Both *Paul* and *Peter* Christs disciples twaine,  
     Th' Apostles, both by mine edict were slaine.

But what endureth long that's violent ?  
 The thunder seemes some time to teare the skies,  
 At seas full oft the stormes are vehement,  
 To cloudes aloft the waues and waters rise,  
 Soone after th'aire is cleare, the water lies :  
     Experience and the prouerbs olde doe shewe,  
     \*Each storme will haue his calme, each tide his flowe.

For when I went for to destroy the state,  
 And all the Romanes noble fame t' obscure :  
 The Senate all, and people did me hate,  
 And sought which way they might my death procure.  
 Mine outrage they no longer could endure,  
     They me proclaimed a foe to publique weale,  
     To saue my selfe away by night I steale.

The iudgement was, such foes should pillered be  
 By necke, in forke made fast full sure to bide :  
 And should with rods so long there beaten be,  
 Vntill therewith the wofull caytiues dide :  
 From this correction therefore fast I hide,  
     From *Galba* then proclaimed Emprour new,  
     For feare of death, by deeds deserued due.

By night (I say) forsaken quite, I fled,  
 And *Sporus* th' Eunuch most impure likewise,  
 With others three, like filthy life that led.  
 To slay my selfe I desperate then deuise,  
 Whom all the world did so for sinne despise :  
     And thirsting sore in flight, fullaine I dranke  
     The waters foule, which in the ditches stanke.



At my request my friends would me not kill :  
 Haue I (quoth I) no foe, nor yet no frend,  
 To reauē me from this feare of conscience ill?  
 Will no man make of *Nero* yet an end?  
 With that my brest to point of sword I bend,  
 With trembling hand, which *Sporus* holpe to stay,  
 And on the same my selfe assai'd to slay.

With that, of *Galbaes* seruants one drew nie  
 With fained cheere, as though he helpe me would :  
 Too late you come, call you this helpe (quoth I)?  
 Is this the friendship firme and faith you hold?  
 My life was filthie, vile for to behold,  
 My death more vile, more filthie I depart :  
 So mine owne sword I ran quite through my hart.

## HOW SERGIUS GALBA THE EMPEROVR OF ROME

(giuen to slaughter, ambition, and gluttonie)

*was slaine by the souldiers, the yeare of  
 Christ, 71.*



Mongst the hautie Emprours downe that fell,  
 I *Sergius Galba* may be placed heere :  
 Where who so sees and markes my dealings well,  
 To him may soone the fruits of fraud appeare.  
 All murders great are bought with price full deare.

Foule slaughters done, procure as foule a fall,  
 As he deserues that workes the wofull thrall.

In Rome sometime I Pretour chosen was,  
 And then obtain'd of Spaine the Prouince faire :  
 To gouerne there, I brought by friends to passe,  
 In hope to be the Emprour *Neroes* heire,  
 For when the Romans did of him despaire,  
 So bent at home to slaughter, lust and vice,  
 By warres abroad I wan the praise and price.

To get the souldiers fauour I tooke paine,  
 For in the Emprours choice they gaue the stroke :  
 I therefore sought some spoiles for them to gaine,  
 Though thereby oft the lawes of armes I broke.  
 But who may words or actions done reuoke?  
     The staine abides, where euill strikes the good,  
     And vengeance wrecks the waste of guiltlesse bloud.

In Lusitania while that time I lay,  
 I causde the people there assemble should,  
 Reporting I had somewhat for to say,  
 Which in effect procure them profit would :  
 To which they came as many neere as could,  
     Full thirtie thousand, thinking nought of ill:  
     All which I causde the souldiers there to kill.

I sought by death to post proud *Nero* hence,  
 Not for his vicious life, but for his place :  
 Although his vice, were made the chiefe pretence,  
 Whom all good men accounted void of grace.  
 But yet I could not stay so long a space :  
     I causde in Spaine the souldiers me proclame,  
     Which straight they did, and gaue me *Cæsars* name.

To Rome I hide, and *Nero* gate him thence,  
 He stole away for feare of sentence past,  
 A publique foe proclaim'd for negligence,  
 For slaughters done, for fire of Rome the wast :  
 Eke for because he was of me agast  
     He slew him selfe, before my man could come,  
     Which slaughter else my seruants there had done.

When I my master thus subuerted had,  
 The Romanes eke began mislike with mee,  
 They said I was ambitious, nigh so bad  
 And cruell, giuen to pride and gluttony.  
 How I was ruled all by Romanes three,  
     *Cornelius, Iulius, Celius*, for the State  
     My schoolemasters, for which they did me hate.

And *Siluius Otbo* fought the Empire then,  
That vicious beast, and coward varlet vile:  
He dealt by gifts so with mine armed men,  
That factions rose in campe within a while.  
Which when I came them for to reconcile,  
To Curtius lake, neere which the armie lay,  
Of *Siluius* friends the souldiers did me slay.

Strooke off my head, and bare it to my foe,  
Who caused it should be set vpon a speare:  
So through the campe they bare it to and fro,  
Saluting it, now dead, a sort there were,  
Which late thereof, aliue, did doubt and feare.  
O *Galba*, ioisfull daies the Gods thee giue,  
God send thee *Galba* well long time to liue.

This was the guerdon of my hautie pride,  
To haue mine head thus wise extold aloft:  
Thus I the gaines of hasty climbing tride,  
To leese mine head, and after haue it scoft:  
A thing indeed that chaunceth wonders oft.  
\* Who thinkes that gaine is sweet by sheading blood,  
In purple gore oft yeeldes like gainfull good.

---

## HOW THE VICIOUS SILVIUS OTHO EMPEROVR OF Rome slew himselfe, the yeare of *Christ, 71.*



Ike will to like (for so the Prouerbe saies)  
Such are the men, as those with whom they vse:  
The Goate with Goate together is alwaies,  
The Wolfe of Wolfe no friendship doth refuse,  
The crafty Foxe the Foxe for friend doth chuse:  
And euery liuing creature loues his kinde,  
As well the shape as qualities of minde.

And



And yet all men that come in company,  
 Are not indu'd with qualities alike :  
 One loues soft musick and sweet melodie,  
 Another is perhaps Melancholike,  
 Another furnish is and Cholerike,  
 Another dull and fottish in his sence,  
 And all (in some what) full of negligence.

Now then Complexion is somewhat in case,  
 Concerning chiefe the disposition :  
 But yet the learned writers haue a place,  
 That manners alter our Complexion.  
 So some say also of correction.

And sure I thinke if that they say be true,  
 I after was the worse for *Neroes* crue.

His Courtisane brought me in fauour first,  
 Into his Court and fellowship I came :  
 To me recount his villanies he dirst,  
 Not fit to tell, he thought which had no shame.  
 I will no more recite of his defame :  
 The day was curst to me which brought me in,  
 At *Neroes* house, such infamy to win.

But yet another did me more infect,  
*Seleucus* scene in Mathematiques well :  
 He of my birth a figure did erect,  
 Of many haps and chaunces he did tell :  
 Incited me gainst *Galba* to rebell,  
 With warrant if I would inuade the throne,  
 I might aloft with Scepter sit alone.

To seeke reuenge for *Neroes* death likewise,  
 Incited me his enemy to kill :  
 Then with my Souldiers all I did deuise,  
 The way to accomplish mine endeour still,  
 Whom well I might perswade almost to any ill.  
 Eke so indeed the Souldiers did him slay,  
 And brought to me his head with them away.



I caused them to set it on a speare,  
About the Campe to beare it as a show,  
To put the rest mine enemies in feare :  
So they before their punishment might know.  
Great gifts amongst the Souldiers I bestow,  
Wherewith they all in campe with one assent,  
To chuse me for their *Cesar*, were content.

But now to holde it fast a worke of skill,  
I cast about and many waies did trie  
With prudent forecast to preuent all ill:  
*Non minor est virtus, quàm quærere, parta tueri.*  
The haucie seate hath many a greedy eye.  
The election was mislikte, and in short space,  
*Vitellius* sought to vndermine my grace.

In armes we were, and he me battaile gaue,  
First at Placentia, where I had the foile :  
From Bebriaeke by force he next me draue,  
And did mine army vanquish quite, and spoile.  
There I not able farder to recoile,  
Despairing quite, I wist to flie no way,  
As *Nero* earst, with sword my selfe I slay.

---

HOW AVLVSVITEL-  
LIVS EMPEROVR OF ROME,  
came to an infortunate end: the yeare  
of *Christ*, 71.



O tread the staire to state, who takes in hand,  
And thereon enters first, by bribes or blood :  
On slippery ground he cannot firmly stand,  
Ne fixt is he, his hold is nothing good.  
Though hee knew earst, how firme on ground he  
And thinke to fixe his seate with better hold : (stood,  
He cannot scape yet scotfree vncontrold.

To

To see before his face, the fall of such  
 As climbe vp so, and cannot yet take heed,  
 But must of force th'imperiall title tuch,  
 Wherein so many doubts of danger breed :  
 A point of peeuishe pride, a rage indeed  
 By blindnesse blunt, a sottish sweame he feeles:  
 With ioyes bereft, when death is hard at heeles.

Hence Fortune well tooke name, accounted blind,  
 Because men fortunat, vnfitly see:  
 To pleasures sweet, and honors all enclin'd,  
 Without respect the most addicted bee,  
 Regarding nought but titles of degree,  
 Whereby mishaps, infortunes of their race,  
 In high prospects, of view can take no place.

This blindnesse is not of the eyes alone,  
 But of the mind, a dimnesse and a mist :  
 For when they shift to sit in hautie throne  
 With hope to rule the scepter as they list,  
 Ther's no regard nor feare of had-I-wist.  
 The present pleasure, glorie, wealth, and ioy  
 Bereaues their gaze, the feare of all annoy.

The trade of men is such, too late th'are wise,  
 Too late they know which way mischances fell.  
 At first the Phrygians counsell did despise,  
 At last they knew the way t'haue holpe it well.  
 When Grecians did their noble Princes quell,  
 Had fier'd and sackt their towne of worthie fame,  
 Then they too late knew how t'haue sau'd the same.

Our *Caesar* saw too late his cause of fall,  
 And *Drusus* poisned, had as fortune ill :  
*Domitius Nero* hated most of all,  
 Eke *Galba*, which his master sought to kill.  
 So *Silvius Ottho*, whose blood I did spill,  
 And I *Vitellius* may affirme with these,  
*Illud verum, Sero sapiunt Phryges.*

We all assaile, and gate the throne by sword,  
 So each wee saw how they before vs sped :  
 The only fruite which treason hath t'afford,  
 Is losse of pleasures, goods, lands, life or head.  
 The gaine we get, stands vs small time in stead :  
 The Fame we craue, becomes defame and shame,  
 And rusts for aie, deuouring our good name.

Of slaughters mine what neede I here descry,  
 Or how the Romanes rest away my life?  
 When I seuen monthes had raigne wickedly,  
 Which entred in by bloud and ciuill strife.  
 But this I find too late a sequell rife,  
 Who takes by sword from Prince the scepters guide,  
 By sword from him the scepter so shall slide.

---

# LONDRICVS THE

Pict, slaine by King *Marius* of Britaine, about the 80. yeare of  
*Christ.*

---

**F**ortune was wont in state to lift her children high,  
 And giue the kingdomes great, & conquests at her will,  
 And place the, as they thought, aboue y gods welnigh.  
 She blindly leades them forth, as is her custome still,  
 With pleasures all a while, she doth their fancies fill,  
 And at the last doth let them fall adowne againe.  
 Shee sets aloft, and pulles them downe with might and maine.

When we the glory see of those that haue renowne,  
 We are enflamed straight, the like attempts to make :  
 But when we see mischance againe to driue them downe,  
 We are not able yet example there to take.  
 The stormes of enuie blacke the hautiest houses shake,  
 The basest sort contend, with all their force t'aspire :  
 The meaner persons eke, the loftie roomes require.

N

Amongst



Amongst the states of men best is the meaner sort,  
 And golden meane is best in euery trade of life:  
 For though a mightie man doe keepe a stately port,  
 And yet with men as great doe daily liue in strife,  
 His pleasure is but paine, and all his ioy but grieve.  
 When we not with our own contented can abide,  
 With auarice we clime, but fall againe with pride.

So though a noble borne could get an higher seate  
 By conquest, or by weale, by fauour or by fight,  
 And would from mightie *Ioue* his petegree repeate,  
 Yet ought he not aduance himselfe aboue his height,  
 He ought not make a claime to that he hath no right,  
 Or trust to Fortune so (although she seeme to smile)  
 As though she did not turne her selfe within awhile.

When with my Picts I came first to the Scottish shore,  
 I bare my selfe in hand that I could Britaine win,  
 Because that Scythes of whom I came had won before  
 Right many noble Realmes, which they had entred in:  
 Yet I no sooner could my conquest here begin,  
 But straight King *Marius* came with all his warlike band,  
 And met with me and mine in fruitfull Westmerland.

I trusted sure that Fortune would me guide so well  
 As she before had done, in battailes whilome fought:  
 But prooffe doth teach me now the certaine truth to tell,  
 What I by Fortune false with death so dearely bought.  
 Whom she sometimes sets vp, she bringeth soone to nought.  
 As I that thought this land from Britaines to regaine,  
 In field with all my Picts were vanquished and slaine.

Tis folly or the end, for men to praise their chaunce,  
 Or brag what luck they haue, or tell their happie fate,  
 Or boast how Lady Fortune doth their deedes aduance:  
 For vnto change of chaunce subiected is their state:  
 Whom first she loues, she afterward doth hate,  
 She flings them headlong downe, whom erst she made excell,  
 She makes them bare and poore, whom she enriched well.

HOW



## HOW SEVERVS THE EMPEROR

of Rome and gouernour of Britaine was slaine at Yorke,

*fighting against the Picts, about the yeare after Christ,*

*206. after others, 213.*



He stay of stately throne is nothing sure,  
Where great estates on bribes or bloodshed build :  
As *Didius Iulian* put for prooffe in vre,  
Th'Emperiall seate he bought, and soone was kild.  
So *Niger* after him assaide the same,

*Albinus* then, from Britaine armed came.

These three stood in my way to high estate,  
Which I sore thirsted for, but yet at last  
I made therto, by bloudshed bold, a gate,  
And vnresisted to the throne I past.

The souldiers *Iulian* slew, for insufficient pay :  
My seruants eke at Antioch *Niger* slay.

Then was my seate, me thought, assur'd to bide,  
There could no tempest teare my sailes adowne :  
No shower could cause my fixed foote to slide,  
Nor vndercreeper take'from me the Crowne,  
Which had the guide of all Europaes might,  
He needed not to feare the force of fight.

Encouraged with loue of lasting fame,  
I entred with an armie into th'East,  
Armenia can full well report the fame,  
Whereas my warlike glory first increast.

*Angarus* I subdude by fight the noble King,  
And did his sounes to Rome for hostage bring.

Arabia *foelix* felt my force likewise,  
Although those warres had not so good successe :  
Yet made I them with bowes (goood archers) rise,  
Or else they had ben driuen to greate distresse.

Their shafts from Arras shot, made vs to smart,  
They poysoned of my men by policie and art.

To Parthia thence, againſt the law of armes,  
 We gate, forgot the truce before was plight :  
 And when occaſion fit we found to worke our harmes,  
 King *Artabane* we did ſubdue in fight.

With fire and ſword we brent, and ſpoil'd his land,  
 Tooke captiues, ſlew his men that did with ſtand.

To Rome I came, and cauſed mappes be drawne  
 Of iournies mine, by land and ſeas the plats :  
 Not erſt before ſuch expedition ſawne,  
 Nor of thoſe Countries ſcene ſo perfect maps.  
 The world did wonder at my heapes of haps,  
 Rome honourd mee with triumphs when I came,  
 They vnto me of Parthique gaue to name.

But when can princes beſt aſſure themſelues ?  
 What ſtate without the ſtormes of ſtrife doth ſtand ?  
 What barke beares faile in tempeſt on the ſhelues ?  
 What bliſſe abides and laſts, by ſea or land ?  
 Who takes to raigne the ſcepter in his hand,  
 Islike to him, in ſterne to ſtirre that ſits,  
 Commanding all the reſt, their race he fits.

For while that I abroad for glorie hunt,  
 My ſonnes at home in pleaſures ſpent the time :  
 And as their father erſt before was wont,  
 Endeouourd how aloſt they both might clime.  
 The elder fierce and cruell *Antonine*,  
 The yonger *Geta* far more milde then hee,  
 Could not at any time in peace agree.

So I endeououred to appeaze the ſtrife,  
 But nought at all I could therein preuaile :  
 This made me woe and weary of my life,  
 Which erſt ſo many Kingdomes did aſſaile.  
 I had the hap mine enemies force to quaille,  
 To rule the Romanes well, and all the reſt :  
 But for to rule my ſonnes, I was vnbleſt.

Perceiuing

Perceiuing then some persons leaud there were,  
Which counsell'd oft my sonnes embracing vice,  
(As still is seene in Court enueiglers are,  
Procurers of despite, and auarice,  
That flattery hold for gaine a gift of price)  
I causde be put to death those Thrasoes vile,  
And some were sent or banisht to exile.

My elder sonne did thinke my life too long,  
The yonger lou'd the elders life as ill :  
They studied both to make their parties strong,  
Which griefe my griped heart well neere did kill.  
Such are the mischiefes of the statly still.  
In Britaine eke the Picts rebelling rose,  
Some Britaines there became our secret foes.

First to be absent from the force at home,  
And partly greater glorie to attaine,  
My wicked children sought my death in Rome,  
But chiefly *Antonine* tooke herein paine,  
I should by guard or Physicke drugs be flaine,  
That by my death the Empire he might sway,  
T'obtaine the same he often gaue th' assay.

Yet no man would accomplish his intent,  
For my Physitions bare me loyall hearts :  
My seruants eke full true no treason ment,  
But plai'd in each respect their faithfull parts.  
They knew themselues so bound by due deserts,  
They ought not, seruants, such a Lord betray,  
That gaue so great rewards and gifts alway.

To Britaine ouer seas from Rome went I,  
To quaille the Picts that ruffled in that Ile :  
And tame the stout that tribute did denie,  
Which were withheld from Romans there a while,  
And to be absent from my sonnes so vile.  
But see what haps befall vs in the end,  
Which so in throne to raigne alone contend :

For when I was to Britaine come that land,  
 Where people stout, vntam'd vnuanquish't dwelt:  
 Although once *Cæsar* Fortunes fauour fand,  
 That erst before their valiant valour felt:  
 I found the people nothing prest to pelt,  
     To yeeld, or hostage giue, or tributes pay,  
     Or couenants to accept, or fearefully to fray.

They said that we did tributes sore exact,  
 Whereby their Isle impouerish't greatly was:  
 The Picts likewise them rob'd, and spoil'd, and sackt,  
 Whereof the Romans seemed nought to pas.  
 We ought (they said) to tame the Galloglasse,  
     The ranging Scythian Pict that them did spoile,  
     If we would reape our tribute of their toile.

On which at length, I did conclude a peace,  
 And ioynd in league with them against the Pict:  
 But yet the wilfull people did not cease,  
 My Britaines good by inroads to afflict:  
 Whereon to wall them out I made edict.  
     Long six score miles and twelue, the banke I made  
     From sea to sea, that Picts should not inuade.

By helpe of this, I chaste the Picts away,  
 And draue them into Albany to dwell:  
 Whereon *Fulgentius* stout without delay  
 To Scythia sail'd, and there his chance did tell:  
 And with an host of Picts appointed well,  
     He did returne with speed to Britaine strand:  
     (That time I lay by North to guide the land)

At length to Yorke with all his host he came,  
 Besieging it full sharpe assaults he gaue:  
 Where I likewise for to defend the same,  
 And from our foes the castell good to saue  
 Came with my power, as destinies on me draue:  
     But in that field it was my chance to fall,  
     I tooke my deadly wound, there ended all.



The Scythian eke receiu'd a deadly wound,  
Which came to conquer vs, and lost his feeld :  
Thus fortune fares her children to confound,  
Which on her wheele their bastiles brauely beeld.  
Let noble Princes then to reason yeeld,  
The dainefull Ladie daintie and demure,  
Dame Fortunes fauour fickle and vnfore.

Some say that I return'd to Rome againe,  
Sore troubled with the gout, desiring death :  
And that I would haue taken poison faine,  
Which me deni'd, to reauie my vitall breath.  
I tooke a surfet great, which wrought my death.  
The Britaines say, at Yorke my bones do lie,  
The Romans say at Rome in Italie.

But this I wish, all noble wights to view  
How I by slaughter gate the throne at first,  
My souldiers noble men for Empire flew,  
This way to rise, of all I proued worst :  
For why, his hand of gods and men is curst,  
To rise aloft that layes the ground with blood :  
The states of such vnstable still haue stood.

---

**HOW FVLGENTIVS A  
SCYTHIAN, OR PICT, WAS  
slaine at the seige of Yorke, about the yeare  
of Christ, 206. or 213.**



Am that valiant Scythian Prince the Pict,  
That vanquisht oft the Britaines in this Ile :  
Against the noble Romans power I kickt,  
And kept them play in Britaine both long while,  
I forst them make a wall an hundred mile,

From sea to sea, with towers to keepe me out,  
Which of vs Picts did daily stand in doubt.

Our ancient race (as I can shew with skill)  
 Had right by due descent to claime this land:  
 Of which repeate some prooffe therefore I will,  
 That so thou maist our title vnderstand.  
 When all mankind felt *Iones* almightie hand,  
     That drencht all nations quite, for their foule sin,  
     Then straight in Scythia did the world begin.

Th'Egyptians hold forsooth that they restord  
 The world againe; but, how vnlikely, see:  
 For Scythiaes site is high as all accord,  
 From vs the fountaines great't deriued bee.  
 The ancient writers all likewise agree,  
     That on Armenia mount the Arke did rest,  
     Till *Ioue* againe the earth with drowth addrest.

But they alledge againe their Zone is milde,  
 And fertill, temperate, meete to foster men:  
 Our Scythian hilles (they say) are frostie, wilde,  
 Which cannot breed but ruder people then.  
 To which I may well answere make agen,  
     As God did make the Zones hot, milde, and cold,  
     So did he make like men the same to hold.

They say we are nigh neighbours to the Pole,  
 Or frozen point: more neere the fire are they:  
 What poysons breed with them, and Lybians sole  
 In parching sands the writers wise display.  
 Can nature frame mankind more deepe decay?  
     Where parching heat, where serpents vglie breed,  
     Is no fit clime, whence man should first proceed.

But now Ile tell why Scythians should possesse  
 This noble Isle: first, Lord *Neptunus* gaue  
 The Islands to his sonnes, both more and lesse,  
 Eke *Albion* first of all this Isle should haue:  
 He not with this content, the Firme did craue.  
     Wherefore in France him *Hercules* dispatcht,  
     When as he would a Kingdome there haue catcht.

Now

Now as from *Noah* (of *Scythia*) by descent,  
Downe vnto *Albions* time they held the land :  
From *Scythe* to *Scythian* as of right it went,  
And after him no *Scythian* Prince it fand,  
When as vsurpers tooke the raigne in hand,  
Was it not reason we should vndertake,  
This noble Realme our owne againe to make ?

The Romans this deny, but euen themselues likewise  
(If they from vertue stray, as they do vse,  
And do *Iehonnes* lawes and hefts despise,  
And right, and truth, and iustice so refuse)  
Shall find how much their Scepter they misuse.  
The *Scythian* shall their loftie seate assaile,  
The Prince of *Picts* against them shall preuaile.

But of Proud *Romes* *Seuerus* now I tell,  
When he the wall had made to keepe me out,  
To *Scythia* hence I sail'd, and stor'd me well  
With men, munition good, a warlike rout,  
Of youthfull *Picts* full strong in armour stout  
A Nauie good I brought, and taking land,  
Of stately *Yorke* I tooke the siege in hand.

The Emperour great *Seuerus* *Parthique* proud,  
With Romans, Galles, and Britaine souldiers came :  
To make me raise the siege of *Yorke* he vow'd,  
And I likewise to win and race the same.  
To win the prize we both our armies frame :  
But he was slie, his souldiers skilfull train'd,  
My men to flie by ambush, he constrain'd.

Again to fight we fell afresh, the battell grew,  
About I brought my wings, and now they found  
Tantara teares alarme, the fluits fight, fight anew,  
And there a while the Romans fell to ground.  
The cries and shouts of men to skies resound,  
They fall, fall, flie, the fluits; downe downe the droms do crie :  
Whereon the Romans sound retraite, and faine to flie.

My

My souldiers all too rash had broke array,  
 The Romane rereward cast about with speed,  
 And both their wings enclosed vs each way,  
 Their maine likewise to keepe array gaue heed.  
 Which when I saw, it made my heart to bleed,  
 And to *Seuerus* selfe I made my way,  
 Where with my Piets the Parthique I did stay.

So when the Emperour fell, a shout arose,  
 The Romans blancke, amazed, wofull were :  
*Fulgentius* fast recoil'd, death wounded goes,  
 And of my crew a troupe to aide me there.  
 I bought my British conquest all too deere.  
 No conquest yet : for as I conquest fought,  
 With my life blood the conquest deare was bought.

You noble men, yee see what trust there is  
 In Fortunes gifts, how mischiefe makes the marts,  
 And how our hoped haps in warres do misse,  
 When backe the braue and blinded Ladie starts.  
 High reaching heads swim oft in seas of smarts.  
 The man content, is blest, and best at ease,  
 Which in meane state both God and man do please.

## HOW GETA THE YON- GER SONNE OF THE EMPE-

rour *Seuerus* once Gouvernour of Britaine, was  
 slaine in his mothers armes by his brother AN-

TONINE, *Emperour of Rome, about  
 the yeare of Christ, 214.*

**I**F ever Prince had cause his state to rue,  
 Or by his end might moue men mone his chance,  
 My wofull tale may shew the like to you,  
 Whom fortune erst, and birth did high aduance.  
 In Rome, in Britaine, Germanie, and France  
 I fauour had, and liu'd belou'd alway,  
 I Emprour was, what need I more to say?



In Britaine while my father waged fight  
 By North against the Picts, I rul'd the South :  
*Seuerus* so appointed it my right,  
 And Britaine Iustice had from *Getaes* mouth.  
 I gaue not then my selfe to idle slouth,  
 But gaue an end to causes great of strife,  
 With doome so iust, that men reioyst my life.

The Senate honor'd me for vertues sake,  
 Abroad the Britaines blest me for their blisse,  
 The souldiers stout of me account did make.  
 Let stories tell if I do faine in this :  
 Lest some suspect, that I report amisse.  
 For what is he, which is not counted vaine,  
 When for himselfe he speakes, though nere so plaine ?

In peace I prudent was, and graue of grace,  
 In warres as stout, but not so fierce withall :  
 Not forst with feare to turne from foes my face,  
 Nor bought with bribes to let Dame Iustice fall,  
 I not opprest the weaker sort with thrall,  
 But sought to pleasure all, both neare and farre :  
 More prone to peace I was, then bent to warre.

What heart so hard but will for pitie bleed,  
 To heare a Prince which meant to each so well,  
 Should haue such cause to liue in feare and dread  
 Offsword, of bane, of force, or poison fell,  
 Not daring Emprour nere his brother dwell,  
 Whom Romans lou'd, and strangers honor'd still,  
 But brothers treason caused all our ill.

Hight *Antonine*, I hate his name and facts,  
 Sith he my butcher was, as may appeare :  
 The world detests his vile and viprous acts,  
 And subtile shifts to kill his father deare :  
 So void of grace, so void of honest feare,  
 He durst attempt the guard to bribe and fee,  
 That so by them his fire might poisoned bee.

This

This when our Sire *Seuerus* wist and saw  
 How *Antonine* that bloodie beast was bent,  
 Against the order quite of natures law,  
 Eke how to take the Empire whole he ment;  
 For both of vs at Yorke he often sent,  
     Perfwading vs true concord for to hold,  
     And of the fruits of discord oft he told.

Yet *Antonine* regarded nought his heft,  
 Nay yet the charge of warres he had in hand:  
 T'enlarge his power for th' Empire he addrest.  
 Which when *Seuerus* old did vnderstand,  
 All pleasures quite and ioyes he did aband,  
     Pursuing warre: neere Yorke he tooke his end  
     By sword of Picts, or by some traytour friend.

Then *Antonine* made spoile of all his men,  
 Phyfitions nil'd before at his request  
 Dispatch their Lord, to death he put them then,  
 And so he seru'd of faithfull guard the rest.  
 What villanie was in this vipers brest?  
     Was not content with death of those he sought,  
     But after brings their friends likewise to nought.

I was foretold my life he thirsted sore,  
 And that the Empire sole he sought to haue,  
 As we to Rome did passe I feared more,  
 I from his courts and diets did me saue:  
 I knew my life and th' Empire he did craue,  
     Wherefore in Rome my court I kept likewise  
     Apart from his, that did my death deuise.

My seruants were allur'd by sundrie gifts  
 By poyson to procure my lifes decay:  
 He tri'd to cut me off a thousand shifts,  
 What maruell, since he sought his fire to slay?  
 He made his Fathers friends for spite away,  
     Because they would not to his will be wrought,  
     To bring them vnto death he daily sought.

His sleights for me could take no sure successe,  
 For still his traines and treasons were descri'd :  
 In danger I was forst to seeke redresse  
 By like attempts, but that likewise was spide.  
 \* Pretended murder no man close can hide,  
 But out it flies, the rumor runnes apace,  
 The spot thereof all vertues else deface.

When this was knowne that I likewise affai'd  
 His life to reauue (though t'were my life to saue)  
 Not long to wreck the same the butcher stai'd,  
 He had the thing so long he sought to haue,  
 Cause of reuenge the rumor small him gaue,  
 That in the euen he came to spill my blood,  
 As I vnarmed with my mother stood.

There she perceiuing him with sword approach,  
 In armes me caught to saue my life and blood,  
 But he deseruing all the worlds reproch,  
 No whit in doubt to end my slaughter stood.  
 She him besought (as seem'd an Empreffe good)  
 While he without remorse of her request,  
 Betweene her armes did run me through the brest.

These were the acts of that vile monster then  
 For Empire sake, to raigne alone aloft :  
 Despisde that was, abhor'd of Gods and men,  
 And curst to hell by all good men so oft,  
 You see the fall of *Geta*, milde, and soft,  
 Whose line of life no longer fates could stretch,  
 Cut off by sword of *Antonine* that wretch.

Now maist thou deeme of my deserts and his,  
 He to his fire of sonnes was most vnkind :  
 His mothers ioyes he reau'd away her blisse,  
 That Dame which bare to both so milde a mind :  
 And let my dealings aye due fauour find,  
 Whose murder may giue plaine prospect and show  
 What monster wrought his faithfull friends such woe.

HOW

# HOW AVRELIVS AN- TONIVS BASSIANVS CARACALLA

Emperour of Rome, was slaine by one of his  
*owne seruants, about the yeere of*  
*Christ, 209.*



Ho thirsts to throng vnto the highest throne,  
Ne wisely windes Dame Fortunes subtile snare :  
Or who in Court would rule the roost alone,  
And sees not what he heapes himselfe of care,  
Let him well weigh my case, and then beware :

Whom forth the stately seate did first allure,  
Which after did my hastie death procure.

And, *Higgins*, here in purpose sith thou hast  
The haplesse hauen where Fortunes impes arriue,  
A mirour make likewise of me thou maist,  
If thou my life and dealings wilt discriue.  
It may perhaps much profit some aliuie :

Which when themselues plaine painted forth they see,  
They may presage their fatall falles in me.

I am that *Antonine*, *Seuerus* sonne,  
That once of mightie Rome did beare the sway,  
Which in my fathers life a strife begone  
With *Geta*, thirsting often him to slay.  
I sought to haue my father made away,  
To raigne alone so great desire I had,  
Nought but their deathes my wicked hart could glad.

My father oft exhorted both to peace,  
Declar'd by stories olde what came by strife,  
Dehorted both from ciuill discord cease,  
But I sought meanes to rid him of his life.  
I banisht to *Sycilia* isle my wife,  
Encreast mine host, reekt not my British charge,  
But how I might enioy the Empire large.

And



And first when as my father once was dead,  
I gaue my selfe to all reuenge of foes;  
The seruants late which stood mee not in stead,  
And some who did my trecherie disclose,  
Or such to saue their Prince themselues dispose,  
Or reconcile vs brethren tooke fore paine,  
I causde them all without respect be slaine.

The captaines all my friends I fought to make,  
In Britaine then desiring them to chuse  
Me Emprour sole, and *Geta* to forsake:  
Which they to doe for duties sake refuse.  
Our mother eke all meanes with vs did vse,  
Perswading vs to loue and concord bend,  
To which in shew I granted in the end.

We both in Empire like from Britaine passe,  
A truce concluded there, and hostage take:  
His reliques shrinde (as then the custome was)  
To Rome therewith our voyage fast we make.  
And yet the malice could not so aslake:  
For in our iournies we durst neither trust,  
But feuerall Courts and Diets keepe we must.

Both fearing poyson, force or treason wrought,  
Both crauing all the Empire to enioy,  
Both working all the waies that might be sought,  
To worke to each some secret great annoy,  
Both seeking how his partner to destroy.  
The brother which to brother should be stay,  
Endeuours how to make him quite away.

And those that bare of dignities degree,  
The officers, were diuersly distract:  
Some fauour'd *Geta*, some did fauour mee,  
In him no point of courtesie there lackt:  
He was of maners milde, of doome exact,  
To studies good addict, of comely grace,  
In warres and peace discharging well the place.

But

176 *Aurel. Ant. Bass. Caracalla.*

But I was rough, and violent, and fierce,  
 Offierie *Mars* affected all to blood :  
 What need I more my qualities rehearse,  
 Which were so far vnlike my brothers good ?  
 On threatnings, force, and feare, my Empire stood,  
 Whereby indeed of fauning friends I had,  
 For feare or gaine were of my fauour glad.

Our mother long perswading vs to peace,  
 And both perceiuing our attempts but vaine,  
 Did both agree our discords to surcease,  
 And for to part the Empire into twaine :  
 My selfe should hold of Europe all the maine  
 With th' Isles thereof, and *Geta* all the East,  
 Of Asia all the Islands most and leaft.

As thus we parle amongst the Counsell all,  
 And so decree, full purposed thereto,  
 The Senate, which foresaw mishaps might fall,  
 Still sadly fate, durst nothing say nor do :  
 But *Julia* then the mother of vs two,  
 When she perceiu'd the Senate pause for feare,  
 Arose to speake, and said as you shall heare.

“ The sea and land (quoth she) my sonnes you get,  
 “ You find a way how you may them diuide :  
 “ The Pontique floud betweene you both is set  
 “ For bounds of both it butts on either side :  
 “ But how will you your mother now diuide ?  
 “ How shall my haplesse corps be parted, put  
 “ Betweene you both, shall I likewise be cut ?

“ If needs in twaine you part this Empire must,  
 “ I see what discord after may betide :  
 “ How Empire makes men guiltlesse blood to thrust,  
 “ What noble Peeres for this betrai'd, haue dide.  
 “ T'were better both the Romans well to guide,  
 “ Then separate farre, without so firme a stay,  
 “ Your seuered force some treason should decay.

“ One

" One man himselfe may much by wit foresee,  
" But twaine may more perceiue then one alone :  
" One friendly man by fauour much may be,  
" But two in friendship knit, need feare no fone.  
" Two brethren then to rule the world alone  
" As brethren should, and liue in faithfull sort,  
" The world their loue and honors will report.

" But if diuide the Empire all you will,  
" Firſt ere you go for to enioy your raigne,  
" My wofull corps I pray you heere to kill,  
" And it diuide betweene you both in twaine,  
" That I may eke with both of you remaine.  
" Do burie each apart so distant farre,  
" Diuided as your seats, selues, Kingdomes are.

So when she spoken had, with teares she came,  
And sobs, beseeching both, embracing vs,  
And wil'd we should our selues to friendship frame,  
Not bearing hate in heart, and enuie thus :  
On which the Senate nothing durſt discusse,  
But all arose, departing did lament,  
Which view'd our thirsting fore, to bloodshed bent.

Our hatred still encreased more and more,  
For when that Captaines new elected were,  
Or officers in place we did restore,  
In these, our minds to all men plaine appeare,  
We diuersly affected fauour beare :  
Of right in sentence eke, of diuers minds,  
As hate full oft the eyes of Iustice blinds.

Our owne we sought, and not the publike weale,  
Yet both the publike wealth alone to haue :  
We nothing reckt to hap the publike heale,  
But to enioy the publike wealth we straued.  
To Cookes and Butlers gifts of price we gaue,  
To poison each : when yet not these proceed,  
I hired some by force to do the deed.

O

When

178 *Aurel. Ant. Bass. Caracalla.*

When this likewise had not successe aright,  
My selfe, to slay my brother, I addrest:  
I rusht into his chamber euen or night,  
While of my force I thinke he feared lest:  
There with my sword I stroke him through the brest.  
Eke while our mothers lap his wounds embrew,  
Her *Geta* deare betweene her armes I flew.

Which done, I flew the place, and call'd the guard,  
Cri'd treason, told I scarce escapt vnslaine,  
Commanding souldiers well to watch and ward,  
And me conuey vnto the campe amaine,  
Where I might safe from violence remaine:  
I said I should by foes be forc'd to die,  
If in the Court I longer time did lie.

So they supposing all was truth I told,  
(Not weeting what was done to *Geta* than)  
Made speed to runne with me vnto the hold:  
The people hearing this, to flocke began,  
Enquiring why the Prince and souldiers ran:  
In tent I kneel'd encampt, the gods to praise  
With promist vowes, which had prolong'd my daies.

The souldiers all resorted to my tent,  
Where I the Gods with honor serued tho:  
On which I forth amongst them boldly went,  
Told them great dangers I had scaped fro,  
And of mine enmies fall and ouerthro.  
By Fortunes gift (quoth I) our foe is slaine,  
And th'Empire wholly doth to me remaine.

I promist if the souldiers me would saue,  
My Empire stablish sure, and safetie see,  
Each twentie hundred Attique grotes should haue,  
More corne then earst by halfe allow'd should bee,  
The temples wealth and treasures should be free  
For them to vse at large, in that one day  
*Senecius* treasure I did make away.



*Aurel. Ant. Bass. Caracalla.* 179

The souldiers all perceiuing well my mind,  
(And slaughter blaz'd by those in house that fled)  
I was by them the Emperour sole assign'd,  
And he an enmie nam'd that now was dead.  
All night in temple forth with vowes I led,  
Next day to Senate house with th'host I gate,  
And seruice done; thus wise in throne I spake :

**I** Know right Well (quoth I) domestique slaughters hatefull seeme,  
And euen the name thereof makes men full ill of parties deeme :  
For why, th' unhappie slaine moues milder men to mercy still,  
And noble Peeres are enui'd when compell'd their foes they kill,  
The vanquish't iniur'd seeme, and victours deem'd vniustly ill,  
But who soeuer shall this case it selfe with truth perpend  
Not partially that deemes, ensearching what he did pretend :  
He shall perceine and find it better farre and needfull more  
To wrecke the wrong, then wincke thereat, and after smart therefore.  
For, to the slaine beside his woe, there comes a dastards name,  
The victour hath beside his health, of fortitude the fame.  
But certes how by poysons he, and all meanes sought my spoile,  
You may right soone by tortures trie without off farther toile.  
And therefore I commanded all his seruants present bee,  
That you the truth may know, when their confessions plaine you see :  
While I was at my mothers house, he brought with swords his traine,  
Forwarn'd, so arm'd, by sight my foe, I haue mine enmie slaine.  
Sith he about a mischiefe went, no brothers heart that bore,  
To take reuenge on such, is due : as custome telles of yore.  
The founder right of Rome, not with his brother flouting bare :  
I leaue to speake what Germanique and Titus erst did dare,  
And Marcus wise and milde, his daughters husband did not spare.  
But I, for me when poysons were and swords to slay me drest,  
Reueng'd my foe, (of foe the name his workes assign'd him best)  
Therefore thanke you the Gods, that they one Prince preserued you,  
Behold the same, him loyall lone, to him be iust and true :  
For euen as Ioue aboue, amongst the gods doth rule alone,  
So he in earth the Empire all, allottes and giues to one.

Thus hauing said aloud, with irefull mood,  
 And bloodie countnance cast about the place,  
 Th'assemblie pale and trembling, fearefull stood,  
 And I return'd to'th Palace thence a space.  
 My brothers house and fame I did deface,  
 His friends, his seruants all, yong, old, and new,  
 And th'infants eke, without respect I slew :

The Wraflers and the Waggeners likewise,  
 Musicians, players, which did please his mind :  
 Of th' order of the Senators full wise,  
 In whom was noble blood or wealth to find.  
 Not one of *Getaes* friends I left behind :  
 Also my wife whom I exil'd away  
 To Sicile Ile, I caused them to slay.

*Lucilla* eke that ancient noble Dame,  
 To *Marcus* wife the daughter sage and graue,  
 Of *Commodus* that sister great of fame,  
 Which honor much in Rome deseru'd to haue,  
 I say, she did my deeds therein deprauē,  
 Because to *Getaes* mother she wept sore,  
 For *Getaes* death : I causde her die therefore.

Her sonne likewise, I caused should be slaine,  
 And of th' Imperiall blood (to make all sure)  
 I left not one aliue, that might remaine,  
 Or vnto whom they might my place procure.  
 By night likewise I put like acts in vre :  
 For day and night I ceased not to slay,  
 Of *Getaes* friends to roote the rest away.

I Vestall virgins buried eke aliue,  
 And made the souldiers multitudes to kill,  
 Because I deem'd they were in words too bliue.  
 Against my coach wherein I trauell'd still,  
 The souldiers slew the men that thought no ill,  
 Or made them buy their liues with all they had,  
 Which were, to scape with life alone, full glad.

*Aurel. Ant. Bass. Caracalla.* 181

This done, for feare from Rome with speede I gates  
The towne like life at home misliked me :  
For why the City did my murders hate,  
Where souldiers held their slaughters franke and free,  
And were enricht by spoile of each degree.  
I gate therefore with all my Martiall crew  
From Itayle land, Danubian shores to view.

Where, vnto hunting I applide my selfe,  
To ride abroad in couch, and giue them lawes :  
In few dispaht their pleas about but pelfe,  
Not giuen to heare long pleading plaints for strawes.  
I counted such but cau'lling caitiue dawes  
As spent their substance, time, and goods in suite,  
About such things as could not yeeld them fruit.

I clad my selfe much like the Germans then,  
So trimde my haire, chose them my guard to serue :  
So framde my selfe to please these ruder men,  
As might them cause of me full well deserue,  
From labour none with them I seem'd to swerue,  
To digge, lift, beare, to grinde, mould, knead or bake  
In painfull fort, and simple fare to take.

The Germans much reioyc'd my kind of life,  
My sufferance great in during labours long :  
The name of mate with vs was holden rife,  
I seem'd a fellow souldier them among :  
Of stature small, yet was I wondrous strong,  
So that few men which in mine armies were,  
Could with like strength such weightie burthens beare.

When at Danubius I had placed strength,  
To Thracia thence with speed apace I went :  
There Monuments againe I made at length  
To *Alexanders* fame : to Rome I sent  
Likewise of statues for the same intent,  
In Capitole and Temples them to place,  
For honour great of *Alexanders* grace.



182 *Aurel. Ant. Bass. Caracalla.*

I made me garments eke of Thracian guise,  
 And Captaines me to *Alexander* call :  
 To Pergame thence in Asia great that lies  
 I gate, *Achilles* tombe with honours all  
 With eie to view, as stories witnesse shall :  
 Whence (order set) to Antioch I farde,  
 Where my receit with honour was preparede.

To Alexandria then I fared fast,  
 For they had scoft full oft before at mee:  
 My mother they had named *Queene Iocaste*,  
*Achilles* great and *Alexander* mee.  
 They smilde my folly great herein to see,  
 Which though I were a dwarfe of stature small,  
 Durst take the name of Captaines great and tall.

Ne *Getaes* murder spared oft to spread,  
 As is their nature giuen to taunt and iest :  
 Wherefore as though Religion had me lead,  
 I offred sacrifice with solemne feast  
 At *Alexanders* tombe, where most and least  
 Of all the youth were present to behold  
 The offerings great I brought, and gifts of gold.

This done, I wil'd the youth should all prepare  
 To shew themselues in field : for I would chuse  
 A band by *Alexanders* name to fare,  
 As erst in Thrace and Sparta I did vse .  
 They came reioicing all, to heare the newes :  
 Where I with souldiers come to take the view,  
 Them compast in, and all the people slew.

The valley all did swimme with streames of bloud,  
 So great that time a slaughter was there made :  
 It stainde the mightie mouthes of Nilus floud,  
 And on the shores you might bloud wetshod wade :  
 My piners eke were prest with showle and spade  
 T'interre the dead, a monstrous trench that fill,  
 And on them dead, they reard a mightie hill.

But



But then desiring glorie more to get  
By *Parthian* name, which erst my father had,  
I sent to *Artabane*, without of let,  
Ambassage great, with gifts his minde to glad :  
And for his daughter them perswade I bad,  
Desiring him to giue her me to wife,  
The cause of lasting loue, and end of strife.

By this both ioind in one, we might for ay  
Of all the world the Diademe possesse :  
And might to each in all attempts be stay,  
In fight our foes by firmer force suppressse.  
When they my message thus did there expresse,  
At first he feard deceit : againe I sent :  
Wherewith he was at last full well content.

By gifts I wrought, and plight my faith withall  
For truth to him, and for his daughters loue,  
And he began me sonne in lawe to call  
Which new report, did all the Parthians moue  
Vs to receiue, our friendships firme t' approue,  
Reioycing now such league at last to see,  
Whereby they might from Romane warres be free.

And so I entred Parthia as mine owne,  
The Parthians me receiued with triumphs great :  
When mine approach to *Artabane* was knowne,  
In plaine before the City of his seat  
He came to meete mee, with a number great  
Ware garlands gay, in golden vestures clad,  
With all the ioy, and triumphs might be had.

So when great multitudes assembled were,  
Their horses left behind and bowes laid downe,  
Amongst their cups deuoid of force the feare,  
By numbers great the chiefe of all the towne,  
Which came to see the bridemans high renowne,  
Disorderly vnarm'd as so they stand,  
I gaue my souldiers signe, to vse their hand.

184 *Aurel. Ant. Bass. Caracalla.*

And downe by sword they fell, they could not flie,  
The King scarce scap'd, conueid by horse away:  
Their solemne garments long, their flight did tie,  
A slaughter great of Parthians was that day,  
We sackte their Townes, and noble men did slay.

From thence I past *Azania* after this  
To hunt, and gaue my selfe to bathe in blisse.

Thus hauing runne my recklesse race ynkinde,  
And doubting both of treason and my thrall,  
I sought by curious arts of sprites to finde  
Who should procure in th'end my fatall fall:  
*Maternian* at Rome should search for all,  
He should enquire my fate, of all wise men,  
And write hereof, what was their mindes agen.

What he did write againe, I wote not I,  
From Carras I to Lunaes Temple went:  
And for because it neere the Campe did lie,  
To sacrifice with few was mine intent:  
For why to towne from thence returne I ment,  
And so from thence to Campe likewise againe  
I might retire, without a greater traine.

Amongst the which, one *Martiall* of my garde,  
Whose brother (not conuinct, accusde) I slew,  
Thus wise my caytiue corps did watch to warde,  
(For when therefore conuenient time hee knew,  
While I apart mee gate for natures due,  
And bad the rest aside a space depart)  
He came and stabde me stifly through the heart.

*Seuerus* seruants I corrupted oft,  
Them see'd to make their Lord my fire away:  
With *Getaes* men the like attempts I wrought,  
To bane their Lord, and brother mine to slay.  
How I the Alexandrians did betray,  
And Parthians eke, before to you I told,  
Deseruing death for those a thousand fold.

But

But sith those faithfull seruants I did kill,  
Which would not fley their noble Lords for gold,  
I worthy was to haue a gard so ill,  
As should to pierce my hatefull heart be bold.  
The Iustice great of *Iona* here behold:  
\* Vniustly who so seekes to slay the good,  
The sword at length shall iustly shed his bloud.

FINIS.

HOW CARASSVS A HVS-  
BANDMANS SONNE, AND AFTER  
King of Britaine, was slaine in battell by *Alectus*  
*a Roman, Anno Dom. 293.*

**S**ith men be borne by Nature naked all,  
With their estates why are not men content?  
Why doe they deeme the want of wealth a thral?  
Why should they loath the lot, which God hath sent?  
*Adam* himselfe I finde, at first was sent,  
As one who did disdain his poore estate,  
To disobey, with God to be a mate.

Thou maist be made a God, (quoth satan than,)  
If on the fruite forbidden thou wilt feede:  
The senselesse wight the feeble forcelesse man,  
Did taste thereof, supposing that with speed  
He should in hast haue beene a God indeed.  
He not content, hoping for higher place,  
Brought bitter bale to him and all his race.

And I the sonne of *Adam* by descent,  
Did seeke to set my selfe in princely seate,  
With mine estate I could not be content,  
For which I felt the force of hatreds heat.  
As at the first, my good successe was great,  
So at the last, by fancies fond desires,  
I groapt for grapes amidst the bramble briers:

Let



Let such as would by vertue them aduance,  
 Marke by what meanes I did my selfe addresse,  
 To flie at first my poore allotted chance  
 By honest meanes : let them from wickednesse  
 Which faine would flie, learne this by my distresse,  
 That he who doth from right and reason stray,  
 Destruction shall destroy him with decay.

For I by birth borne next to beggers dore,  
 Was stai'd aloft with staffe of high estate :  
 But whil'ft that I so high a pitch did sore,  
 I left the meanes which made me rise of late,  
 I vices lou'd, I did all vertues hate.  
 For which, *Carassus* ran a race in vaine,  
 And nothing got, but death and deepe disdaine.

When ciuill strife had Britaine quite vndone,  
 So that her strength was now of none auaille,  
 The faithlesse Picts with ruth did ouerrunne  
 That royall Realme : and did so far preuaile,  
 That sorrow did on euery side assaile  
 My natiue soile : and being thus dismai'd,  
 To Rome we sent for succour, helpe, and aid.

*Seuerus* then by *Bassianus* sent,  
 To bring this Realme vnto some quiet stay,  
 The Romans and the Britaines both were bent,  
 To bring the barbarous Picts to their decay,  
 Them to returne againe to Scythia.  
 And at the last, by good *Seuerus* aid,  
 We them destroi'd, when we were most afraid.

Whose force though twice the Romans felt too strong,  
 Yet at the last we got a goodly day,  
 Euen by my meanes, who thrust into the throng  
 Of th'armed Picts, I desperate there did play  
 The part of him, whom feare did neuer fray.  
 And at the last to end this mortall strife,  
 I did depriue King *Lodricke* of his life.

And



And when the Picts did see their king depriv'd  
Of vitall life, Lord, how they fled the field!  
They made me muse, to see how fast they striu'd,  
With staillesse steppes, ech one his life to shield:  
Who could not flie, he there with care was kilde.  
So by my meanes, my countrey did obtaine  
Her ancient state, and liberty againe.

At my returne I to *Seuerus* said,  
See here how I with woundes am all bestead?  
I cannot liue, I feele how life doth fade,  
*Lodricke* himselfe did carue and cut my head,  
For which my blade his lukewarme blood hath shed:  
He cut my cap, and I haue got his crowne,  
He lost his life, and I haue found renowne.

*Seuerus* then vnto his Surgion said,  
Heale him, and bring him safe and sound againe,  
Thou for thy paines with poundes shalt wel be paid,  
And he shall haue such honour for his paine,  
As vnto him for euer shal remaine:  
For by the Gods which rule the skies aboue,  
His noble acts deserue eternall loue.

When by the skill of Surgions curious art,  
My hurts were heal'd, and holesome health ensue,  
*Seuerus* then reioicing at the hart,  
Made me a Lord, with wealth hee me indude,  
Yea, he although my learning were but rude,  
Sent me to Rome, as Legate of this land,  
To make report how here our state did stand.

My deedes at Rome, inricht me with renowne,  
My talke abroad with proper filed phrase,  
Adornd my head euen with a *Laurell* crowne.  
The Emperour did much commend my waies,  
So that I was bedeckt with double praise.  
I could not reade, my learning was but weake,  
Yet they of Rome did muse to heare me speake.

As learned Art doth giue a goodly grace  
To some : so some by natures gifts doe get  
Eternall fame, and purchase them a place  
Aboue the place where learned men do sit.  
We finde the fine dexteritie of wit

In them which be both wise and ful of skill :

Yet neuer striu'd to clime *Pernassus* hill.

So I with praise a time at Rome did stay,  
And tract of time returnd mee backe againe,  
The Emperour, he gaue my right away  
Within a while, which made me storme amaine :  
I had great cause me thought for to complaine,  
*Seuerus*, he was made the king of all :  
The gifts hee gaue to me were very small.

I was but made the Captaine of the coast,  
From Forraine force to keepe my realme in rest,  
*Seuerus*, he was crowned king in post,  
Which did so boile within my warrelike brest,  
That I with grieve most strangely was distrest.  
Shall hee (said I) thus reape the high renowne  
Which I deserue? Shall he enioy the Crowne?

I wonne the wreath, and he wil weare the same :  
I got the goale, and he will get the gaine.  
For me in faith it were a deadly shame,  
If I in this his regall royall raigne,  
Without repulse should suffer him remaine.  
Which if I do, then let the dreadfull dart  
Of *Vulcans* wrath, torment in twaine my hart.

For why, I see what seruile seruitude  
Shall then insue, if he may raigne in rest :  
Shall *Brittane* braue by *Romanes* be subdude?  
It shal no doubt, by *Romanes* bee distrest,  
Except my might against his might be preft.

My might as yet cannot his strength constraîne,  
Yet may my might compell him to complaine,

The draining drops do make the Marble yeeld  
 In time : the seas the cragged rockes do rend :  
 And Courtly Kings by tearing time be kil'd.  
 For time doth make the mightie Okes to bend,  
 And time doth make the little twigs ascend :  
 So I in time, such power may prepare,  
 As shall constrain *Seuerus* death, with care.

But whil'st I did endeavour to destroy  
*Seuerus* strength, the Picts were prickt with pride,  
 For their reuenge vs Britaines to annoy.  
 Which when I heard, in post I did prouide  
 A power great, then I in haste did ride,  
 And kept the coast so strong with men of warre,  
 That no man could arriue, to make or marre.

The Picts preuented of their wished pray,  
 In waltering waues did bouse their bitter baine,  
 They dig'd a ditch, and caught their owne decay,  
 On rocks their Barkes, in seas themselves were slaine.  
 The Westerne winds with woe did them constrain,  
 By Britaine bankes to make so long delay,  
 I, and the Seas, brought them to their decay.

By meanes whereof my credit did encrease :  
*Seuerus* did esteeme me as his stay,  
 I from my first deuices could not cease,  
 For aye I hop'd to haue a happie day,  
 To bring the Roman rule to their decay,  
 With fauning face good fortune smiled so,  
 I had my wish, what might I hope for mo?

For into Spaine the Roman souldiers sent,  
 I had at home the might him to depriue,  
 Then wisely I all perils to preuent,  
 Prouided so that no man could arriue,  
 No Pict, nor Scot, nor Roman then could striue  
 With me at home, then I the Lords with speed  
 Of Britaine call'd, and thus I did proceed :

The



The Roman rule vs subiect slaues hath made,  
 You see my Lords, a Roman heere doth raigne,  
 Whom to destroy my power shall inuade,  
 I do indeed this seruile life disdaine:  
 And you your selues do much thereof complaine.  
 If you with helpe will me assist, I sweare,  
 The Roman rule shall haue no power heere.

Then they most glad with one consent repli'd,  
 We will assist thee with what might we may,  
 And we our selues most willing will prouide,  
 No Britaine borne against thee shall display  
 His shield, but all at the appointed day,  
 As prest to please thy heft, shall thee assist:  
 Win thou the crowne, and weare it at thy list.

Which when I heard them say with one consent,  
 Blame not though pride did then possesse my heart  
 For Princely crowne: the dreadfull diery dent  
 Of wrackfull warre, who would not feele the smart  
 Of griping grieve? who would not feele the dart  
 Of dreadfull death? or who regardeth paine?  
 If he a crowne and kingdome may obtaine?

For his gray grottes the cuntry clowne doth care,  
 Restlesse with ruth, the Rusticke gets his gaine:  
 The Merchant man for wealth doth send his ware  
 About the world, with perill and great paine.  
 And all the world for wealth doth not disdaine,  
 Amidst the surge of mightie mounting seas,  
 To cast themselues their owne delights to please.

If to obtaine such trifles they do toile,  
 And neuer cease to bring their drifts about:  
 Why should I feare the force of forren foile?  
 Why should I not assay with courage stout,  
 To wreake my wrath vpon the Romish rout  
 Which heere remaine? whom to the bale to bring,  
 Were me to crowne my natie countries King,



One thing there is which greatly doth me grieue,  
*Seuerus*, he who did inhance my state,  
 He did in my distresse with life relieue  
 My dying daies, he neuer did me hate:  
 Yet now with him I must be at debate.

Euen him with might I greatly must disgrace,  
 Ere I can set my selfe in Princely place.

Vntimely death shall not destroy his daies:  
 For if he will returne to Rome againe,  
 Or if he will resigne his crowne with praise,  
 Or if he will amongst vs still remaine.  
 If he can like of these, we will refraine  
 From sheading blood: which if he doth disdaine,  
 I then against my will, must worke his paine.

So forth I past with all my power prest,  
*Seuerus* did at Durham then delay,  
 Whereas I ment his state to haue distrest:  
 But some I thinke my secrets did bewray,  
 For he to Yorke in haste did take his way.  
 Which when I had besieg'd on euery side,  
 With care and griefe of mind, *Seuerus* dide.

See heere the force of cruell fretting care?  
 See heere how sorow doth dismay the mind?  
 For when he heard *Carassus* did prepare  
 To reauce his crowne, he iudging me vnkind,  
 With sobbing fighes of sorrow, he resign'd  
 Before his time his mind from manly brest:  
 Behold with care how sorow reauces mans rest.

Thus he intomb'd in his vntimely chest,  
 It was decreed *Carassus* should be King,  
 The three estates of all my Realme were prest,  
 With one consent they all to me did bring  
 The kingly crowne, then thus they all did sing,  
 The due deserts of this renowned wight,  
 Deserues to be the Britaine King by right.

Marke by what steps I did the top obtaine,  
 With keeping sheepe my youthful yeares were spent:  
 Then with the whip I pli'd the plow amaine,  
 In *Mars* his fields to fight my mind was bent,  
 As Legate then to Rome my selfe was sent,  
     I dubbed was a Lord of high renowne,  
 And now at last I haue obtain'd the Crowne.

The end of th'act (the Plaudite) doth proue,  
 And all is well, whose ending is not ill:  
 Who sits aloft had neuer need to moue,  
 For feare lest he should fall against his will.  
 Though creeping he did gaine the top with skill,  
     Yet at the last, by turning of his toe,  
 A sudden fall may worke his wretched woe.

Which fall I felt, and how? I heere will show:  
 When I as King did all the Realme command,  
 I fearefull did suspect mine ouerthrow:  
 The place (me thought) did shake where I did stand.  
 Then for my guard I did prouide a band  
     Of warlike wights, to guard my noble grace,  
 I lastly did my noble men displace.

From forth the fields I for my father sent,  
 Him of a clowne a noble man I made:  
 My Brethren all euen for the same intent,  
 Like Courtiers there in Court with me they stai'd,  
 And all my stocke were glad and well apai'd:  
     For they of late which rul'd the painfull plow,  
 Of Britaine land they be the Rulers now.

From cart to Court, a countrie man to call,  
 With braue attire to decke a dunghill Dicke,  
 Is like a painted Image in a wall,  
 Which doth deceiue, and seemeth to be quicke,  
 Though workmanship most trimly doth it tricke,  
     Yet of a stone, a stone will still remaine:  
 A clowne cannot from clownish deeds refraine

As hard it is of quarried Marble stone,  
For man to make a liuely mouing wight,  
As of a Lout, or else of such a one  
Who daily doth imploy his whole delight  
To dig and delue, it passeth mortall might,  
To make him serue the Court a Kings behest :  
Turne him to plow, the cart for him is best.

For though thou canst by cunning art compell  
Nature a time to leaue her wonted place,  
She will returne, in spight of heauen or hell :  
No Alcumist Dame Nature can displace,  
Except that God doth giue abundant grace.  
The Caske will haue a taste for euermore,  
With that wherewith it seasoned was before.

Why did I then my courtlesse court maintaine  
With *Hob* and *Iohn*, *Ralph Royster*, and his mate ?  
Whose greedie iawes aye gaping after gaine,  
Did pole, and pill, and bred such sterne debate :  
Men much vnmeet to maintaine mine estate.  
Why did I them so neere mine elbow place ?  
Because my selfe by birth was borne but bace.

Like will to like, the Mule doth claw her mate,  
With horned beasts the Ienit cannot iest,  
Those bauling Hounds, the haughtie Hart doth hate,  
With Beares the Beare in safetie counts her best.  
So I amongst my like did looke for rest,  
Their deeds by me were alwaies well allow'd,  
By them likewise my doings were auow'd.

But as you see the Husbandman with care  
From new sowne fields the rauening rookes to driue,  
So did the Gentie of my Realme prepare,  
My countrie Court and me for to depriue.  
But Gentlemen were then too weake to striue  
With me, and mine, for which they did prepare  
A new found snach, which did my feet insnare.

In surgesse seas of quiet rest when I  
 Seuen yeares had sail'd, a perrie did arise,  
 The blasts whereof abrig'd my libertie :  
 For whil'st I did with busie braine deuise  
 Them to destroy, which did my Court despise,  
     The boistrous blasts of hatred blew a gale,  
     My cables crakt, my Barke was bong'd with bale.

For they (I meane the Gentry of my land)  
 Both me, and mine, theirs, and themselues had sold  
 Subiects to Rome, from whence a mightie band  
 They had conuey'd, to make my courage cold :  
 Into my Realme they could not be controld,  
     But when they were arriu'd, they quickly brought  
     Both me and mine, and all the rest to nought.

*Alectus* then the Chieftaine of the rest,  
 Spoiling my friends, he forst me to the field,  
 The day was come, we both in fight were prest.  
 His trustlesse traine, did seeme to me to yeeld,  
 But all the fields with great ambushments fill'd,  
     I could not flee, *Alectus* had the day,  
     With his owne sword for breath he made me bray.

As due desert did force my ship to flote,  
 So vices vile me drencht in waues of woes.  
 O false suspect, why did'st thou make me dote ?  
 Fearing my fall, my friends I deem'd my foes :  
 Fearing the worst, the best I did depose,  
     And was deposde : let other learne hereby,  
     The crooked Crab will alwaies walke awry.

And let them know which do not lothe to learne,  
 That Kings in Court, be combred most with care.  
 The Pilots charge, who sitteth at the stearne,  
 Doth make him watch, when other do prepare  
 Themselues to sleepe : so Kings distressed are  
     With doubtfull dread, and many other things.  
     The shepheards life is better then the Kings.

*By Thomas Bleuer Hasset.*



# HOW QUEENE

HELENA OF BRITAINE MAR-

ried CONSTANTIVS the Emperour, and  
*much aduanced the Christian faith through  
 the whole world, An. Dom. 289.*



Ens due deserts each Reader may recite,  
 For men of men do make a goodly show,  
 But womens workes can neuer come to light,  
 No mortall man their famous facts may know,  
 No writer will a little time bestow,

The worthy workes of women to repeat,  
 Though their renowne and due deserts be great.

For I by birth to *Coel* daughter deere,  
 King *Lucy* was my good Grand-mothers sonne,  
 My father dead, I rull'd his kingdome heere,  
 And afterward, the World so wide I wonne.  
 I Empreffe was of all vnder the Sunne,  
 I liued long, I di'd with perfect blisse,  
 Yet writers will repeate no word of this.

But now at last I haue obtained leaue,  
 My spotlesse life to paint in perfect white:  
 Though writers would all honor from me reauce,  
 Of all renowne they would depriue me quite,  
 Yet true report my deeds shall burnish bright,  
 And rub the rust which did me much disgrace,  
 And set my name in her deserued place.

From Roman rule who Britaine did redeeme?  
 Who planted first Gods word in Britaine land?  
 Who did so much virginie esteeme?  
 Who did the force of forren foes withstand?  
 Who all the world subdu'd without a band  
 Of Martiall men? who did these noble acts?  
 I *Helena*, haue done these famous facts.

And now haue heere the storie of my state :  
 The Britaine Queene inheritage me crown'd,  
 Euen then when Romans had so great debate  
 Amongst themselues for *Caracallas* wound,  
 An Emperour, who highly was renown'd,  
     As then at Rome, whose death vndoubtedly,  
     Diminisht much the Roman Emperie.

The Romans then were stor'd with ciuill strife,  
 And many Realmes against them did rebell,  
 Their trouble turn'd me to a quiet life,  
 My Commonweale did prosper passing well,  
 When all the world agreed like diuels in hell,  
     Then I and mine becalm'd from hatreds blast  
     In happie hauen harboured were at last.

Then I a maid of tender youthfull yeares,  
 Report did say, of beautie fresh and faire,  
 Refusde the sute of many noble Peeres,  
 Which daily did vnto my court repaire.  
 What though there were vnto my crowne no heire?  
     Yet I who did regard my Commons good,  
     Refusde to linke my selfe with forren blood.

On forren coasts, on kingdomes to incroch,  
 With wrath of wrackfull warres I did despise,  
 And fearing aye the ruth of rude reproch,  
 With carking care I daily did deuise,  
 How I with peace might make my kingdome rise,  
     And how by law of God and man, I might  
     Giue *Cesar* his, and vnto God his right.

No God of heauen, no Christ my people knew :  
 Wherefore to Rome for learned men I sent,  
 King *Lucies* lawes decay'd I did renew,  
 Then preaching made my people so repent  
 Their former faults, that all incontinent  
     Were baptised, and so within a space,  
     The faith of Christ they firmly did embrace.

That nothing seemed currant in their sight,  
But that which holie writers would allow :  
And that they would imbrace with all their might.  
To shed their bloud, the same for to auow,  
They did not feare, at *Verolane* euen now,  
Amidst the force of fiery flashing flame :  
*Albon* the *Protomartyr* prou'd the same.

As careful merchant men do much reioice,  
When from those *Iles Molocchi*, they haue brought  
Their freighted ships, for then they haue great choice  
Of Merchandize, which trafficke long hath sought,  
To finde the ware, which trial true hath taught  
Wil get most gaine, which being got they giue  
And cast their care, how they thereby may liue :

So I, whom both Sir *Neptunes* surging Seas,  
And *Eoles* windes, euen God himselfe aboute  
Did fauour much, my labouring minde to please,  
Giuing those things were best for my behoue,  
Gods word I meane, which all my men did loue.  
The Pearles which Christ commanded to be bought,  
Must here be found, and no where els be sought.

Then they and I made haste, post hast, to leade  
Our sinful liues as Scripture did allow.  
We knowing God, him lou'd with feare and dreade,  
Deuotion made vs crouch, and creepe, and bow  
Our hearts, our heads ; we sauage were but now,  
Yet by and by such was the good successe,  
In fiery flames the truth we did professe.

Then flitting Fame the truth to testifie,  
Against my wil, at Rome made such report,  
That *Constantinus* thence did hither hie,  
And being come vnto my Britaine Court,  
With louers looks he stru'd to scale the Fort  
Of my good will : but when it would not bee,  
He sighing, thus addrest his talke to me :



O Queene quoth he, thy deeds deserue great fame,  
 The goodly gifts that God hath giu'n to thee  
 Be such, as I cannot thee greatly blame,  
 Though thou without desert disdainest me,  
 Who for thy sake doth lothe all crueltie.

But for thy loue, with *Mars* his cruell knife,  
 I could command thy Realme, and reauē thy life.

But (out alas) whil'st breath doth lend me life,  
 My heart shall hate to thrall thy happie state,  
 What though thou dost refuse to be my wife,  
 Thy hatred tho, shall neuer cause me hate:  
 But whil'st I liue, I will thee loue, let Fate  
 And Fortune sell powre on me all their spight,  
 To die for thee shall greatly me delight.

Then I repli'd, O Duke, without desert  
 Thou dost me loue, a little Ilands Queene,  
 I know thou to the Emperour heire art,  
 Thy valiant acts I diuers waies haue scene,  
 I like thy deeds, most noble which haue been,  
 And thee I loue: yet priuate pleasures lust  
 May neuer make me throw my Realme to dust.

If thou (quoth he) wilt daine my Queene to be,  
 Thy Britaines shall to Rome no tribute yeeld,  
 You if you please, to Rome may go with me,  
 Your mightie mate the world so wide may wield,  
 Or if you please, I heere with you will bilde  
 My biding place, and in this little land,  
 I will remaine yours, heere at your command.

His comely grace, his friendly promise plight,  
 His famous actes, his Noble royall race,  
 Some other things which heere I could recite,  
 The Romans heart within my brest did place.  
 And when my wit had weighed well the case,  
 Then for the chiefe of all my Realme I sent,  
 And thus I spake to know the whole intent.



My louing Lords, and you my subiects, see  
This Roman heire, whom I indeed do loue,  
He will restore your ancient libertie,  
If I will bend my hest to his behoue:  
Which benefits they chiefly do me moue,  
To loue at last, a man by whom you may,  
Receiue a Shield to keepe you from decay.

Perhaps you thinke I loue, because I see  
His comely shape, and seemely sanguine face,  
You be deceiu'd, no outward brauery,  
No personage, no gallant courtly grace.  
What though he be by birth of royall race?  
I recke it not, but this I do regard,  
My Commonweale by him may be preseru'd.

For if he will from tribute set you free,  
And end the worke which I haue well begonne,  
That Christs Gospell preached still may bee,  
God may by him send vnto me a sonne,  
To you a King: what wealth then haue you wonne?  
What great renowne? what honor will insue?  
Speake you your minds, these things me thinke, be true.

O Queene, quoth they, the Lord preferue thy grace:  
Do thou the thing that seemes to thee the best,  
We do allow the match in euery case:  
If by that meanes we may haue quiet rest,  
With what great good shal this our Realme be blest?  
Do thou therefore O noble Queene, we pray,  
The thing which best may keepe vs from decay.

The Roman Duke he nothing would deny,  
But granted more then I could aske or craue,  
So that there was proclaimed by and by,  
A famous feast, a banquet passing braue.  
There to the Duke the Britaine crowne I gaue,  
With sacred spousall rights, as man and wife  
We wedded, liu'd in loue, for terme of life.

And whil'ft we ment to rule this little Ile,  
 A greater good vnlooked for befell,  
 Death did destroy his Sire with hateful hand:  
 For which we both at Rome must now go dwell,  
 And so we did: things prospered passing well,  
 My Feere was made the Emperour, Lord and king  
 Of all: and I the Queene of euery thing.

His mightie Mace did rule the Monarchie,  
 My wit did rule (some writers say) his Mace,  
 And to increase with ioy our merrie glie,  
 I brought him forth a babe of Royall race,  
 The boy he had an amiable face.  
 O Rome thou maist reioyce, for this was he,  
 Which did at Rome erect Diuinitie.

Whil'ft thus in blisse I did at Rome remaine,  
 A *Britaine* still my mind her care did cast,  
 For which I caul'd my husband to ordaine,  
 That euermore those ancient Lawes should last,  
 Which heretofore amongst them there I past,  
 And that to Rome no *Britaine* borne, for aye,  
 Should taxe, or toll, or tenth, or tribute pay.

Though there at Rome an Empresse life I led,  
 And had at hand what I could wish or craue,  
 Yet still me thought I was not wel bestead,  
 Because I was so farre from *Britaine* braue.  
 Which when my louing Lord did once perceiue,  
 He set a stay in all the Emperie,  
 To *Britaine* then he did returne with me.

We raig'n'd of yeeres thrice seuen with good successe,  
 Then Dolor and Debilitie did driue  
 My louing Lord with fainting feebleness,  
 For vitall life with braying breath to striue:  
 He felt, how death of life would him deprive,  
 He cal'd his Lords, his child, and me his wife,  
 And thus he spake, euen as he left his life:

The haughtie Pines of loftie Libanus,  
From earth, to earth, in tract of time returne :  
So I whose spreading praise were maruellous,  
Must now returne my flesh to filthie slime,  
On Fortunes wheele I may no longer cliue.  
Therefore my Lords, although my glasse be runne,  
Yet take remorse on *Constantine* my sonne.

My Monarch, Court, my Kingdomes all,  
(O stately Rome) farewell to them, and thee,  
Farewell my Lords, which see my finall fall,  
Farewell my child, my wife, more deare to mee  
Then all the world, we must depart I see :  
And must we needs depart? O Fortune fie,  
We must depart, adue, farewell, I die.

Wherewith he sigh'd and senselesse did remaine,  
Then I his death as women do, did waile :  
But when I view'd, that weeping was but vaine,  
I was content to beare that bitter bale,  
As one who found no meanes for her auaille.  
His corps at Yorke in Princely Tombe I laid,  
When funerall sacred solemne rites were paid.

And when report his death about had blowne,  
*Maxentius* then the triple crowne to weare,  
Did challenge all the Empire as his owne,  
And for a time that mightie Mace did beare :  
Which when my sonne, my *Constantine* did heare,  
The youthfull Lad, indeuour'd by and by,  
To claime his right by *Mars* his crueltie.

I then his tender youthfull yeares to guide,  
Went with my sonne to see his good successe,  
He being Campt by fruitfull Tybers side,  
To spoile his foe he did himselfe addresse,  
He knew that God did giue all happinesse.  
Therefore to God, euen then the youth did pray,  
With mightie hand to keepe him from decay.

Behold



Behold how God doth godly men defend,  
 And marke how he doth beate Vsurpers downe.  
*Maxentius* now he all his force doth bend,  
 For to defend his Diadem and Crowne.  
 But froward Fate vpon the Prince did frowne:  
 For why his men were scattered euery where,  
 In Tyber he did drowne himselfe for feare.

To Rome then we and all our host did hie,  
 The Romans they with ioy did vs receiue,  
 To *Constantine* they gaue the Emperie,  
 But he of them most earnestly did craue,  
 That I the rule of all the world might haue:  
 It is (quoth he) my mothers right to raigne,  
 Till dreadfull death hath shred her twist in twaine.

I grant my sonne, the Monarchie is mine,  
 For at his death thy father gaue it me  
 For terme of life: but let it now be thine,  
 I aged must go pay the earth her fee,  
 I am content to liue with lesse degree.  
 O louing sonne, giue eare vnto my heft,  
 I will not rule, that charge for thee is best.

And when he might not rule his mothers mind,  
 Against his will he willing did assent,  
 That all should be as I had then assign'd,  
 To rule the world, he griued was content.  
 And whil'st that there my happie daies I spent,  
 Reioycing much to see my sonnes successe,  
 I di'd and had a heauenly happinesse.

Thrice happie I who ran this royall race,  
 And in the end my wished Goale did get:  
 For by my meanes all people did embrace  
 The faith of Christ, the orders I did set  
 They were obey'd with ioy, which made me iet.  
 Euen in this blisse a better blisse befell,  
 I di'd, and now my soule in heauen doth dwell.



So now you see the happie hap I had :  
 Learne then thereby to do as I haue done,  
 To praise Gods name let euery Prince be glad :  
 To persecute the truth let all men shunne,  
 By vertuous waies great honor may be wonne.  
 But he who doth to vices vile incline,  
 May be compar'd vnto a filthie swine.

Who doth not loue the plaine nor pleasant way,  
 He cannot feare to sleepe amidst the greene,  
 But in the mire he doth delight to lay :  
 So Princes such as vile and vicious beene,  
 Do tumble aye amidst a sinke of sinne,  
 Whose names on earth, whose soules in hel remaine  
 In infamie, the other pinch't with paine.

Let them that seeke for euerlasting fame,  
 Tread in the steps that I before haue trod,  
 And he who would auoid reprochfull shame,  
 And flee the smart of *Plutoes* ruthfull rod,  
 Let him not cease to learne the law of God,  
 Which only law mans stumbling steps doth guide :  
 Who walkes therein, his feete can neuer slide.

## HOW VORTIGER DESTROYED THE YONG KING

CONSTANTINE, and how hee obtained the  
 Crowne : and how after many miseries, he was  
*miserable burnt in his Castle, by the bre-*  
*thren of Constantine, Anno Dom. 446.*

**B**Y quiet peace of *Ianus* iollitie,  
 Their happie hauens some with forewinds haue,  
 By wrackfull warre of *Mars* his crueltie,  
 With much adoe some get the Goale they craue,  
 But subtrill sleights and fetches bolstred braue,  
 My haplesse hand did hit with leuell'd line,  
 The aimed marke, the more mishap was mine.

By

By gifts of grace some men haue happy hap,  
 By blessed birth to Kingdomes borne some be:  
 Succession sets some men in Fortunes lap,  
 By wisdom, wit, and prudent policie:  
 Some clime aloft by trustlesse treacherie:  
 And courage doth a multitude aduance,  
 Drifts finely filde they did my state inhance.

I *Vortiger* by birth was borne a Lord,  
 King *Constantine* his Cofin did me call,  
 I cride amaine, and clapt his crowne aboard,  
 And for a time til Fortune forst my fall,  
 With restlessse blisse I sate in stately stall:  
 But men of warre of much more might then I,  
 For my desert my carefull corps did fry.

As furions force of fiery flashing fame,  
 With Cinders brought my body to decay,  
 So smuldering smokes of euerlasting shame  
 Choakt my renowne, and wipte my flame away.  
 What may I more of my misfortune say?  
 I sigh to see, I silent cease to tell  
 What me destroid, and drownd my soule in hel.

Here to repeat the parts that I haue plaid,  
 Were to vnrippe a trusse of trumpery,  
 For me to shew how I aloft was staid,  
 Were to erect a schoole of Trechery:  
 Silence is best, let no man learne by me  
 Nor by my meanes, how they by wicked waies,  
 From low estate, aloft themselues may raise.

As good men can by wicked workes beware,  
 So wicked men by wicked workes be wise,  
 If ill men read my deedes which wicked were,  
 They by my meanes will compasse their surmise:  
 For wicked workers daily doe deuise,  
 To make examples vile and vitious,  
 To stand in stead, to serue their lawlesse lust.

The Serpent thence his venim vile doth draw,  
From whence the Bee her hony sweet doth get,  
Leaud liuers learne to breake the written law,  
By that, whereby good men do learne much wit.  
For wicked men each fetch is thought most fit,  
To serue their turne : therefore I count it best,  
To leaue my faults and follies vnconfest.

Giue leaue therefore good Memory, I may  
Not heere repeate my tedious Tragedie,  
Inquirie, let me now depart away.  
My Commonweale subuerted was by me,  
I leaudly liu'd, and di'd in miserie,  
And for my faults I felt disdainfull smart,  
Let this suffice, and let me now depart.

With that he seem'd as one that would away,  
But Memory (stay stay thy steps, quoth she)  
Let wicked men procure their owne decay,  
We recke it not, if warned once they be.  
Let that suffice, and let thy miserie  
Make iust report, how vaine, and vile a thing  
It is, to liue as a vsurping King.

Sith needs I must repented faults forerunne  
Repeat, and tell the fall and foile I felt,  
Patience perforce, to speake shame bids me shunne,  
To thinke thereof doth make my heart to melt.  
But sith I needs must shew how heere I delt,  
I am content to tell the truth of all,  
Let wise men learne to stand, which reade my fall.

For first I caude the yong King *Constantine*,  
Offaithlesse Scots and Picts to make his guard,  
They by my meanes did kill their King in fine,  
For which, with speed I sent them all to ward,  
And hang'd them all, their cause was neuer heard:  
So I who first did cause them kill their King,  
To stop their mouthes, them all to death did bring.

Where



Where Rancor rules, where hatreds heate is hot,  
 The hurtlesse men with trouble be turmoil'd:  
 Where malice may send forth her Cannon shot,  
 There might is right, there reasons rules are foil'd.  
 For ruthfull Rancor euermore hath boyl'd  
     With griping griefe: her smuldring smokes of spite  
     Would gladly choke all iustice, law, and right.

So might, not right, did thrust me to the Throne,  
 I sixteene yeares did weare the royall Crowne,  
 In all which time with griefe I laye did grone,  
 As one who felt the fall from high renowne.  
 My Noble men deuise to thrust me downe  
     In all this time, and many did protest,  
     I laid the King in his vntimely chest.

At last, my foes my friends were made, and I  
 Had quiet peace, and liu'd a happie King:  
 Yea, God who rules the haughtie heauen a high,  
 Inricht my Realme with foyson of each thing,  
 Abundant store did make my people sing.  
     As they of yore were prest with penurie,  
     So now they hate their great fertilitie.

My people had of corne and oyle such store,  
 That countrie men of tillage left the toile,  
 The rich man fed no better then the poore,  
 For all did reape the fatnesse of the soile,  
 No man for meate nor money then did toile,  
     But all reioyce with ioyfull Iubilie,  
     And all were foust with sinfull gluttonie.

As clouds dissolu'd faire *Phœbus* doth deface,  
 So plague my plentie dim'd with darke disease:  
 For whilst my Realme in riot ran her race,  
 They plai'd, not prayed, and did their God displease.  
 For which they drown'd in sorowes surging seas,  
     Like rotten sheepe by thousands di'd so thicke,  
     The dead could not be buried by the quick.

When



When thus the plague my people did oppresse,  
That few were left aliue within my land,  
The barbarons Picts, with speede themselues addrest,  
Knowing their time, they raise a mightie band,  
They knew right soone, how here my state did stand,  
And to reuenge the wrong that earst I wrought,  
They ment to bring both me and mine to nought.

See how abuse breeds blake and bitter bale,  
Misuse doth make of plenty, lothsome lacke,  
Amidst his blisse with wo it makes man wale,  
Onely abuse doth worke mans wretched wracke :  
Amidst my ioyes, from ioy it beat me backe.  
For I and mine misusde our present blesse,  
Which brought both me and mine to wretchednesse.

We first misusde our present pleasant plentie,  
For which we whipt in thrall with scourges three,  
Had Pestilence, which made my kingdome emptie,  
It did destroy my men of ech degree,  
Then fainting Famine plaide her Tragedy,  
*Bellona* then that beastly bloody Queene,  
Did blow her Trumpe to dash my courage cleane.

When sickenesse had consumde my subiects quite,  
The *Picts* with pride did haste to spoile my land,  
I had no men, nor meanes with them to fight,  
For which I sent and did obtaine a band  
Of *Saxons*, such as did the *Picts* withstand.  
Whose helpe that I when need requir'd might haue,  
I gaue them Kent, a countrey passing braue.

These *Saxons* were a crew of warrelike wights,  
They liu'd by spoile, and had no biding place,  
They were of truth a troupe of Martial knights,  
Which seru'd for pay where *Mars* extold his Mace.  
*Saxons* indeed they were of royal race,  
They *Angli* hight, a stocke of worthy fame,  
Of them this realme of England tooke her name.

These

These *Angli* brought the *Britaines* to the bay,  
 We *Welchmen* call'd, to Wales they did vs drie,  
 They brought fixe sorts of Saxons to decay,  
 And got the Goale for which they long did striue.  
 Of other stockes they left not one aliue,  
 They all this Realme did plant with *Angli* then,  
 And term'd themselues of *Angli*, Englishmen.

But how they brought this enterprife about,  
 Marke well the sequell which I shall recite:  
*Hengestus* he the Chiefetaine of the rout,  
 A futtle Sir, an vndermining wight,  
 To feed my vaines he tooke a great delight.  
 His craftie head did deeme it the best way,  
 With pleasant baits to make my crowne his pray.

He me his King inuited to a feast,  
 A feast in faith, which forst my finall fall:  
 Where *Cupids* curse constrain'd me like a beast,  
 From Pallas Prince to giue the golden Ball.  
 For *Venus* vants to *Helene* threw my thrall,  
 Whose heauenly hue, whose beauty fresh and faire  
 Was burnisht bright like *Phæbus* in the aire.

I being set at *Bacchus* banquetting,  
 His daughter deckt with Natures Tapistrie,  
 And trimly trickt with euery other thing,  
 Which might delight a louers fantasie:  
 Why should mans mind to loue thus subiect be?  
 I had a wife, a passing princely peece,  
 Which far did passe that gallant Girle of Greece.

Yet from my wife (the worthiest Queene aliue,)  
 My fancies fell, I loth'd her louely bed:  
 How I *Hengestus* daughter might atchieue  
 Was all my care, I did this Damsell wed,  
 My wife diuorst, I had her in the sted.  
 Her louely lookes, her pretie pleasant cheare,  
 Made me esteeme her only loue most deare.

I wore the crowne, her wil did rule the rest,  
And her demaund I neuer did deny:  
What she allow'd I did esteeme that best.  
Which when her Father *Hengeſt* did eſpie,  
He had the pray for which he long did prie.

He made his hay whilſt weather faier was,  
And by her meanes he brought it thus to paſſe:

That Britaines we with toile ſhould till the ground,  
They Saxons would defend our wealth with warre:  
Which granted once, they did inhabit round  
About my realme, and might both make and marre.  
New Saxons in my realme arriued were,

By meanes whereof my Britaines did ſuſpect  
The Saxons ſleights, and did their deedes detect.

Then they good men to me their king complaind,  
Theſe men, quoth they, from vs our realme wil win,  
Except they from our frontiers be refraind.

Which when they told, my wife ſhe was within,  
O huſband deare, they be (ſaide ſhe) my kin,  
Ceafe of thy force thy faithfull dreads to feare,  
They meane no hurt, by *Ioue* the iuſt I ſweare.

So I eſteemed not my ſubiects health,  
That I might ſtill my Ladies loue enioy,  
They view'd me careleſſe of my common wealth,  
To ſaue themſelues they meant me to annoy,  
Mine eldeſt ſonne a proper pretty boy,  
They made their king, and me for my deſart,  
They did depriue: with paine which pincht my hart.

Then *Vortiger* my ſonne and king purſude  
The Saxons fore, and did amaze them much,  
For which my wife his mother lawe indude  
With diuellish ſpite, againſt the youth did grutch,  
She him deſtroi'd, her good ſucceſſe was ſuch:

When he ſeuen yeares had raign'd with great renowne,  
With poyſon ſhe depriu'd him of his crowne.



I to obtaine the seate from whence I fell,  
 With sacred oath I solemnely did sweare,  
 To end the worke, which was begun so well,  
 And to subdue the Saxons euery where.  
 The Britaines to my Kingly crowne did reare  
     Me quickly then, I at the first, by night  
     Defaste my foes in euery fray and fight.

Then lothsome Luck did turne her whirling wheele,  
 With treason trust intrapt did me betray,  
 Hatefull Mishap she had me by the heele,  
 And clapt me close in dungeon of decay,  
 To *Hengest* now I must a ransom pay.  
     And if I lou'd my life and libertie,  
     I needs must grant all he doth aske of me.

For changed chance of *Mars* his warres, hath made  
 Me of a King a Captaines prisoner,  
 To whom there must now fower Shires be paide,  
 Northfolke, Southfolk, Southsex and Kent they were,  
 Me to release from out my caue of care.  
     Which being done, I led my life in doubt,  
     And fled for feare to Wales with all my rout.

Whereas I found a place that pleasde me much,  
 The situation seem'd so passing strong,  
 The world me thought might not annoy it much,  
 A castle there I built: it were too long  
 Heere to repeate, silence shall do no wrong  
     To *Marlain*, he who wonders there hath wrought,  
     If ancient writ to vs the truth hath taught.

When I had built my Princely bower there,  
 In bloodie fields I meant no more to striue:  
 But true report did dash my present cheere.  
 In Totnesse hauen two brethren did arriue,  
 Which quickly would from that my fort me drive.  
     The brethren both of *Constantine* the King,  
     *Peccani* they did meane to make me sing.



From worse to worse, seldome is better scene,  
Our present ioyes hereafter thralles do thret,  
And he who now doth flourish fresh and greene,  
Must fade and fall as *Hyems* frosts do fret  
Dame *Floraes* fields, or as the raine with wet  
In dropping daies the pleasant plains doth drowne,  
So ruthfull men bereaue vs of renowne.

Men may therefore like Marmajds euer mourne,  
The shining Sunne who do so much delight,  
That aye they waile like Furies quite forlorne.  
When *Sol* doth shine, when *Titans* beames be bright,  
They feare the stormes that may hereafter light,  
They weepe because they must the Sunne forgo,  
When stormes do fall, they waile their present wo.

So mortall man with malice all bested,  
When good successe doth sound a blessed blast,  
With brinish teares then may they eate their bread.  
For happie daies from man doth flee as fast  
As powders force from peece doth pellet cast,  
And troubles tedious time with pafelesse stay,  
Once wonne (alas) will neuer walke away.

How I in maze of trouble heere did toile,  
Iudge you which see me trauise in the same,  
And how I was inforst to finall foile,  
Not now, for now although it doth me shame,  
I will declare, how I was fri'd with flame.  
For *Ambrose* he and *Uter Pendragon*,  
My castle burnt, me and my men each one.

Then *Ambrose* with his brothers crowne was crown'd,  
Which I from him had reast against all right.  
So now you see vpon what slipperie ground  
They stand, which do extoll themselues by might,  
Their wandring feete do walke as in the night,  
Their stumbling steps their guiltie minds do feare,  
They daily see the blocke of bale appeare.

With scalding sighes they do themselues consume,  
 For feare to fall doth yeeld none other fruit,  
 They rage with wrath, they daily fret and fume,  
 Ruthfull reuenge them alwaies hath in sute,  
 And right in time makes might both mum and mute:  
 For that which might by secret meanes hath wrought,  
 By tract of time to open shew is brought.

Vsurpers then do reape their right reward,  
 The soile once selt, they feele how vile and vaine  
 It is, to be to high degrees prefer'd  
 By lawlesse meanes: they find what pinching paine,  
 Amidst the minds of such men do remaine,  
 They alwaies throng'd with cruell thretting thrall,  
 Do feed vpon none other food but gall.

A prooffe wherof a plat, a paterne plaine,  
 The ruthfull race I *Vortiger* haue run,  
 Desciphers so, that man may see how vaine  
 A thing it is his former Fate to shun:  
 Honor obtain'd (alas) what haue we won?  
 A hidious heape of cruell carking care,  
 Which to consume mans life doth neuer spare.

*Thomas Blener Hasset.*

## HOW VTER PENDRA- GON WAS INAMOVRED ON

the wife of *Gorolius* Duke of Cornewall, whom

*he slew, and after was poisoned by the Saxons,*

*Anno Dom. 500.*



W<sup>E</sup> leade our liues by fancies fond delight,  
 For kingdomes some do busie much their braine,  
 But *Cupids* curse that wretched little wight,  
 That blinded boy vnto my pinching paine,  
 Dub'd me a Knight of daintie *Venus* traine,  
 Where beames of Beautie brought me by and by,  
 To cast my care to please my Ladies eye.

O Beautie braue, thy gladſome glittering gleames,  
With ſmiling cheare and wildie winking eyes,  
Doth drowne with dole amidſt the ſurging ſtreames  
Of deepe deſpaire, the wights which be moſt wiſe.  
Aye me, my wit, my pen cannot deuife  
Of Beautie braue to make a true diſcourſe,  
To thinke thereof I feele my ſelfe the worſe.

I *Pendragon* of Britaine crowned King,  
The fretting force of Beauties hatefull hew,  
Thoſe frying flames I felt, that hatefull ſting,  
That wounds my fame, which now too late I rew,  
Whilſt with delight I did thy vantage view,  
I like the Hauke which ſoares in good eſtate,  
Did ſpie a Stale, I ſtoopt, and tooke a Mate.

For at what time the Saxons did aſſaile  
My Britaine ſtate, and tooke each man a ſhare,  
My kingdome they euen for their beſt auaile,  
Did then diuide : for which with carking care  
Them thence to driue, I did my powre prepare.  
And being come to Cornewall with my band,  
I ment to haue Duke *Gorolus* helping hand.

There in the Church I ſet to ſacrifice,  
Thoſe holy vowes, which victories require :  
Euen whilſt I did with all my heart deuife,  
How to ſubdue my foes with ſword and ſpeare,  
Euen then there did this peereleſſe Pearle appeare,  
Duke *Gorolus* wiſe, whoſe gallant gate and grace,  
Stealing mine heart, my honor did deface.

When *Vortiger* my brother did oppreſſe,  
In exile then my youthfull yeares were ſpent,  
At my returne his fault he did confeſſe,  
And from his crowne the crowne in haſte I ſent.  
Then my delight was in the dierie dent  
Of wrackfull warre, but now transform'd I ſtand,  
The ancient Oke muſt grow now like a wand.



I marvail'd much how *Syrens* songs might please,  
 But now I muse that *Circes* sorcerie,  
 Doth not from euery man bereaue his ease.  
*Calipsoes* cups with poisoned treacherie,  
 Cannot so much abridge mans libertie,  
 As *Syrens* songs, and *Circes* suttle art,  
 Whose chaunting charmes inwrapt with wo my heart.

*Vlysses* sayling by the perillous place,  
 Where these to please the passers by, did play,  
 Where Lady *Loue* doth vant with garish grace,  
 Her daintie Damsels gallant Girles, and gay,  
 Inticing trulles, they causde the Greeke to say,  
 With cables come and tie me to this Mast,  
 Lest I my selfe to pleasures Court me cast.

Muse not therefore though feature fine of face,  
 Though comely corps, and trim inticing cheere,  
 Made me obey Sir *Cupids* mightie Mace:  
 The force whereof *Vlysses* wife did feare.  
 He sail'd aloofe, he from these bankes did beare  
 His shaking ship, but other many moe  
 Did there arriue, and weau'd the web of woe.

There *Salomon* did reape the crop of care,  
 There *Dauid* lou'd as I, *Vrias* wife,  
 There *Samson* strong was snarled in the snare,  
 There *Paris* liu'd, euen there he lost his life,  
 There *Helens* hate, brought Troy her finall strife,  
*Alcides* he the mightie *Hercules*  
 There to arriue, did find it dangerous.

I learn'd with losse of my renowne at last,  
 That he who doth delight in lawlesse loue,  
 Must play the foole ere all the parts be past,  
 And taste the sauce prepar'd for his behoue.  
 Let men take heed how they their fancies moue,  
 Let man beware where he doth cast his eie,  
 The limed bird doth proue in vaine to flie.



O ancient Rome, thou did'st ordaine of yore,  
That women should no banquetting frequent,  
At Rome she was esteem'd a harlot whore,  
If from her house without her veile she went,  
Which lawes no doubt were made to good intent,  
For why the beames of beauties sanguin'd fight,  
Like *Basiliske* doth spoile the gazing wight.

Therefore the maids, and Roman matrons all,  
A shadowing veile before their face did weare,  
Their heauenly hue did throw no man to thrall,  
They were content with plaine and decent geare,  
They hufft it not with painted frilled heare.

The married wife, the matron, and the maid,  
They of their veiles were glad and well apaid.

If women thus had walked in my time,  
I had not stoopt vnto that painted lure,  
Which did intice me to commit the crime,  
Which to the pearch of leaudnesse ti'd me sure,  
For her disport my Ladie could procure  
The wretched wings of this my muting mind,  
Restlesse to seeke her emptie fist to find.

I thus arriu'd in Pleasures cursed court,  
I lothed *Mars*, I hated *Mercurie*,  
It was me thought a passing pleasant sport,  
Leauing the fields at *Bacchus* brauerie,  
Sometime to sit vpon my mistresse knee,  
Where that I might be at my pleasure plaste,  
I sent the Duke away to warres in haste.

You which haue plaid with pleasures banding balles,  
You know the life which lingring louers lead,  
You know how sweet it is to scale the walles  
Of her good will, who liu'd in feare and dread,  
You know right well how well those wights haue sped,  
Who haue at last by drifts of long delay,  
Their hoped meed, and wished pleasant pray.

Vnconquered beautie whence had'st thou that power  
 To make stout *Uter* stoope to his owne shame,  
 That neuer stoopt to foes? why for that flower  
 Of sweete delight in *Igren* that faire Dame  
 Did I forgoe the golden flower of fame?  
 Victorious beautie and base yeelding lust  
 Did cast great *Uters* conquests in the dust.

Yet no such blame as writers do record  
 Do I deserue for this vnhappie deed:  
 Proud *Gorolus* the bright-cheekt *Igrens* Lord  
 Receiu'd no wrong but his owne merits meed,  
 When in the field I made his heart to bleed,  
 If thoughts of treason merit death and shame,  
 His trecherous deeds did well deserue the same.

His gracelesse treason he in act did show  
 For when I sent him to *Nathaliad* hight  
 In bloodie field against the Saxon foe,  
 He swolne in heart with enuie and despight  
 Of his associates good did leaue the fight,  
 And leauing stout *Nathaliad* for a pray  
 Vnto the foes, from field he fled away.

By which enforc'd I was with *Mars* to rise  
 From *Venus* bed, and arme me for the field,  
 Where like a storme in thunder clad from skies  
 Vpon my foes I fell, they could not shield  
 Themselues from death, few scap't that did not yeeld.  
*Occa* and *Ossa* both I downe did bring,  
 And led them captiue like a conquering King.

Againe I then gan thinke vpon my loue  
 Vpon mine *Igren* deare, against whose Lord  
 I finding cause, for that he late did proue  
 Faithlesse to me, did with my lust accord  
 Gainst him, as 'gainst my foe to draw my sword,  
 Whom by his castle called *Dunilioc*,  
 I slew with blade in battailes bloodie stroke.

Then

Then did I take mine *Igren* as mine owne  
And crown'd her *Queene* in my *Emperiall* chaire,  
On whom great *Arthur* I begot anone.  
And after him my *Anna* hight the faire,  
In seeming blisse I long liu'd void of care,  
For thrice nine yeares with *Igren* I did raigne,  
And 'gainst the Saxons did my state maintaine.

But for the rape of *Gorolus* his wife  
The heauens did powre downe vengeance on my head,  
I by vntimely death did end my life,  
My sad soule hence enforc'd by poison fled,  
By Saxons wrought, who often wish'd me dead,  
And left behind for all my deeds of fame  
Iust cause for writers pens to speake my shame.

Learne they which liue in high or low degree,  
To flee the foile which I by folly felt :  
Let them refraine those loftie Dames to see,  
They know how loftie lookes with me haue delt,  
You see how fight did make my honor melt.  
Let all men know, mans heart did neuer rue  
The thing which he with fight did neuer view.

But how may men the sight of Beautie shun  
In England, at this present dismall day ?  
All void of veiles (like Layes) where Ladies run  
And come about at euery feast and play,  
They wandring walke in euery streete and way :  
With loftie luring lookes they bounfing braue,  
The highest place in all mens sight must haue.

With pride they pranke to please the wandring eye,  
With garish grace they smile, they iet, they iest :  
O English Dames, your lightnesse verily,  
The Curtizans of Rome do much detest,  
In closets close to liue they count it best.  
They giue not grace to euery wandring wight,  
Your smiling cheere doth euery man delight.

The



The Poets gods *Saturne*, and *Jupiter*,  
 To Beauties becke their highnesse did obey,  
*Pluto* of hell did plead at Beauties bar,  
 And *Phyllis* causde *Demophoon* to stay:  
*Pasiphaë* a Bull brought to the bay.  
 So gods and diuels, both men and beasts, they all  
 By womens wiles are slaues to Beauties thrall.

What gaine is got by light and wanton waies?  
 You reape reproch, a guerdon got thereby:  
 Men by your meanes do cause their owne decay,  
 And you your selues all soust in sinne must die.  
 Refraine therefore to please mans gazing eie,  
 Let men likewise the baited hookes refraine  
 Of luring lookes, their vantage vowes be vaine.

*Thomas Bleuer Hasser.*

---

## HOW CADWALLADER THE LAST KING OF THE Britaines was expelled by the Saxons, went to Rome, and there liued in a religi- ous house.

---

**Y**OU mourning Muses all, where euer you remaine,  
 Assist my sobbing soule this driery tale to tell:  
 You furious Furies fierce of *Lymbo Lake* below,  
 Helpe to vnlade my brest of all the bale it beares:  
 And you who felt the fall from honors high renowne:  
 From graues you grizlie ghosts send forth, to helpe me mourne.  
 O *Pallas*, giue thou place, that mourning *Clio* may  
 On Lute lamenting, sound and sing my dolefull dumps.  
 Let riming meetered lines and pleasant musike cease:  
 Let Satyres solemne sound send forth the fall I felt:  
 And when the truth of all my Tragedie is knowne,  
 Let them that liue then learne, all things must haue an end,  
 The Persian Monarch and the Medes it downe did fall,  
 That of *Assyria*, in tract of time did end:

Yea



Yea *Alexanders* force in fight subdu'd them both,  
 And brought the world so wide into one Monarchie.  
 What though the fretting force of Fate did him dismay?  
 He felt at last the foile, his vantage was in vaine,  
 He dead, the world it was diuided as before.  
 The Roman Emperie came tumbling downe at last.  
 And where is Troy, and Greece, and mightie Macedon?  
 They flourish'd for a time like this my little Ile :  
 The Soldion brought them downe, and did their states destroy :  
 Euen so the Saxons brought the Brittaines to the bay,  
 Euen these mine eyes did see, that hatefull hidious sight,  
 These feeble hands, when long they labour'd had in vaine,  
 Did yeeld their interest : then thus I did complaine :  
 Who can refraine the force of mightie mounting seas?  
 When billowes make a breach and beate the bankes adowne,  
 Doth not the saltish surge then beat the bankes adowne?  
 Then man may not withstand the rigor of their rage.  
 But wisdom would haue kept the waues within their bounds :  
 Counsell doth come too late, when hope of helpe is past.  
 Such was my filthie fate, my leaud and lothsome lucke :  
 I sought a salve to cure and helpe the helpelesse wound.  
 For long before my time, seuen Kings were settled heere,  
 The Saxons such as dwelt by East, *Sibertus* rul'd,  
 The Angles in the East, *Redwallus* rul'd as King,  
 Then *Ethelbert* was King of all the coast of Kent,  
 In Southsex *Ethelwulfus* wore the regall crowne :  
 Then *Quincillinus* was a Saxon King by West,  
 Of *Martia* in the mid'st King *Penda* was the Prince,  
 And *Edwin* in Northumberland did rule and raigne,  
 How did my Grandfire grand renowned *Arthur* he  
 These seuen destroy with deadly field of wrackfull warre?  
 But *Mordred* made the meane, that brought them in againe :  
*Vortiporus* with warre almost consum'd them all.  
 Then *Malgo* he with peace restor'd againe their state,  
*Cariticus* the sinne of ciuill strife did loue,  
 For which *Gurmundus* did the Brittaines much annoy.  
 Then *Cadwin* out of Wales King *Etheldred* did spoile,  
*Cadwalline* then did force King *Penda* to a foile,

And

And I *Cadwallader* at last did presse in place,  
 Then *Lothar* king of Kent in warre that wretch I flue.  
 And *Ethirvone* the king of Southsaxons I spoilde,  
 The other fiue did me inuade with cruel fight,  
 With whom in diuers warres, I diuersly did speed.  
 Somtime *Bellona* blew a blessed blast for me,  
 And changed chance somtime did force my men to flee.  
 Whilst thus I wag'd my warres in secret silent night,  
 The very voice of God, it thus to me did speake:  
 Thou striu'st against the streame, the tide doth beate thee  
 Strike thou thy sailes, take ancor hold, els must thou feele a  
 Which saying did indeed amaze me more by much,  
 Then all the force that man against my will might bend:  
 For who the will of God with weapons may resist?  
 And when as sinne hath sold a countrey to decay,  
 Then praier must preuaile, for weapons will not help.  
 And when the end is come, when all the glasse is runne,  
 Who can resist the force of Fate and destinies?  
 Who things forerun to fall from falling can refraine?  
 It passeth mortall might to bring such things about.  
 Let man content himselfe to do what best he may,  
 By trying too too much, no man his God may tempr,  
 But mortall man must thinke that God the best doth know,  
 Who can depresse to dust and raise when best him please.  
 And as I thus amidst my musings did remaine,  
 I did resigne my crowne, and deem'd al honours vaine.  
 And though it greu'd me much to feele the fall I felt,  
 Yet was I well content, I could not as I would:  
 For which I left my land, my people, and my place.  
 The Saxons they obtain'd the wage for which they war'd.  
 When I three yeares had raign'd, without one day of rest,  
 Euen then in mourning robes at Rome I did arriue,  
 And there contemning all the world, and worldly things,  
 I made my selfe a Monke, (cease Memory to muse)  
 A Monke I made my selfe, thou knowest it passing plaine:  
 Amongst the Friers there, I led my lingring life.  
 And til my dying day I daily did deuise,  
 How by my meanes it might to all the world be knowne.

That

That mortall flesh is fraile, and euery thing must fade :  
 And euen amongst those things which Nature doth create,  
 Nothing so vile as man amongst the rest is found,  
 Which made *Heracitus* with ceaselesse sighes to waile,  
 He to his dying day did nothing els but weepe,  
 Affirming all the world vnder the heauen, to be  
 A path of penitence, maze of misery.  
 What is the life of man but care and daily toile,  
 Bearing alwaies about a burthen of mishappes ?  
 All his delights repentance daily doth pursue:  
 Nothing but death doth bring him peace and quiet rest.  
 Yet that which brings him blisse, he most of all doth hate,  
 Which made *Democritus* with mirth to spend his daies;  
 He laughing aie, did mocke the madnesse of mankinde,  
 Whose loue is long to liue, and seareth much to die :  
 Death reaues vs from disease, Death ends the feare of death.  
 When *Midas* did demaund *Silenus*, what was best  
 Formortall man to wish, the Satyr thus did say,  
 Not to bee borne, if borne, not long our liues to lead,  
 For life I most doe lothe, and death I least doe dread.  
 And how did *Timon* leade with sanage beasts his life?  
 How did that *Hermite* poore, his lothsome life detest?  
 Affirming with the wise *Aurelius* Emperour,  
 That if a man should make a true discourse of all  
 The wretched woes he felt, from birth to dying day,  
 The feeble flesh would faint to feele so sharpe a fight,  
 The hart would quake to heare Dame Fortunes sharpe assaults.  
 And I *Cadwallader* a king, can make report,  
 That nothing may content the minde of mortall man :  
 The more my selfe did eate, the hungrier ay I was,  
 The more I dranke, the more thirst did me stil distresse.  
 The more I slept, the more I sluggish did remaine,  
 The more I rested me, the more I wearied was,  
 The more of wealth I had, the more I did desire,  
 The more I still did seeke, the lesse I aye did finde.  
 And to conclude, I found I neuer could obtaine  
 The thing, but in the end it causde me to complaine:  
 My present good successe, did threaten thrall to come;

And



And changing chance did still with sorow me consume,  
 For which my royall robes, my crowne I laid aside,  
 Meaning to proue by prooffe the paines of pouertie,  
 Which pouertie I felt all riches to exceede,  
 It beareth much more blisse, then high and courtly state,  
*Codrus* and *Irus* poore for wealth did farre surpasse  
*Midas* and *Cræsus* king, for wealth who did surpasse.  
 And I amongst my mates the Romish Friers, felt  
 More ioy and lesse annoy, then erst in Britaine braue.  
 For there I doubted still, the *Saxons* subtile sleights,  
 I feared there the fall from royall regall seat :  
 But here at Rome I liu'd not fearing force of foe,  
 I had for mine estate, what I could wish or craue,  
 And this I there did finde : they of the Clergie be,  
 Of all the men that liue the least in misery.  
 For all men liue in care, they carelesse do remaine.  
 Like buzzing Drones they eate the hony of the Bee,  
 They only do excell for fine felicitie :  
 The king must wage his warres, he hath no quiet day,  
 The noble man must rule with care the common-weale,  
 The Countreyman must toile to till the barren soile,  
 With care the Merchant man the surging seas must saile,  
 With trickling droppes of sweat the handcrafts man doth thriue,  
 With hand as hard as boord the woorkeman eates his bread,  
 The souldier in the field with paine doth get his pay,  
 The seruing man must serue and crouch with cap and knee,  
 The Lawyer he must pleade and trudge from bench to barre,  
 Who Physicke doth professe, he is not void of care :  
 But Churchmen they be blest, they turne a leafe or two,  
 They sometime sing a Psalme, and for the people pray,  
 For which they honour haue, and sit in highest place,  
 What can they wish or seeke, that is not hard at hand?  
 They labour not at all, they know no kind of paine,  
 No danger doth with dread their happy liues distresse,  
 Cease you therefore to muse what madnesse made me leaue  
 The Court and courtly pompe of wearing royal crowne,  
 No madnesse did that deed, but wisdom wisht it so,  
 I gaine thereby the blisse which few before me felt.



In nine yeares led my life, and neuer felt annoy.  
 And certainly if now I might bee king againe,  
 Refusing all that pompe, I would become a priest,  
 A Deacon, or a Deane, Prebend, or Minister.  
 For these men leade their liues with liuings two or three :  
 Some haue their substitutes in Vniuersities,  
 Some leade the brauest liues that any man may haue,  
 They feede vpon the fleece, they force not of the flocke :  
 Three houres in the yeere, with beastly bosomde stuffe  
 They spend, and that is all that law of them requires.  
 Muse not though many thrust and shoulder for degrees,  
 For happy man is he, who hath a Preachers fees.  
 But let me now returne vnto my Romish rout,  
 Who fed like Bacon fat, did nought but play and pray.  
 With whom for nine yeares space, when I my life had led,  
 I song my *Requiem*, and paid the earth her fee.  
 Then in Saint *Peters* Church at Rome they did me lay,  
 Booted and spurd, euen as you see me here this day.  
 So now you haue the whole of all my Tragedie.  
 Of *Brutus* blood the last I liu'd that rul'd as king:  
 My Britaines driuen to Wales they Welchmen then were cal'd,  
 And I at Rome their king, a mumbling Monke instal'd.  
 The *Saxons* had the day, for which they longed long.  
 They England cal'd the Ile, of *Brute* which tooke her name.  
 Some men be borne to blisse, and some to hatefull hap :  
 Who would haue thought, that I in warre a raging king,  
 Should by the force of Fate, at Rome haue dide a Monke?  
 Let all the world then know, that nothing is so sure,  
 That can afford and say, I thus wil aye endure.  
 For that which seemeth best, is soonest brought to naught,  
 Which plainly doth appeare by that which I haue taught.  
 The worthiest in the world, princes, philosophers,  
 Will teach that I haue taught, and proue it passing plaine.  
*Paulus Aemilius* did die but wretchedly:  
 And was not *Scipio* euen to his dying day  
 Constrained, to helpe his need, the painfull plow to ply?  
*Cesar* and *Silla* both, did not they taste the whippe?  
 And made not *Hannibal* a miserable end?

And

And how was *Socrates* before his time destroy'd,  
 And *Anaxagoras* imprisoned long with paine?  
 For cruell beastly coyne diuine *Plato* was sold,  
 And *Aristotle* sent to exile, where he di'd:  
 And so was *Solon* sage, and that *Lycurgus* wise,  
 And many more, which heere I could at large repeat.  
 But let these few suffice to teach for certaine truth,  
 That all the men that liue, are subiects all to ruth.  
 And seeing so it is, then let them learne the meane,  
 That if the barke do breake, they safe may swimme to land.

*Thomas Blener Hasset.*

## HOW SIGEBERT FOR HIS WICKED LIFE

was thrust from his Throne, and miserable

*slaine by a Heardsman, Anno*

*Dom. 755.*



Two parts in one a Heardsman heere must play,  
 My tale must tend each Princes life to mend,  
 And this my talke most plainly must display,  
 How far a subiect may himselfe defend  
 Against his Liege, his Soueraigne Lord and King,  
 If his default his Commonweale doth bring  
 To miserie: therefore a little while  
 Attend, and know the tenour of my stile.

A subiect I of base and low degree,  
 This headlesse corps of life I did depriue,  
 (King *Sigebert* it was) with crueltie.  
 Whose lust was law, whilst he was heere aliue,  
 To feele my force it was his destinie:  
 Then crueltie I wrackt with cruelkie,  
 And to reuenge the wrong that earst he wrought,  
 With losse of life his lawlesse lust he bought.

**This**

This *Sigebert* the Saxons rulde by West,  
Their ancient lawes he at his list did change,  
For which his Commons did him much detest.  
The Duke of Cornwall would not let him range  
Thus at his will, but wisht him like a friend,  
To mend his faults, or els his life to end.

Then he in rage this Duke my masters life,  
His cruel hands bereau'd with bloodie knife.

A lawlesse life to lawlesse death doth hale,  
When witlesse will, wil passe the power of may :  
Then ill mishap doth drowne in dolours dale  
The peruerse Prince, whose wit doth beare the sway.  
Iust *Abels* blood to God for vengeance cald,  
For blood with blood the Bloodsheader is thrald,  
And him whom here before you I present,  
For sheading blood, my blade his life hath hent.

As he three yeares his people did oppresse,  
Then they whose backe that burden could not beare,  
With one consent they did his state distresse,  
To reauue him of his Crowne they did not feare,  
They him deposde from honour and renowne :  
His hatefull hap so frowardly did frowne,  
That he who had a kingdome but of late,  
Forlorne he now must beg from gate to gate.

Do nothing muse at his deserued hap,  
For many more as he their liues haue led :  
*Iques* vengeance iust such wretches doth inwrap  
With change most strange, when he their blood will shed.  
Of *Dionyse* of Syracusia,  
Of *Neroes* death, of *Phalaris* decay,  
Who list to reade, he passing plaine shall finde,  
That he of heauen their sorrow hath assignde.

R

And



And out of doubt God did ordaine the fall  
 Of him, whom here I headlesse haue in hand,  
 Who wandring in a wood amidst his thrall  
 I met by chance, of whom I did demand  
 His name, and place: who thus replide with feare:  
 O friend, I am for meate now staruen wel neare,  
 Giue me therfore I thee beseech and pray  
 Some meate, to keepe my carcase from decay.

Some Pilgrinu poore, or waifaring man him straight  
 I iudg'd, and gaue him what my scrippe would yeeld;  
 And whilst we both thus on a banke did baite,  
 From sighes and sobbes himselfe he could not wield,  
 Which made me aske againe his name and place,  
 But silent he did mourne with frowning face:  
 Yet at the last by vrging to and fro,  
 He thus declar'd the cause of all his woe.

O miser I, more wretch then thee by much,  
 I neuer could compare with thine estate.  
 This heard of Swine against thee neuer grutch;  
 I kept a heard, which did their Heardsman hate,  
 A hateful heard of murmuring men I meane,  
 Which did depriue me of mine honour cleane.  
 And now I leade my lothsome life you see,  
 Impal'd amidst a maze of misery.

With changed chance (aye me) I chased am,  
 And frowning Fate such sorrow hath assignd,  
 That lothing life, most like a quiet Lambe,  
 Mynaked necke to blocke of bale I bind.  
 With cruell knife (O care) come shread my twist,  
 So shall my soule by corps decay be blist.  
 But sith that Care nor Fate wil doe this deed,  
 Doe thou the same I thee beseech, with speed.

First hatefull hope with flattering face did fawne,  
With dread when deepe despaier would me haue drownd,  
Then changed chance did checke me with the pawne  
Of wofull want, when good successe did found  
A blessed blast :and now (to tell the truth)  
I haue the mate, by raging Rooke of truth.  
Lo thus I liue, which daily wish to die :  
And life (alas) doth make my miserie.

If lothsome life (of this my corps the king)  
Doth moue one way, the Bishop bids me backe :  
If to that point, the Queene me backe doth bring,  
On th' other side, the Knight doth work my wracke,  
The other points with Pawnes be all posselt,  
And here the Rooke of ruth doth reauce my rest.  
And beeing brought into this strange estate,  
I do confesse my selfe to haue a mate.

Sith sorow so hath seasde vpon my bones,  
That now too late I do lament my losse,  
And sith no meanes may turne my gaitfull grones  
To ioyfull glie, sith trouble still doth tosse  
Me to and fro, in waltring waues of woe :  
Death is my friend, and life I count my foe :  
Which death though once my feeble flesh did feare,  
Yet now I faine would feele his murdring speare.

In gurgig gulfe of these such surging seas,  
My poorer soule who drownd doth death request,  
I wretched wight haue sought mine owne discafe,  
By mine owne meanes my state it was distrest.  
For whilst I meant to make my lust a law,  
Iustice me from my high estate did draw.  
So that I find, and feele it now with paine,  
All worldly pompe, al honour is but vaine.

Which honour I to fiery flames compare,  
 For when they flash and flourish most of all,  
 Then suddainely their flamings quenched are.  
 For prooffe whereof, to minde now let vs call  
*Antigonus*, and *Ptolemus* Great,  
*Cesar*, and *Mithridate*, we may repeat,  
 With *Darius*, and great *Antiochus*,  
*Cambises* eke, and conquering *Pyrrhus*.

And I the last might first haue had my place,  
 They all as I with flaming fierie show  
 Were quenched quite : Dame Fortune did deface,  
 Yea hatefull hap, euen then did ouerthrow  
 Vs most, when most we had our hearts desire :  
 When most we flourisht like the flames of fire,  
 Euen then the seas of sorow did preuaile,  
 And made vs weare a blacke lamenting faile.

And heere before my death, I will reapeate  
 To thee the thing which I of late did dreame,  
 That thou and all the world may see, how great  
 A care it is to rule a royall realme.  
 My dreame shal shew, that blisse doth not consist  
 In wealth nor want : but he alone is blest,  
 Who is content with his assigned fate,  
 And neuer striues to clime to higher state.

When seemely *Sol* had rest his glittering gleames,  
 And night the earth did with her darkenesse vaile,  
 Dame *Cynthia* then with her bright burnisht beames,  
 The shadowed shades of darkenesse did assaile,  
 Then *Somnus* caus'd my senses all to quaille.  
 On carefull couch then being laid to rest,  
 With doubtfull dreames I strangely was distrest.



In cottage cold where care me thought did keepe,  
With naked need and want of wherewithall :  
Where pouertie next beggers doore did creepe,  
And where expences were so passing small,  
That all men deem'd that man forethrong'd with thrall,  
Which there did dwell, euen there from bondage free,  
I view'd a man all void of miserie.

And whil'ft I musde how he in bliue of blisse  
Could lead his life amid'ft that caue of care,  
From Princely Court proceeded ere I wist,  
A man, with whom there might no man compare.  
His wealth, his wit, his courage were so rare,  
That none before nor since were like to him :  
Yet he me thought in waues of woe din swim.

This man had all that men could wish or craue  
For happie state, yet nought he had in deed :  
The other, he had nought that men would haue,  
Yet had he all, beleue it as thy Creed.  
This saying of that happie man I reade,  
That hauing nought, yet all things so I haue,  
That hauing nought, I nothing more do craue.

The King me thought with all his Courtly traine,  
Past to the place where pouertie did dwell,  
With frowning face and with a troubled braine,  
With woe and want, his vexed veines did swell,  
With mirth and ioy the poore man did excell.  
And being come vnto his house ymade  
Of one poore hoghead, thus to him he said :

*Diogenes*, thou lead'st a lothsome life,  
Me thinke thou might'st much better spend thy time  
Within my Court, both thou and eke thy wife :  
Thou by that meanes to high estate maist clime :  
I haue the wealth, and thou art void of crime,  
And loe, before thy face I heere am prest  
To giue thee that, which thou shalt now request.

Stand backe (Sir King) thy vaunting vowes be vaine,  
 I nothing recke thy promise, goods, nor land,  
 And *Titans* stately streames would me sustaine  
 With heate, if thou from this my doore wouldst stand :  
 Thou takst away much more then thy commaund  
     Can giue againe : thy gifts so vile I deeme,  
     That none but fooles such follies do esteeme.

With conquest thou hast wone the world so wide,  
 And yet thou canst not win thy wandring wil :  
 Thou wouldest win an other world beside :  
 But tush, that fact doth farre surpass thy skill.  
 Thou neuer wilt of Conquest haue thy fill,  
     Til death with daunting dart hath conquer'd thee,  
     Then must thou leaue behind, thy Monarchie.

With great assaults my selfe I haue subdude,  
 In all respects, I haue my hearts desire,  
 With a contented minde I am endude,  
 To higher state I neuer wil aspire.  
 More like a Prince then any poore Esquire,  
     I leade my life : and sith my state is such,  
     Aske thou of me, for I can giue thee much.

All dasht with dread mee thought in fuming heate  
 He said, departing thence in hast with speede,  
 If I were not *Alexander* the Great,  
 I would become *Diogenes* indeed,  
 Who leades his life all void of wofull dread.  
     He hath the wealth which I cannot obtaine,  
     I haue the wealth which wise men do disdaine.

I liue in feare, I languish all in dread,  
 Wealth is my woe, the causer of my care,  
 With feare of death I am so ill bestead,  
 That restless I much like the hunted Hare,  
 Or as the canuist Kite, doth feare the snare.  
     Ten hundred cares haue brought me to the baie,  
     Ten thousand snares for this my life men laie.

When

When *Philip* he of *Macedon* the King,  
One Realme me left, I could not be content,  
Desier prickt mee to an other thing,  
To win the world it was my whole intent,  
Which done, an other world to win I ment.  
When least I had, then most I had of blesse,  
Now, all the world, and all vnquietnesse.

No woe to want of contentation;  
No wealth to want of riches and renowne,  
For this is scene in euery nation,  
The highest trees be soonest blowen downe:  
Ten kings do die before one clubbish Clowne.  
*Diogenes* in quiet Tunne doth rest,  
When *Cesar* is with carking care distrest.

Wherewith me thought he was departed quite,  
And *Morpheus* that sluggish God of sleepe,  
Did leaue my limmes, wherewith I stood vpright,  
Deuising long what profit I could reape  
Of this my dreame, which plainly did expresse  
That neither want nor wealth doth make mans blesse;  
Who hath the meane with a contented minde,  
Most perfect blisse his God hath him assignde.

But I, who liu'd a crowned King of late,  
And now am forc'd of thee to beg my bread,  
I cannot be content with this estate,  
I lothe to liue, I would I wretch were dead:  
Despaier she doth feede me with decay,  
And patience is fled and flowne away.  
Doe thou therefore O Heardsman play thy part,  
Take thou this blade, and thrust it to my hart.



O Sir, I said, the gods defend that I  
 Should causelesse kill a man in miserie,  
 Tell me thy name and place, then by and by  
 I will prouide for thine aduersitie.  
 Then he repli'd, my name is *Sigebert*,  
 I am the man which wrought thy masters smart :  
     I rul'd of late this Realme euen at my list,  
     Take thou reuenge with that thy friendly fist.

And well content : I will reuenge with speed  
 The death of him whom causelesse thou did'st kill.  
*King Sigebert*, and art thou he indeed ?  
 Sith he thou art, dispatch and make thy will ;  
 For to my Lord this day I will present  
 Thy head : therefore thy former faults repent ;  
     Thou see'st the blocke on which thy life must end,  
     Call thou for grace that God may mercie send.

Wherewith he kneeling by the blocke of bale,  
 Dispatch (quoth he) and do that friendly deed :  
 O welcome death, and farewell Fortune fraile,  
 Dispatch good friend, dispatch my life with speed.  
 Wherewith, on blocke he stretcht his neck outright,  
 And said no more, but praying me to smite,  
     I gaue the stroke which ended all his care,  
     A bloodie stroke, which did my death prepare.

For I who hopte to haue some great reward  
 For killing of my Masters fathers foe :  
 Was hanged straight, my cause was neuer heard,  
 Such was my chance and well deserued woe.  
 For when my Lord had heard me tell the tale,  
 How I his King and mine did there assaile,  
     His frowning face did put me in great feare,  
     He sigh'd and sob'd, and said as you shall heare.

O Caitiffe vile, O Impe of Satans seed,  
And hast thou kill'd our Soueraigne Lord and King?  
His due desert deserueth death indeed,  
Yet what made thee to do so vile a thing?  
What though he did my father causelesse kill?  
What though he rul'd the Realme with lawlesse will?  
Shall we therefore, with cruell bloodie knife,  
Depriue our Lord and King of vitall life?

O wicked deed, may subiects false surmise,  
With murdering minds their Gouvernour resist?  
That may not be: for *Tully* wondrous wise,  
*Plato*, in whom true knowledge doth consist,  
They both agreed that no man ought to kill  
A Tyrant, though he hath him at his will.  
Yet thou (thou wretch) this bloody deed hast done,  
The like was neuer seene vnder the Sun.

When God will plague the people for their sin,  
Them then to scourge he doth a Tyrant send:  
We should therefore that subiects be, begin  
With earnest mind our former faults t' amend:  
Which if we do, it is to great availe,  
Mans force is fond, fighting cannot preuaile.  
And he who doth resist the Magistrate,  
Resisteth God, repenting all too late.

If subiects be by peruerse Prince opprest,  
They then must pray that God the change may make:  
Which God no doubt rebellion doth detest,  
No subiect may his sword or armour take  
Against his Prince, whom God hath placed there.  
Yet hath this wretch all void of subiects feare,  
Destroy'd a King whom God did thrust from throne:  
Alas poore King, thy death I do bemoane.

But

But he who hath thy lingring life destroi'd,  
 Shall be destroi'd, and find it passing plaine,  
 That no man may a Princes life annoy.  
 Although the Prince desiers to be slaine,  
 Yet subiects must from sheading blood refraine.  
 From which, seeing that this wretch could not abstaine,  
 Let him be hang'd as I before decreed,  
 A iust reward for his so vile a deed.

Then I forthwith to end my life was led,  
 I hopte to haue preferment for my deed,  
 I was prefer'd, and hang'd all saue the head:  
 Did euer man the like example read?  
 Not one I thinke: therefore good Memorie,  
 In register inrole thou this for me,  
 That they who liue and reade the fall I felt,  
 May find how fate most strangely with me delt.

Yet my desert no doubt did death deserue,  
 Though hatred did not make me kill my King,  
 Yet lucre leaud did force my feete to swerue,  
 That hatefull hap, me to this bale did bring.  
 Let them then learne that heedlesse liue by hope,  
 Her hatefull hefts will bring them to the rope:  
 And happie he, who void of hope can lead  
 A quiet life, all void of Fortunes dread.

*Perillus* he who made the Bull of brasse,  
 Like him I hopte to haue some great reward,  
 But he in brasen belly broyled was,  
 And to a skarfe of hemp I was prefer'd.  
 So they that meane by others harmes to rise,  
 Their dying day shall end with dolefull cries.  
 And heere I end, approuing that most true,  
 From wicked workes no goodnesse can ensue.

*Thomas Blener Hasset.*



# HOW LADIE EBBE DID FLEA HER NOSE AND VPPER

lippe away, to saue her Virginitie,

*Anno Dom. 870.*



O nothing muse at my deformed face,  
For Nature it in perfect mould did make :  
And when your wits haue weighed well the case,  
You will commend me much for vertues sake.  
With these my hands which from my face did take

Mine ouer-lippe, and eke my seemely nose,  
So to auoid the rage of all my foes.

For I by birth a Princes daughter borne,  
An Abbiesse by my profession,  
Of which estate I neuer thought it scorne,  
It greatly did delight me to be one,  
Which might erect diuine religion.  
At Collingam I tooke this charge in hand,  
And fiftie more of chaste *Dianæs* band.

All Ladies borne by birth of high degree,  
Which there did vow with me their liues to leade,  
And to auoid carnall fragilitie,  
We all did vow as you right well may reade,  
With single liues to liue in feare and dread  
Of God our Lord, so to refraine the vice  
Of fleshly lust, which doth to sinne intice.

Then did the Danes the Saxon state inuade,  
And they who did the Britaine state destroy,  
To sue for grace were glad and well apaid,  
So strangely did the Danes vs then annoy,  
That Saxons like the men of broyling Troy,  
Amaz'd, they gaz'd, not knowing what was best,  
So straitly were the Saxons then distrest.

These

These dreadfull Danes they had no feare of God,  
 But sauage, they did make their lust a law,  
 Whom God did send for a reuenging rod,  
 To make vs Saxons liue in feare and awe  
 Of him, who did from seruile bondage draw  
 Vs out, and made vs liue at libertie,  
 When as we seru'd with cruell flauerie.

Not much vnlike the murmuring Israelites,  
 Sometime we seru'd our Lord with feare and dread,  
 In trouble we imploi'd our whole delights,  
 To fast and pray: but when we quiet were,  
 We restless led our liues, all void of care,  
 Forgetting him who did in each distresse,  
 With helping hand vs blesse with good successe.

See heere the fruit of health and good successe,  
 It maketh man both proud and insolent :  
 In health we hate the God who hath vs blest,  
 Trouble doth make vs mortall men repent  
 Our former faults : in sicknesse we be bent  
 To fast and pray, and in aduersitie,  
 To pray to God, is mans felicitie.

And for this fault abusing this our blesse,  
 The Danes with ruth our Realme did ouerrunne,  
 Their wrath inwapt vs all in wretchednesse,  
 There was no sin from which those men did shunne.  
 By them the Commonweale was quite vndone,  
 They did destroy the state of euery towne,  
 They Churches burnt, they pluckt the Abbies downe.

Yet not content, vs Nunnes they did annoy,  
 O cruell deed, our belts they did vnbind,  
 With rapine they did rauish and destroy,  
 Deflowring all that euer they could find.  
 I seeing then what sorrow was assign'd  
 To me and mine, my vowed virgins I  
 Did call, then thus I spake with weeping eye,

Alas alas my louing Ladies all,  
 These hard mishaps do presse vs too too neere :  
 What shall we do, how may we scape the thrall,  
 Which hath destroyd the Nunries euery where?  
 Alas, my feeble flesh doth quake for feare :  
 Alas, how shall we scape their cruelties,  
 Which thus be plasse amidst extremities?

For if we do their hatefull hefts denie,  
 Then dreadfull death shall presentlie insue :  
 And if we grant vnto their villanie,  
 Our sinfull soules in hell that deed shall rue.  
 Beleeue me then my Ladies, this is true,  
 Much better 'twere for vs to die with fame,  
 Then long to liue, with euerlasting shame.

And for because the faces forme doth moue  
 With beauties beames and comely countenance,  
 The minde of man to lust and lawlesse loue,  
 I haue deuif'd, my honour to aduance,  
 With face deform'd to try my hard mischance :  
 For these my hands from this my face shall rip  
 Euen with this knife, my nose and ouerlip.

They which will flie reprochfull infamie,  
 To do the like will them befeeme the best,  
 You shall preferue your vow'd virginie  
 Thereby, and liue perhaps with quiet rest.  
 My daughters deare, giue eare vnto my heft.  
 Wherewith, with Rasors sharp I first, then they,  
 Each one her nose, and lip did flea away.

Whilst thus we liu'd deform'd to outward show,  
 Yet vessels garnisht gay before Gods fight,  
 The Danes did vs inuade, who straight did know  
 Our feate, them to defeate of their delight :  
 For which they wrackt on vs their wicked spight.  
 With fiery flames they burnt our Nunnerie,  
 And vs therein : O wretched crueltie !



The eare of man the like hath neuer heard,  
 No penne, nor tongue the like hath euer told,  
 Had euer man a hart that was so hard,  
 That with his yron brest durst be so bold,  
 To do the like against the Feminine kind?  
 Not one in faith that euer I could heare,  
 But these all void of mercy, loue, and feare.


Thus we content to leaue this present life,  
 In hope to haue hereafters better blesse,  
 Were brent and broild, and so did stint the strife  
 Which might haue made vs liue in wretchednesse:  
 We gainde therby a heavenly happinesse.  
 Which happinesse they doubtlesse shall obtaine,  
 Which do from sinne and wickednesse abstaine.

*Thomas Blener Hasset*

---

## HOW KING EGELRED FOR HIS WICKEDNESSE WAS diuersly distressed by the Danes, and lastly died for sorrow, Anno Dom. 1016.

---

 He minde and not the Man doth make or marre,  
 For as the stearne doth guide the Argocy:  
 So by their mindes all men they guided are,  
 From out the mind proceedeth fantasie,  
 All outward acts, vertue or vanitie,  
 Not from the man, but from the minde proceede:  
 The mind doth make the man to do each deed.

For *Phalaris* with beastly bloody mind,  
 And *Nero* did in murder much delight,  
 To mercy *Antoninus* was inclin'd,  
*Midas* for gold extended all his might.  
 For worldly pompe how did *Pompeius* fight?  
 The mounting minde of *Alexander*, made  
 Him win the world, his fame can neuer fade.

How

How did the minde moue *Calicratides*,  
*Xerxes*, *Cyrus*, and *Argantonius*?  
*Philip of Macedon*, *Theramenes*,  
*Ajax*, *Iason*, and *Aurelianus*,  
*Achilles*, and the old king *Priamus*,  
*Heſtor*, and *Hercules*, with falſe *Sino*,  
 Their minds did make them weaue the web of wo.

The twig doth bend as *Boreas* blaſts doe blow,  
 So man doth walke euen as his mind doth moue :  
 Then happie he who hath a mind to know  
 Such things as be the beſt for his behoue :  
 No doubt the mind which vertuous acts doth loue,  
 Doth make a man euen *Ceſar* to ſurpaſſe  
 For noble deeds, who Prince of prowefſe was.

But he who hath his mind to miſchiefe bent,  
 All his delight from vertue doth decline,  
 Like me too late he ſhall his faults repent,  
 His ſinfull ſoule ſhall feele the fall in fine  
 That I haue felt : which makes me to repine  
 Againſt my mind : for Nature did her part,  
 My mind enclin'd to ill, did ſpoile my hart.

What though I were of comely perſonage?  
 Iointly my ioints were ioin'd with perfect ſhag,  
 Adorned eke with ſo ſweet a viſage,  
 That neuer yet from Natures hands did ſcape  
 A worke ymade of ſuch a perfect ſhape :  
 But what of that? theſe gifts for want of grace,  
 Deformed quite the feature of my face.

For why, my mind to ruthfull ruine bent,  
 I did delight in lothſome lecherie :  
 I neuer did my odious deeds repent,  
 In drunkenneſſe, in extreme crueltie,  
 I did delight in all impietic.  
 As for delight in princely exerciſe,  
 The ſeates of armes I did them moſt deſpiſe.

By

By meanes whereof my subiects did me hate,  
 And forraine foes, to burne my Realme were bold  
 With warre the Danes did alter straight the state.  
 First Fortune did my common-weale vnfold,  
 Then pestilence did make my courage cold:  
 And last of all, my foes the dreadfull Danes  
 Did make me pay them tribute for their paines.

Euen now the Realme of England did decay:  
 For when the Danes their tribute had consum'd,  
 Forthwith they made vs greater summes to pay.  
 From ten to fifteene thousand they presum'd  
 Of pounds to make vs pay: so I redeem'd  
 With money bags my carefull common-wealth,  
 The onely meanes referu'd for my health.

When thus the want of courage on my part  
 Had giuen my foes so sure a footing here,  
 And when disease with her destroying dart  
 Had wipte away my subiects euery where:  
 Euen then too late my wisemen did appeere,  
 Whom heretofore I alwayes did detest  
 Their counsaile graue, at last they thus exprest.

O *Egelred* the fruite of fearefulnesse,  
 Of riot thou the right reward dost reape:  
 But if thou wilt auoid this wretchednesse,  
 Be wise, and looke about before you leape.  
 Of hatefull haps you see a hideous heape  
 Before your face, therefore in time giue eare,  
 And wisely waigh the words which thou shalt heare.

That noble Duke *Richard* of Normandy,  
 A Sister hath, whom thee we wish to wed,  
 By meanes whereof from this captiuitie  
 We may be brought, and that without bloodshed.  
 For why these Danes these Normans so do dread,  
 That if from thence an ayd we can procure,  
 Thy foes no doubt can neuer long indure.



The mayd she may a Princes fancie please,  
Her brother is a man of great renowne :  
This way O King may make thy subiects ease,  
It may restore the freedome of thy Crowne :  
This onely way will bring thy fomen downe.  
If thou thy Crowne and common-weale dost loue,  
Do thou the thing so much for thy behoue.

Soby their meanes I married the maid,  
She *Emma* hight, the floure of Normandie,  
Of whom I was so glad and well apaid,  
That all the world with my prosperitie  
Could not compare : and in that iollitie  
I did deuise by traines of secret treason,  
To bring the Danes to death, in a good season.

I did a feast through all my Realme proclame,  
At which both Danes and Englishmen did meete,  
Then secretly my friends and I did frame,  
That Englishmen the Danes should friendly greete,  
And at the feast that they should do their feate.  
And that they might the better worke their will,  
They thus were plapt according vnto skill.

*Two before one, and three before five,  
Here two, and there two, and foure then beline :  
Here one, and there one, and three at a cast,  
Then one, and twice two, and one at the last.*

They mingled thus, the watchword wisely giuen,  
And Englishmen with weapons well bestead,  
The Danes amidst their cups were shauen and shriuen :  
Fiue hundred thousand in oue day were dead.  
Now note the end of blood so beastly shead :  
For *Swane* the king of Denmarke did arriue,  
He for reuenge did me to *Richard* driue.

Marke here how lawlesse polices preuaile,  
 Their good successe do promise present paine.  
 What? May mans vaine deuices ought auaille?  
 Dishonest deeds no honour can obtaine,  
 Almurthering Massacres be vile and vaine,  
 Such futtle flights haue neuer good successe;  
 The prooffe whereof with paine I here expresse:

For *Swane* with sword and fire did here destroy,  
 Both man and beast, and euery earthly thing,  
 He did that noble London much annoy,  
 He won the Realme and was the English king.  
 When tract of time him to his beare did bring;  
*Canutus* then his sonne did him succeed,  
 Whom to displace I did dispatch with speed.

My brother *Richard* Duke of Normandy,  
 Of Normans gaue to me a goodly band,  
 By help of whom *Canutus* forst to flee,  
 I got againe the kingdome of England,  
 But out (alas) what thing may firmly stand,  
 Whose vnder-prop is of so little might?  
 That want of strength doth let things drop downright.

*Canutus* did from Denmarke now returne,  
 The wrathfull wight appointed passing strong,  
 My subiects flue, my Cities he did burne;  
 Which when I heard I liu'd not very long,  
 My fainting heart was thronged with a throng.  
 Of cares, which broke it in my fearfull brest,  
 And so at last death brought my bones to rest.

Twice tenne and eight I ranne my ruthfull race,  
 And then in Pauls my curfed corps was laïd,  
*Canutus* did my common-weale deface,  
 The Danes were kings; my kingdome was decayd,  
 This world is fraile, and euery thing must fade,  
 But alwaies that which wanteth government,  
 That first doth feele the force of dangers dent.

*Thomas Blener Hasser*

# HOW EDRICVS EARLE OF MERCIA, DESTROYED THE VALIANT KING EDMVND IRON-

*side, in hope of aduancement, and how he was  
rewarded, Anno Dom. 1018.*

**Y**ou hellish hags of Limbo Lake below,  
Which daily do my cursed corps torment,  
Come forth, come forth, come forth, (I say) and shew  
How I on earth my dismall daies haue spent.  
And wil you not you wretched wights assent  
To helpe me here to tell that drieric tale,  
Which may amongst men liuing much preuaile?

O cursed ghost condemn'd to endlesse thrall,  
Sith they refuse to aid thee in this need,  
Do thou declare and tel the truth as all,  
That men aliue my wretched works may read,  
And see the fruite of futtle Satans seed,  
Auoiding vice, and fancies fond delight,  
Note well my tale, the truth I shall recite.

When *Etheldred* had giuen *Canutus* place,  
*Edmund* his sonne surnamed *Ironside*,  
Deuising how he might his foe deface,  
By wrath of warre the cause they did decide:  
And in the end the Realme they did diuide.  
*Edmund* had halfe, *Canutus* had the rest,  
Then they with peace and quietnesse were blest.

O blind beleeffe, O hope of higher hope,  
Why did you moue my minde to meditate,  
How I in woe king *Edmund* might inwrap,  
And how I might depresse my kings estate?  
Thou blind beleeffe, thou breeder of debate,  
I wanting grace did let thee moue my mind,  
Causelesse to kil a courteous king, and kinde,



He being kild, I to *Canutus* went,  
 To whom I sayd, See here a faithfull friend,  
 I for thy loue with bloody blade haue hent,  
 And brought my King to his vntimely end:  
 Thou by that meanes shalt rule thy realme with rest,  
 My friendly fist with happie good successe,  
 Hath thee inricht with blisse and happinesse.

Hast thou (quoth he) destroy'd thy soueraigne King?  
 Thou faithlesse fawning friend, for loue of me?  
 Thou verlet vile, and could'st thou doe the thing  
 The which might more abridge my libertie?  
 O heinous act! O bloodie crueltie!

But sith that loue did moue thee doe that deede,  
 Thou for thy paines shalt be preferd with speede.

Wherewith in haste he to the hangman said,  
 Let this mans head the highest place obtaine  
 On London walles: wherewith I neuer staid,  
 But on a block my neck was cut in twaine,  
 In all mens sight, my head did long remaine.  
 See here what wit the grape of hope doth yeeld,  
 See on what sand such busie braines do build.

O hatefull thing that fancies fond delight,  
 The sense of mortall man should senselesse make:  
 When vices vaunts with vertues deeds dare fight,  
 Then doth the soule the happie heauens forsake:  
 Then man makes haste to *Plutoes* lothsome lake.  
 Why should man loue that sugred sowre sweet,  
 Which wisdoms lore to lothe hath thought most meet?

*Thomas Blener Hasset.*

HOVV

# HOW KING HAROLD RAIG- NING BVT NINE MONETHS,

had continuall warre with the Danes, with the

Norway King, with his brother *TOSTIVS*,

*and was at last slaine in battell by William the*

*Conquerer, An.Dom.1095.*



ould he haue warre, and we to warre proclame?

O Bastard Duke, and dost thou dare to fight?

My Noble men, come forth, and purchase fame.

Giue me my sword, let me defend my right.

Steppe forth with speed my Martiall men of might:

With Bowes and Billes, let vs their course restraine:

And teach them that their vantage vowes be vaine.

But that we may with wisdome wisely worke,

It vs behoues in Normandie to fight

With him, and not to let his souldiers lurke

Heere in my Realme, we shall thereby atchiue

No noble act, though hence we him do driue.

But if we deale with him in Normandie,

We shall receiue renowne and victorie.

It is the best with forren foes to fight

Abroad, as did the haughtie *Hannibal*,

And not at home to feele their hatefull spight.

Of all the rest it is the greatest thrall,

That foes arriu'd should spoile our subiects all:

And for a truth this alwaies hath been found,

He speedeth best which fights on forren ground.

My men of warre were mustred out of hand,

But all my haste was then of none auaille:

My brother *Tostius* with his rebell band,

In euery place my subiects did assaile,

And euery where did cause their hearts to quaille.

Whose wretched state from farther spoile to shield,

I by my power did force him flie the field.

He fled to Norway whence a cloud did rise  
 That did obscure the shine of my content,  
 When loe the Norman Duke did then deuise,  
 If I to yeeld my Scepter would assent,  
 For which betwixt vs to and fro there went  
 Despightfull letters, which I will recite,  
 Wherein he claimes, and I defend my right.

---

**WILLIAM DVKE OF  
 NORMANDIE, AND RIGHT  
 heire to the English Crowne, to *Harold  
 the Vsurper.***

---

**T**Hough birthright cannot cause thee yeeld to me my Crowne,  
 Yet haue thou some respect of honor and renowne,  
 For thou by oath did'st sweare to yeeld to me my right,  
 When as I thee prefer'd, and stal'd thee there by might.  
 Mine uncle Edward be, thy fathers faithfull friend  
 Gaue me his Crowne, and thou thereto did'st condescend,  
 Yet now thou wouldest faine defeate me of my right,  
 And proue thy selfe forsworne of former promise plight.  
 Shall Harold haue his best: shall Godwines sonne be guide?  
 Shall William want his Will, and haue his right deny'd?  
 Well Harold, if thou canst with warres determine so,  
 I am content: if not, provide, I am thy foe.  
 My sonnes and all my kinne shall neuer stint to strine,  
 To plucke thee from thy place, whil'st one is left aliue:  
 But if thou wilt be wise, to me my right resigne,  
 And thou shalt haue the place belonging to thy line.  
 If not, with fire and sword I meane thy Realme to spoile,  
 I neuer thence will start till I haue forst thy foile.  
 And now thou know'st my will, determine for the best,  
 Thou maist haue warres, and if thou wilt, thou maist haue rest.

WILLIAM Duke of Normandy.

These



**T**Hese letters were of little might, to make  
 My manly mind to grant him his request,  
 For which I did to Fortune me betake,  
 To wage new warres with him I deem'd it best,  
 So from his fist his threatning blade to wrest.  
 But see the force of Fortunes changing cheare,  
 Another cloud before me did appeare.

My brother *Tostius* who from me was fled,  
 Did now returne, and brought the Norway King:  
 They did deuise to haue from me my head,  
 Which made me to indite another thing  
 Vnto the Duke, then plaine and true meaning.  
 I gaue him hope of that I neuer ment,  
 These were the lines which to the Duke I sent.

---

**HAROLD THE ENGLISH  
 KING, TO THEE WILLIAM  
 Duke of Normandy.**

**H**arold the English King, thee William Duke doth greete.  
 Thy letter being read, I haue not thought it meete,  
 Without a Parliament to do so great a thing,  
 As of a forren Duke, to make an English King:  
 But if my three estates will follow my aduice,  
 Thou shalt receiue the Crowne, and beare away the price.  
 Therefore delay a time, thou shortly shalt receiue  
 With full consent the thing, which now thou seek'st to haue.

HAROLD.

**I**Arm'd in haste all danger to auoid,  
 For why, I heard my brother *Tostius* traine,  
 Two of my Earles had in the North destroy'd,  
 And many a thousand men he there had slaine:  
 But when we met, his triumph was in vaine.  
 For I and mine the Norway King there kilte,  
 And I my selfe my brothers blood there spilte.

Now when the Duke my friendly lines had read,  
 And heard how I my men did muster new,  
 There lies a Snake within this greene grassie bed,  
 Quoth he, therefore come forth my warlike crew,  
 We will not stay to see what shall ensue.

By long delayes, from forren coasts he may  
 Procure an aide, to scourge vs with decay.

But when he heard with whom I had to deale;  
 Well done (quoth he) let him go beate the bush,  
 I and my men to the lurch line will steale;  
 And plucke the Net euen at the present push,  
 And one of them we with decay will crush.

For he who doth the victor there remaine,  
 Shall neuer rest, till he hath dealt with twaine.

So I in vaine who had the victorie,  
 Within few daies was forst againe to fight,  
 My strength halfe spoil'd, my wounded men were wearie,  
 His campe was comne vnwares within my fight,  
 There was no hope to flee by day nor night.

I *Harold* then, a Harauld sent in haste,  
 To know the plot where he his campe had plasste.

He sent me word, my ifs and ands were vaine,  
 And that he knew the drifts of my delay,  
 For which he said he would yet once againe  
 Make triall, who should beare the crowne away.

If I would yeeld, he said his men should stay,

If not, he then was present presently,  
 To trie the cause by *Mars* his crueltie.

Which when I heard, and saw him march amaine,  
 His Trumpets did desie me to my face,  
 In haste I did appoint my very traine,  
 And souldier-like I all my men did place,  
 I neuer su'd, nor pray'd, nor gapte for grace.

For hauing plasste my men in battell ray,  
 I with loude voice to them these words did say.

Mymates, in armes see heere the last assault,  
Win now the field, and be you euer blest.  
This Bastard base borne Duke, shall he exile  
Himselfe so high & high eare ynto my heft,  
This day no doubt we shall haue quiet rest:

For good successe shall set vs free from feare,  
Or hatefull hap shall bring vs to our beare.

Euen heere at hand his power doth appeare,  
March forth my men, we must no longer stay:  
Let euery man abandon fainting feare,  
And I as guide will lead you on your way.  
Euen I my selfe the formost in the fray,  
Will teach you how you shall abate his pride.  
Fight fight my men, your King shall be your guide.

His Crof-bow men my Archers did assaile  
With three to one, yet were they all too weaker:  
And when his forlorne hope could not preuaile,  
Them to assist his Horfemen our did breake,  
Three troopes I sent on them the wrath to wreake,  
And by and by the battels both did ioyne,  
With many a thrust, and many a bloodie soine.

Of three maine battels he his armie made,  
I had but one, and one did deale with three:  
Of which the first by me were quite dismaide,  
The other two they did discomfort me,  
Not yeelding, but in yeelding blowes we be  
(With losse of life) constrain'd at last to yeeld  
The crowne, the kingdome, and the foughten field.

Note now the lot which on my limmes did light,  
Nine monthes no more, I wore the English Crowne,  
In euery month I in the field did fight,  
In euery fight, I wonne a fresh renowne,  
Yet at the last my strength was beaten downe,  
And heere before you, now I do protest,  
In euer had one day of quiet rest.

For :



For first with warre I won the princely seate,  
 With ciuill strife I daily was distrest,  
 My brother twice endeavour'd to defeat  
 Me of my throne, the Mortway King was prest;  
 The dreadfull Danes they daily me distrest.  
 At last, this Duke did make me strike my stile;  
 When winde, nor tide, nor oares might then prouaile.

My Kingdome then was prou'd his lawfull price,  
 With conquest he recovered his right,  
 And as you see of conquering the guise,  
 The Englishmen they were defaced quite;  
 Then of his traine he did prefer each wight.  
 And this was that which only brought me blesse,  
 I did not liue to see this wretchednesse.

But woe to me which caused all this coile,  
 I was an Earle my father being dead.  
 Why did my brest with leaching malice boile,  
 To keepe the Crowne from the right heires head?  
 O Fancie fond, thy fummings hath me led,  
 The stinking stinch of time inclined hest,  
 Hath poysoned all the vertues in my brest.

The ruthfull smart of proued ill successe,  
 Who hath sustain'd, and select his pinching paine,  
 That wofull wight all wrapt in wretchednesse,  
 Can well report mans fancie is but vaine:  
 That man doth know, by prooffe he findes it plaine,  
 That he who stoopes to fancies fond desires,  
 Doth grope for grapes amid the bramble briers.

Let no man thinke by fetches finely slide,  
 By double drifts conueyed cunninglie,  
 To get or gaine by any craft or guile,  
 A good estate with long prosperitie,  
 His lust obtain'd, he liues in miserie,  
 His guiltie ghost doth see his plague appeare,  
 Who goeth straight he needeth not to feare.

Thomas Blener Hasser.

FINIS.

THE  
VARIABLE  
FORTVNE AND  
VNHAPPIE FALLES  
OF SVCH PRINCES AS  
hath happened since the  
*Conquest.*

WHEREIN MAY BE SEENE THE  
instabilitie and change of state in great  
*Personages.*



AT LONDON,  
Imprinted by FELIX KYNOSTON.  
1609.

# THE VARIABLE

FOR THE

UNHAPPY

OF SUCH PRINCES AS

are in the

Land

THE

of the

Land

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

Printed by Felix Lynskey  
at London





## To the Reader.

**H**aving hitherto continued the storie (gentle Reader) from the first entrance of Brute into this Island, with the falles of such Princes, as were neuer before this time in one volume comprised, I now proceed with the rest, which take their beginning from the Conquest, whose pen-men being many and diuers, all diuerslie affected in the method of this their Mirror, I purpose only to follow the intended scope of that most honorable personage, who, by how much he did surpasse the rest in the eminence of his noble condition, by so much he hath exceeded them all in the excellencie of his heroicall stile, which with a golden pen he hath limmed out to posteritie in that worthy obiect of his minde, the Tragedie of the Duke of Buckingham, and in his preface then intituled Master Sackuils induction. This worthie President of learning, intending to perfect all this storie himselfe from the Conquest, being called to a more serious expence of his time in the great State-affaires of his most royall Ladie and Soueraigne, left the dispose thereof to M. Baldwine, M. Ferrers and others, the composers of these Tragedies, who continuing their methode which was by way of dialogue or interlocution betwixt euery Tragedie, gaue it onely place before the Duke of Buckinghams complaint, which order I since hauing altered, haue placed the Induction in the beginning, with euery Tragedie following according to succession and the iust computation of time, which before was not obserued; and lest any one thinke me enuious of others deserts, I haue sub-

scribed

*scribed the names of all such as I could heare of, vnder such Tragedies as each one particularlie hath written, which at the request of the Printer, I haue briefly perused as the former. In which (friendly Reader) if I haue done amisse, I craue pardon for my ouersight, hoping if paines will instead of penance pacifie thee, to yeeld thee satisfaction and content in my additions following, to which I refer thee.*

R. N.



# M<sup>r</sup>. SACKVILS INDVCTION.

**T**He wrathfull winter hastning on apace,  
With bluttring blasts had all ybard the treene,  
And old *Saturnus* with his frosty face  
With chilling cold had pearst the tender greene :  
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene  
The gladsome groues that now lay ouerthrowne,  
The tapets torne, and euery tree downe blowne.

The soile that erst so seemly was to scene;  
Was all despoyled of her beauties hew,  
And soote fresh flowers (wherewith the summers *Queene*  
Had clad the earth) now *Boreas* blasts downe blew.  
And small fowles flocking, in their song did rew  
The winters wrath, wherewith ech thing defaste,  
In woefull wise bewaild the summer past.

Hawthorne had lost his motley liuery;  
The naked twigs were shiuering all for cold;  
And dropping downe the teares abundantly,  
Ech thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told.  
The cruell season, bidding mee withhold  
My selfe within, for I was gotten out  
Into the fields, whereas I walkt about.

When loe the night with mistie mantels spred  
Gan darke the day, and dim the azure skies,  
And *Venus* in her message *Hermes* sped  
To bloudy *Mars*, to will him not to rise,  
While she her selfe approcht in speedy wise :  
And *Virgo* hiding her disdainfull brest,  
With *Thetis* now had laid her downe to rest.

Whiles



Whiles *Scorpio* dreading *Sagittarius* dart,  
 Whose bowe prest bent in fight, the string had slip't,  
 Downe slide into the Ocean floud apart.  
 The Beare that in the Irish seas had dipt  
 His grizly feet, with speed from thence he whipt :  
 For *Thetis* hastning from the Virgins bed,  
 Pursude the Beare, that ere she came was fled.

And *Phaeton* now neere reaching to his race  
 With glistring beames, gold streaming where they bent,  
 Was prest to enter in his resting place.  
*Erythrus* that in the cart first went,  
 Had euen now attain'd his iourneys stent :  
 And fast declining hid away his head,  
 While *Titan* coucht him in his purple bed.

And pale-fac'd *Cinthea* with her borrowed light,  
 Beginning to supplie her brothers place,  
 Was past the Noonesteed fixe degrees in sight,  
 When sparkling starres amid the heauens face,  
 With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,  
 That while they brought about the nights black chare,  
 The darke had dim'd the day ere I was ware.

And forrowing I to see the summer flowers,  
 The liuely greene, the lusty lease forlorne :  
 The sturdie trees so shattred with the showers,  
 The fields so fade that florisht so beforne,  
 It taught me well all earthly things be borne  
 To dye the death, for nought long time may last,  
 The summers beautie yeelds to winters blast.

Then looking vpyward to the heauens leames  
 With nights bright starres thick powdred euery where,  
 Which erst so glistred with the golden streames,  
 That chearfull *Phæbus* spred downe from his sphere,  
 Beholding darke oppressing day so neere.  
 The sudden sight reduced to my mind,  
 The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,  
Which coms and goes more faster then we see  
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,  
My busie minde presented vnto me  
Such fall of Peeres as in the realme had be :  
That oft I wisht some would their woes descriue,  
To warne the rest whom Fortune left alieue.

And strait forth stalking with redoubled pace,  
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,  
In black all clad there fell before my face  
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewaft,  
Forth on her eyes the crystall teares out braft,  
And sighing fore her hands she wrung and fold,  
Tare all her haire that ruth was to behold.

Her body small forwithered and forespent,  
As is the stalke that summers drought oppress,  
Her wealked face with woeful teares besprent,  
Her colour pale (at it seemed her best)  
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest.  
And as the stone that drops of water weares,  
So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.

Her eies full swollen with flowing streames afloate,  
Where with her lookes throwne vp full piteously,  
Her forcelesse hands together oft she smote,  
With dolefull shrikes, that eckoed in the skye :  
Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany,  
That in my doome was neuer man did see  
A wight but halfe so woe begone as shee.

I stood agast, beholding all her plight,  
Tweene dread and dolour so distraind in hart,  
That while my haire vpstart with the sight,  
The teares outstreamd for sorow of her smart :  
But when I saw no end that could appart  
The deadly dole, which shee so sore did make,  
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake :

T

Vnwrap

Vnwrap thy woes what euer wight thou bee,  
 And stint in time to spill thy selfe with plaint,  
 Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see  
 Thou canst not dure with sorrow thus attaint.  
 And with that word of sorrow all forfaint,  
 She looked vp, and prostrate as she lay,  
 With piteous sound, lo thus she gan to say :

Alas, I wretch whom thus thou seeest distrain'd  
 With wasting woes that neuer shall aslake,  
*Sorrow* I am, in endlesse torments pain'd  
 Among the Furies in th' infernall lake :  
 Where *Pluto* God of Hell so grizly black  
 Doth hold his throne, and *Lathens* deadly taft  
 Doth reue remembrance of each thing forepast :

Whence come I am, the drery destiny  
 And lucklesse lot for to bemone of those,  
 Whom Fortune in this maze of misery,  
 Of wretched chance, most wofull *Mirors* chose,  
 That when thou seeest how lightly they did lose  
 Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most sure,  
 Thou mayst soone deeme no earthly ioy may dure.

Whose rufull voice no sooner had out-brayed  
 Those wofull words, wherewith she sorrowed so:  
 But out alas, she shrigh and neuer stayed,  
 Fell downe, and all to dasht her selfe for wo.  
 The cold pale dread my limmes gan ouergo;  
 And I so sorrowed at her sorrowes est,  
 That what with grieve and feare my wits were rest.

I stretcht my selfe, and straight my heart reuiues,  
 That dread and dolour earst did so appale,  
 Like him that with the feruent feuer striues,  
 When sicknesse seekes his castell health to scale,  
 With gathred sprites so forst I feare t'auale.  
 And rearing her with anguish all foredone,  
 My spirits return'd, and then I thus begon :

*Sorrow,*



*Sorrow*, alas fith *Sorrow* is thy name,  
And that to thee this dreere doth well pertaine,  
In vaine it were to seeke to cease the same :  
But as a man himselfe with sorrow slaine,  
So I alas doe comfort thee in paine,  
That here in sorrow art forsunke so deepe,  
That at thy sight I can but sigh and weepe.

I had no sooner spoken of a stike,  
But that the storme so rumbled in her brest,  
As *Eolus* could neuer rore the like,  
And showres downe rain'd from her eyes so fast,  
That all bedreint the place, till at the last  
Well eased they the dolour of her mind,  
As rage of raine doth swage the stormie wind.

For forth she pased in her fearefull tale :  
Come, come (quoth she) and see what I shall show :  
Come heare the plaining, and the bitter bale  
Of worthy men, by Fortunes ouerthrow :  
Come thou and see them rewing all in row.  
They were but shades that erst in mind thou rold :  
Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold.

What could these words but make me more agast,  
To heare her tell whereon I mus'd while ere ?  
So was I maz'd therewith : till at the last,  
Musing vpon her words, and what they were,  
All suddainly well lessoned was my feare :  
For to my mind returned how she told  
Both what she was, and where her wun she held.

Whereby I knew that she a Goddesse was,  
And therewithall resorted to my mind  
My thought, that late presented me the glas  
Of brittle state, of cares that here we find,  
Of thousand woes to silly men assignd :  
And how she now bid me come and behold,  
To see with eye that earst in thought I rold.

Flat downe I fell, and with all reuerence  
 Adored her, perceiuing now that shee  
 A Goddesse sent by godly prouidence,  
 In earthly shape thus shew'd her selfe to me,  
 To waile and rue this worlds vncertainty:  
 And while I honourd thus her Godheads might,  
 With plaining voice these words to me she shrighr:

I shall thee guide first to the griesly lake,  
 And thence vnto the blissfull place of rest,  
 Where thou shalt see and heare the plaint they make,  
 That whilome here bare swinge among the best.  
 This shalt thou see, but great is the vnrest  
 That thou must bide, before thou canst attaine  
 Vnto the dreadfull place where these remaine.

And with these words as I vpraised stood,  
 And gan to follow her that straight forth paste,  
 Ere I was ware, into a desert wood  
 We now were come: where hand in hand imbraste  
 She led the way, and through the thicke so traste,  
 As but I had bene guided by her might,  
 It was no way for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the desert darke,  
 We passed on with steps and pace vnmeete,  
 A rumbling rore confus'd with howle and barke  
 Of Dogs, shooke all the ground vnder our feete,  
 And strooke the din within our eares so deepe,  
 As halfe distraught vnto the ground I fell,  
 Besought returne, and not to visit hell.

But she forthwith vplifting mee a pace  
 Remou'd my dread, and with a stedfast minde,  
 Bad me come on, for here was now the place,  
 The place where we our trauailes end should finde.  
 Wherewith I rose, and to the place assingde  
 Astond I stalkt, when straight we approached neere  
 The dreadfull place, that you will dread to heare:

And

And hideous hole all vaste, withouten shape,  
Of endlesse depth, orewhelm'd with ragged stone,  
With ougly mouth, and grieſly iawes doth gape,  
And to our ſight confounds it ſelfe in one.  
Heere entred we, and yeeding forth, anone  
A dreadfull lothly lake we might diſcerne  
As blacke as pitch, that cleped is Auerne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbiſh growes,  
With ſoule black ſwelth in thickned lumps that lies,  
Which vp in th'aire ſuch ſtinking vapors throwes  
That ouer there, may flie no fowle but dies,  
Choakt with the noyſome ſauours that ariſe.  
Hither we come, whence forth we ſtill did pace,  
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place :

And firſt within the porch and iawes of hell  
Sate deepe Remoiſe of conſcience, all beſprent  
With teares : and to her ſelfe oft would ſhe tell  
Her wretchedneſſe, and curſing neuer ſtent  
To ſob and ſigh : but euer thus lament,  
With thoughtfull care, as ſhe that all in vaine  
Would weare and waſte continually in paine.

Her eyes vnſtedfaſt rolling here and there,  
Whurl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,  
So was her mind continually in feare,  
Tossed and tormented with tedious thought  
Of thoſe deteſted crimes which ſhe had wrought :  
With dreadfull cheere and lookes throwne to the ſkie,  
Wiſhing for death, and yet ſhe could not die.

Next ſaw we Dread, all trembling how he ſhooke,  
With foote vncertaine proſered here and there,  
Benum'd of ſpeech, and with a ghafly looke  
Searcht euery place all pale and dead for feare,  
His cap borne vp with ſtaring of his heare,  
Soyn'd and amaz'd at his owne ſhade for dreed,  
And fearing greater dangers then was need.



And next within the entrie of this lake  
 Sate fell Reuenge gnashing her teeth for ire,  
 Deuising meanes how she may vengeance take,  
 Neuer in rest till she haue her desire :  
 But frets within so farforth with the fire  
 Of wreaking flames, that now determines she  
 To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell Reuenge with bloudie foule pretence  
 Had shew'd her selfe as next in order set,  
 With trembling limbes we softly parted thence,  
 Till in our eyes another sight we met :  
 When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,  
 Ruing alas vpon the wofull plight  
 Of Miseric, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was leane, and somedeale pin'd away,  
 And eke his hands consumed to the bone,  
 But what his bodie was I cannot say,  
 For on his carkas rayment had he none,  
 Saue clouts and patches pieced one by one,  
 With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,  
 His chiefe defence against the winters blast.

His food for most, was wilde fruits of the tree,  
 Vnlesse sometime some crums fell to his share,  
 Which in his wallet long God wot kept he,  
 As one the which full daintily would faire.  
 His drinke the running streame : his cup the bare  
 Of his palme clofde, his bed the hard cold ground.  
 To this poore life was Miseric ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,  
 With tender ruth on him and on his feeres,  
 In thoughtfull cares, forth then our pace we held :  
 And by and by, another shape appeeres  
 Of greedie Care, still brushing vp the breers,  
 His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deepe dented in,  
 With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin,

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun  
To spread his light euen peeping in our eyes,  
When he is vp and to his worke yrun.  
But let the nights blacke mistie mantles rise,  
And with foule darke neuer so much disguise  
The faire bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,  
But hath his candles to prolong his toile.

By him lay heauie Sleepe cosin of Death  
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,  
A very corps, saue yeelding forth a breath.  
Small keepe tooke he whom Fortune frowned on,  
Or whom she lifted vp into the throne  
Of high renowne, but as a liuing death,  
So dead aliue, of life he drew the breath.

The bodies rest, the quiet of the hart,  
The trauailes ease, the still nights seere was he.  
And of our life in earth the better part,  
Reuer of sight, and yet in whom we see  
Things oft that tide, and oft that neuer bee.  
Without respect esteeming equally  
King *Cræsus* pompe, and *Irus* pouertie.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,  
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind,  
With drouping cheere still poring on the ground,  
As on the place where nature him assign'd  
To rest, when that the sisters had vntwin'd  
His vitall thred, and ended with their knife  
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint  
Rew with himselfe his end approaching fast,  
And all for nought his wretched mind torment,  
With sweete remembrance of his pleasures past,  
And fresh delites of lustie youth forewaft.  
Recounting which, how would he sob and shreek?  
And to be yong againe of *Ioue* beseeke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed be,  
 That time forepast cannot returne againe,  
 This one request of *Ioue* yet prayed he :  
 That in such withred plight, and wretched paine,  
 As *eld* (accompanied with lothsome traine)  
 Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe,  
 He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soone descend into the pit :  
 Where Death, when he the mortall corps hath slaine,  
 With wretchlesse hand in graue doth couer it,  
 Thereafter neuer to enioy againe  
 The gladsome light, but in the ground ylaïne,  
 In depth of darknesse waste and weare to nought,  
 As he had nere into the world been brought.

But who had seene him, sobbing how he stood  
 Vnto himselfe, and how he would bemone  
 His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good  
 To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,  
 He would haue musde and maruail'd much whereon  
 This wretched Age should life desire so faine.  
 And knowes ful wel life doth but length his paine.

Crookebackt he was, toothshaken, and blere eyde,  
 Went on three feete, and sometime crept on foure,  
 With old lame bones, that ratled by his side,  
 His scalpe all pil'd, and he with eld forlore :  
 His withred fist still knocking at Deaths dore,  
 Fumbling and driueling as he drawes his breath,  
 For brieft, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale *Maladie* was plaste,  
 Sore sicke in bed, her colour all foregone,  
 Bereft of stomacke, sauour, and of taste,  
 Ne could she brooke no meate but broths alone.  
 Her breath corrupt, her keepers euery one  
 Abhorring her, her sicknesse past recure,  
 Detesting phyicke, and all phyickes cure.

But



But oh the dolefull sight that then we see,  
We turn'd our looke, and on the other side  
A grieſly ſhape of Famine mought we ſee,  
With greedie lookes, and gaping mouth that cried,  
And roar'd for meate as ſhe ſhould there haue died,  
Her bodie thin, and bare as any bone,  
Whereto was left nought but the caſe alone.

And that alas was gnawne on euery where,  
All full of holes, that I ne mought refraine  
From teares, to ſee how ſhe her armes could teare,  
And with her teeth gnaw on the bones in vaine:  
When all for nought ſhe faine would ſo ſuſtaine  
Her ſtaruē corps, that rather ſeem'd a ſhade,  
Then any ſubſtance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom ſtonewall could not ſtay,  
Her tearing nailes ſnatching at all ſhe ſaw:  
With gaping iawes, that by no meanes ymay  
Be ſatiſf'd from hunger of her mawe,  
But eates her ſelfe as ſhe that hath no law:  
Gnawing, alas, her carcaſe all in vaine,  
Where you may count each ſinew, bone, and vaine.

On her while we thus firmly fixt our eyes,  
That bled for ruth of ſuch a driery ſight,  
Loe ſuddenly ſhe ſhrinkt in ſo huge wiſe,  
As made hell gates to ſhauer with the might.  
Wherewith a dart we ſaw how it did light  
Right on her breſt, and therewithall pale Death  
Enthrilling it to reauē her of her breath.

And by and by a dumbe dead corps we ſaw,  
Heauie and cold, the ſhape of death aright,  
That dants all earthly creatures to his law:  
Againſt whoſe force in vaine it is to fight.  
Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no mortall wight,  
No Towne, ne Realmes, Cities, ne ſtrongeſt Tower,  
But all perforce muſt yeeld vnto his power.

266 *M. Sackuils induction.*

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,  
 And in his hand (a dreadfull sight to see)  
 With great triumph estsoones the same he shooke,  
 That most of all my feares affrayed mee.  
 His bodie dight with nought but bones perdie,  
 The naked shape of man there saw I plaine,  
 All saue the flesh, the sinow, and the vaine.

Lastly stood Warre in glittering armes yclad,  
 With visage grim, sterne looks, and blackely hewed,  
 In his right hand a naked sword he had,  
 That to the hilts was all with blood embrued :  
 And in his left (that King and kingdomes rued)  
 Famine and fire he held, and therewithall  
 He raced townes, and threw downe towers and all.

Cities he sackt, and Realmes that whilome flowred  
 In honor, glorie, and rule aboue the best  
 He ouerwhelm'd, and all their fame deuoured,  
 Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted and neuer ceast,  
 Till he their wealth, their name and all opprest.  
 His face forehew'd with wounds, and by his side  
 There hung his targ, with gasches deepe and wide.

In midst of which, depainted there we found  
 Deadly Debate, all full of snakie heare,  
 That with a bloodie fillet was ybound,  
 Out breathing nought but discord euery where.  
 And round about were portrai'd hère and there  
 The hugie hosts, *Darius* and his power,  
 His Kings, Princes, his Peeres, and all his flower ;

Whom great *Macedo* vanquisht there in fight,  
 With deepe slaughter, despoiling all his pride,  
 Pierst through his Realmes, and danted all his might.  
 Duke *Hannibal* beheld I there beside,  
 In *Cannas* field, victor how he did ride,  
 And wofull Romans that in vaine withstood,  
 And Consul *Paulus* couered all in blood.

Yet

Yet saw I more the fight at Trasimene,  
And Treberie field, and eke when *Hannibal*  
And worthie *Scipio*, last in armes were sene  
Before Carthago gate, to trie for all  
The worlds Empire, to whom it should befall.

There saw I *Pompey*, and *Cesar* clad in armes,  
Their hosts allied and all their ciuill harmes,

With Conquerers hands forbath'd in their owne blood,  
And *Cesar* weeping ouer *Pompeyes* head.

Yet saw I *Scilla* and *Marius* where they stood,  
Their great crueltie, and the deepe bloodshead  
Of friends: *Cyrus* I saw and his host dead,  
And how the Queene with great despite hath slong  
His head in blood of them she ouercome.

*Xerxes* the Persian King yet saw I there,  
With his huge host that dranke the riuers drie,  
Dismounted hilles, and made the vales 7prere,  
His host and all yet saw I slaine perdie.  
Thebes I saw all rac'd how it did lie  
In heapes of stones, and Tyrus put to spoile,  
With walles and towers flat euened with the soile.

But Troy alas (me thought) aboue them all,  
It made mine eyes in very teares consume:  
When I beheld the wofull werd befall,  
That by the wrathfull will of God was come:  
And *Iones* vnmoued sentence and foredoome  
On *Priam* King, and on his towne so bent,  
I could not lin, but I must there lament.

And that the more, sith dest'ny was so sterne  
As force perforce, there might no force auaille,  
But she must fall: and by her fall we learne,  
That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quaille.  
No manhood, might, nor nothing mought preuaile,  
All were there prest full many a Prince and Peere,  
And many a Knight that sold his deathfull deere.

Not



Not worthie *Hector* worthiest of them all,  
 Her hope, her ioy, his force is now for nought :  
 O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,  
 The hugie horse within thy walles is brought :  
 Thy turrets fall, thy Knights that whilome fought  
     In armes amid the field, are slaine in bed,  
 Thy gods defil'd, and all thy honor dead.

The flames vprising, and cruelly they creepe  
 From wall to rooffe, till all to cinders wast,  
 Some fire the houses where the wretches sleepe,  
 Some rush in heere, some run in there as fast.  
 In euery where or sword or fire they tast.  
     The wals are torne, the towers whurl'd to the ground,  
     There is no mischiefe but may there be found.

*Cassandra* yet there saw I how they haled  
 From *Pallis* house, with spercledd tresse vndone,  
 Her wrists fast bound, and with Greekes rout empaled :  
 And *Priam* eke in vaine how he did runne  
 To armes, whom *Pyrrhus* with despite hath done  
     To cruel death, and bath'd him in the baine  
     Of his sonnes blood before the altar slaine.

But how can I describe the dolefull sight,  
 That in the shield so liuely faire did shine ?  
 Sith in this world I thinke was neuer wight  
 Could haue set forth the halfe, not halfe so fine.  
 I can no more but tell how there is seene  
     Faire *Ilium* fall in burning red gledes downe,  
     And from the soile great Troy *Neptunus* towne.

Here from when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw  
 That fil'd with teares as doth the springing well,  
 We passed on so far forth till we saw  
 Rude *Acheron*, a lothsome lake to tell,  
 That boyles and bubs vp swelth as blacke as hell,  
     Where grieslie *Charon* at their fixed tide  
     Still ferries ghosts vnto the farther side.

The aged God no sooner Sorrow spied,  
But hasting straight ynto the bancke apace,  
With hollow call vnto the rout he cried,  
To swarue apart, and giue the Goddesse place.  
Straight it was done, when to the shoare we pace,  
Where hand in hand as wee then linked fast,  
Within the boate wee are together plaste.

And forth we lanch full fraughted to the brinke,  
When with th'vawonted waight, the rusty keele  
Began to cracke as if the same should sinke.  
We hoise vp mast and saile, that in a while  
We fet the shoare, where scarcely we had while  
For to arriue, but that we heard anone  
A three sound barke confounded all in one.

We had not long forth past, but that we saw  
Blacke *Cerberus* the hideous hound of hell,  
With bristles reard, and with a three mouth'd Iaw,  
Foredinning th'aire with his horrible yell.  
Out of the deepe darke caue where he did dwell,  
The Goddesse straight he knew, and by and by  
He peast and couched, while that we past by.

Thence come we to the horreur and the hell,  
The large greate Kingdomes, and the dreadful raigne  
Of *Pluto* in his throne where he did dwell,  
The wide waste places, and the hugie plaine:  
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of paine:  
The sighs, the sobs, the deepe and deadly groane,  
Earth, aire, and all resounding plaint and moane.

Thence did we passe the three-fold emperie  
To th'vtmost bounds, where *Radamanthus* raignes,  
Where proud folke waile there woefull miserie,  
Where dreadfull din of thousand dragging chaines,  
And balefull shriekes of ghosts in deadly paines  
Tortur'd eternally are heard most brim  
Through silent shades of night so darke and dim.

From

From hence vpon our way we forward passe,  
 And through the groues and vncoth paths we goe,  
 Which leade vnto the *Cyclops* walles of brasce:  
 And where that maine-broad flood for aye doth floe,  
 Which parts the gladsome fields from place of woe,  
 Whence none shall euer passe t' *Elizium* plaine,  
 Or from *Elizium* euer turne againe.

With *Sorrow* for my guide, as there I stood,  
 A troope of men the most in armes bedight,  
 In tumult clustred 'bout both sides the flood:  
 'Mongst whom, who were ordaind t' eternall night,  
 Or who to blissefull peace and sweet delight  
 I wot not well, it seem'd that they were all  
 Such as by deaths vntimely stroke did fall.

Some headlesse were, some body, face and hands,  
 With shamefull wounds despoil'd in euery part:  
 Some strangled, some that dide in captiue bands,  
 Some smothered, drown'd, some stricken through the hart  
 With fatall steele, all drown'd in deadly smart:  
 Of hastned death, with shrikes, sobs, sighs and teares,  
 Did tell the woes of their forepassed yeares.

We staid vs straight, and with a rusfull feare,  
 Beheld this heauie sight, while from mine eies  
 The vapored teares downe stilled here and there,  
 And *Sorrow* eke in far more wofull wise,  
 Tooke on with plaint, vp heauing to the skies  
 Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout  
 Gan all in heapes to swarme vs round about.

Loe here (quoth *Sorrow*) Princes of renowne,  
 That whilome sate on top of Fortunes wheele,  
 Now laid full low, like wretches whurled downe  
 Euen with one frowne, that staid but with a smile.  
 And now behold the thing that thou erstwhile  
 Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt heare,  
 Recount the same to Kesar, King, and Peere.

Then



Then first came *Henry Duke of Buckingham*,  
His cloake of blacke all pild and quite forworne,  
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,  
Which of a Duke hath made him now her skorne.  
With gastly lookes as one in maner lorne:  
Oft spred his armes, stretcht hands he ioines as fast  
With rufull cheare, and vapored eyes vpcast.

His cloake he rent, his manly brest he beat,  
His haire all torne about the place it lay,  
My heart so molt to see his grieve so great,  
As feelingly me thought it dropt away:  
His eyes they whurld about withouten stay.  
With stormy sighes the place did so complaine,  
As if his heart at each had burst in twaine.

Thrice he began to tell his dolefull tale,  
And thrice the sighs did swallow vp his voice:  
At each of which he shrieked so withall,  
As though the heauens riued with the noise:  
Till at the last recouering his voice,  
Supping the teares that all his brest beraind,  
On cruell Fortune weeping thus he plaind.

FINIS.

---

## HOW THE TWO RO-

gers, *surnamed Mortimers, for their sundry vices,*

ended their liues vnfortunately, the one,

*An. 1329. the other, 1387.*



Mong the riders of the rolling wheele  
That lost their holds, *Baldwine* forget not mee,  
Whose fatall thred false Fortune needs would reele,  
Ere it were twisted by the sisters three:  
All folke be fraile, their blisses brittle bee:  
For prooffe whereof, although none other were,  
Suffice may I, Sir *Roger Mortimer*.

Not

Not he that was in *Edwards* dayes the third,  
 Whom Fortune brought to boote and eft to bale,  
 With loue of whom, the king so much she sturd,  
 That none but he was heard in any tale:  
 And whiles she smoothe blew on this pleasant gale,  
 He was created Earle of March, alas,  
 Whence enuy sprang which his destruction was.

For wealth breeds wrath, in such as wealth doe want,  
 Pride folly breeds in such as it possesse,  
 Among a thousand shall you find one skant,  
 That can in wealth his lofty heart repress,  
 Which in this Earle due prooffe did plaine expresse:  
 For whereas he was somewhat haut before,  
 His high degree hath made him now much more.

For now alone he ruleth as him lust,  
 Ne reckes for reade, saue of king *Edwards* mother:  
 Which forced enuy foulder out the rust,  
 That in mens hearts before did lie and smother.  
 The Peeres, the people, th'one as well as th'other,  
 Against him made so hainous a complaint,  
 That for a traytour he was soone attaint.

Then all such faults as were forgot afore,  
 They skowre afresh, and somewhat to them adde:  
 For enuy still hath eloquence in store,  
 When Fortune bids to worse things meanly bad.  
 Fiue hainous crimes against him soone were had,  
 First that he caus'd the King to yeeld the Scot,  
 To make a peace, townes that were from him got:

And therewithall the Charter call'd *Ragman*,  
 That of the Scots he bribed priuy gaine,  
 That through his meanes sir *Edward* of Carnaruan  
 In Barkely Castle traiterously was flaine:  
 That with his Princes mother he had laine,  
 And finally, with polling at his pleasure,  
 Had rob'd the King and Commons of their treasure.

For these things loe which erst were out of mind  
He was condemn'd, and hanged at the last,  
In whom Dame Fortune fully shewed her kind,  
For whom she heaues she hurleth downe as fast.  
If men to come, would learne by other past,  
My cofin then might cause them set aside  
High climbing, bribing, murdering, lust, and pride.

The finall cause why I this proeesse tell,  
Is that I may be knowne from this the other,  
My like in name, vnlike mee though he fell,  
Which was I thinke my grandsire or his brother :  
To count my kin, dame *Philip* was my mother,  
Daughter and heire of douty *Lionell*,  
The third King *Edwards* sonne, as stories tell.

My father hight sir *Edmund Mortimer*,  
True Earle of March, whence I was after Earle,  
By iust descent these two my parents were,  
Of which the one of Knighthood bare the searle,  
Of womanhood the other was the pearle :  
Through their desert so cal'd of euery wight,  
Till death them tooke, and left mee in their right.

For why th'attainter of the elder *Roger*,  
(Whose shamefull death I told you but of late)  
Was found to bee vniust, and passed ouer,  
Against the law, by those that bare him hate :  
For where by law each one of free estate  
Should personally be heard ere iudgement passe,  
They bard him this, where through destruid he was.

Wherefore by doome of court in Parliament,  
When we had prou'd our Cofin ordered thus,  
The King, the Lords, and Commons of assent  
His lawlesse death vnlawfull did discusse :  
And both to bloud and good restored vs.  
A president most worthy, shewed, and left,  
Lords liues to saue, that lawlesse might bee rest.



While Fortune vnto me her grace did deigne,  
 King *Richards* grace the second of that name,  
 (Whose looser life did soone abridge his reigne,)  
 Made me his mate in earnest and in game:  
 The Lords themselues so well allow'd the fame,  
 That through my titles duely comming downe,  
 I was made heire apparent to the Crowne.

Who then but I was euery where esteemd,  
 Well was the man that might with me acquaint,  
 Whom I allow'd, as Lords the people deemd,  
 To whatsoeuer folly had me bent,  
 To like it well the people did assent:  
 To mee as Prince attended great and small,  
 I hopte a day would come to pay for all.

But seldome ioy continueth trouble void,  
 In greatest charge cares greatest doe ensue,  
 The most possesse are euer most annoid,  
 In largest seas fore tempests lightly brue,  
 The freshest colours soonest fade the hue,  
 In thickest place is made the deepest wound,  
 True prooffe whereof my self too soone haue found.

For whilst faire Fortune luld mee in her lap,  
 And gaue me gifts more then I did require,  
 The subtile dame behind mee set a trap,  
 Whereby to dash and lay all in the mire:  
 The Irish men against mee did conspire,  
 My lands of *Ulster* from me to haue rest,  
 Which heritage my mother had mee left.

And whiles I there, to set all things in stay,  
 (Omit my toiles and trouble thitherward)  
 Among mine owne with my retinue lay,  
 The wilder men whom I did not regard,  
 (And had therefore the reckles mans reward)  
 When least I thought, set on mee in such number,  
 That from my corps my life they rent asunder.

Naught

Nought might auaille my courage nor my force,  
Nor strength of men which were (alas) too few :  
The cruell folke assaulted so my horse,  
That all my helps in peeces they to hew.  
Our bloud distaines the ground as drops of dew,  
Nought might preuaile to flie nor yet to yeeld,  
For whom they take they murder in the field.

They know no law of Armes, nor none will learne,  
They make not warre (as other doe) a play :  
The Lord, the boy, the Gallowglas, the Kerne,  
Yeeld or not yeeld, whom so they take they slay.  
They saue no foes for ransome nor for pay :  
Their chiefeft boote is th'aduerfaries head,  
They end not warre till th'enemie be dead.

Amongst these men or rather sauage beasts  
I lost my life, by cruell murder slaine :  
And therefore *Baldwine* note thou well my geasts,  
And warne all Princes rashnes to refraine :  
Bid them beware their foes when they doeaine,  
Nor yet presume vnequally to strue :  
Had I thus done, I had been left aliue.

But I despis'd the naked Irish men,  
And, for they flew, I feared them the lesse :  
I thought one man enough to match with ten,  
And through this carelesse vnaduisednes  
I was destruid, and all my men I gesse,  
At vnawares assaulted by our fone,  
Which were in number forty to vs one.

See here the stay of fortunate estate,  
The vaine assurance of this brittle life :  
For I but yong-proclamed Prince of late,  
Right fortunate in children and in wife,  
Lost all at once by stroke of bloody knife :  
Whereby assur'd let men themselues assure,  
That wealth and life are doubtfull to endure.

FINIS. Ca.

V 2

THE

THE FALL OF ROBERT  
*Tresilian* chiefe Iustice of England, and  
 other his fellowes, for misconstruing the  
*Lawes, and expounding them to serue the Princes*  
*affections, Anno 1388.*

**I**N the sad register of mischiefe and mishap,  
*Baldwine* we beseech thee with our names to begin,  
 Whom vnfriendly Fortune did train vnto a trap,  
 When as wee thought our state most stable to haue bin.  
 So lightly leese they all, which all do weene to win.  
 Learne by vs ye Lawyers and Iudges of this Land,  
 Vpright and vncorrupt in doome alway to stand.

And print ye this president to remaine for euer,  
 Enroll and record it in Tables made of Brasse,  
 Engraued in Marble that may be raced neuer,  
 Where Iudges of the Law may see, as in a Glasse,  
 What guerdon is for guile, and what our wages was,  
 Who for our Princes will, corrupt with meed and awe,  
 Gainst Iustice wretchedly did wrest the sense of Lawe.

A change more new or strange when was there euer seene,  
 Then Iudges from the Bench to come downe to the Barre,  
 And Counsellours that were most nigh to King and Queene  
 Exiled their Countrie, from Court and Counsell farre?  
 But such is Fortunes play, which can both make and marre,  
 Exalting to most high that was before most low,  
 And turning taile againe, the loftie downe to throw.

And such as late afore, could stoutly speake and plead  
 Both in Court and Countrey, carelesse of the triall,  
 As mummers mute do stand without aduice or read,  
 All to seeke of shifting, by trauerse or deniall,  
 Which haue seene the day, when, for a golden Ryall,  
 By finenes and cunning, could haue made blacke seeme white,  
 And most extorted wrong to haue appeared right.



Whilst thus on bench aboue we had the highest place,  
 Our reasons were too strong, for any to confute :  
 But when at barre beneath, we came to plead our case,  
 Our wits were in the wane, our pleading very brute.  
 Hard it is for prisoners with Iudges to dispute :  
 When all men against one, and none for one shall speake,  
 Who weenes himself most wise, may chance be too too weake.

To you therefore that sit, these few words will I say,  
 That no man sits so sure, but he may haply stand :  
 Wherefore whilst you haue place, and beare the swing and sway,  
 By fauour without force, let points of Law be skand.  
 Pity the poore prisoner that holdeth vp his hand,  
 Ne lade him not with law, who least of law hath knowne,  
 Remember ere ye die, the case may be your owne.

Behold me one vnfortunate amongst this flocke,  
*Tresilian* cald sometime chiefe Iustice of this Land,  
 A gentleman by birth, no stain was in my stocke,  
*Locketon, Holte, Belknap*, with other of my band,  
 Which the Law and Iustice had wholly in our hand,  
 Vnder the second *Richard* a Prince of greate state,  
 To whom and vs also, blind Fortune gaue the mate.

In all our Common Lawes our skill was so profound,  
 Our credit and authority such and so high esteemd,  
 That what wee did conclude, was taken for a ground,  
 Allowed was for Law what so to vs best seemd,  
 Both life, death, lands, and goods, and all by vs was deemd :  
 Whereby with easie paine, great gaine we did in fet,  
 And euery thing was fish, that came vnto our net.

At Sessions and Sises, we bare the stroke and sway,  
 In patents and commission, of *Quorum* still chiefe :  
 So that to whether side soeuer we did way,  
 Were it by right or wrong, it past without repleie.  
 The true man we let hang some whiles to saue a thiefe,  
 Of Gold, and of Siluer, our hands were neuer empty,  
 Offices, Fannes, and Fees, fell to vs in great plenty.

But what thing may suffice vnto the greedie man?  
 The more he hath in hold, the more he doth desire:  
 Happie and twice happie is he, that wisely can  
 Content himselfe with that, which reason doth require,  
 And moileth for no more then for his needfull hire:  
     But greedinesse of mind doth seldome keepe the life,  
     To whom enough and more doth neuer well suffice.

For like as dropsie patients drinke and still be drie,  
 Whose vnstanch't greedie thirst no liquor can allay,  
 And drinke they nere so much, yet thirst they by and by;  
 So catchers and snatchers do toile both night and day,  
 Not needie, but greedie, still prolling for their pray.  
     O endlesse thirst of gold, corrupter of all lawes,  
     What mischief is on mould whereof thou art not cause?

Thou made'st vs forget the faith of our profession,  
 When Sergeants we were sworne to serue the common law,  
 Which was, that in no point we should make digression  
 From approued principles, in sence nor in sawe:  
 But we vnhappy wights without all dread and awe  
     Of the Iudge eternall, for worlds vaine promotion,  
     More to man then God did beare our whole deuotion.

The Lawes we did interpret and statutes of the Land,  
 Not truly by the text, but newly by a glose:  
 And words that were most plaine, when they by vs were skand,  
 We turned by construction to a Welchmans hose,  
 Whereby many a one both life and land did lose:  
     Yet this we made our meane to mount aloft on mules,  
     And seruing times and turnes, peruerted lawes and rules.

Thus climbing and contending alway to the top,  
 From high vnto higher, and then to be most hie,  
 The hony dew of Fortune so fast on vs did drop,  
 That of King *Richards* counsell we came to be most nie:  
 Whose fauour to attaine we were full fine and sie.  
     Alway to his profit where any thing might sound,  
     That way (all were it wrong) the lawes we did expound.

So working Law like waxe, the subiect was not sure  
Of life, of land, nor goods, but at the Princes will,  
Which caused his kingdome the shorter time to dure:  
For claiming power absolute both to saue and spill,  
The Prince thereby presumed his people for to pill,  
And set his lusts for Law, and will had reasons place,  
No more but hang and draw, there was no better grace.

Thus the King outleaping the limits of his Law,  
Not rainging but raging, as youth did him entice,  
Wife and worthie persons from Court did daily draw,  
Sage counsell set at naught, proud vanterers were in price,  
And roysters bare the rule, which wasted all in vice:  
Of riot and excesse, grew scarcitie and lacke,  
Of lacking came taxing, and so went wealth to wracke.

The Barons of the Land not bearing this abuse,  
Conspiring with the Commons assembled by assent,  
And seeing neither reason nor treatie could induce  
The King in any thing his rigour to relent,  
Maugre his Kingly might they call'd a Parliament,  
Franke and free for all men without checke to debate  
As well for weale publique, as for the Princes state.

In this high assemblie, great things were proponed  
Touching the Princes state, his regaltie and crowne,  
By reason that the King (which much was to be moned)  
Without regard at all of honor or renowne,  
Mised by ill aduice, had turn'd all vpside downe,  
For suretie of whose state, them thought it did behoue  
His Counsellours corrupt by reason to remoue:

Among whom, *Robert Veer*, call'd Duke of Ireland,  
With *Michael Delapole* of Suffolke new made Earle,  
Of Yorke also then Archbishop, dispatcht out of hand,  
With *Brembre* of London a full vncurteous churle:  
Some learned in the Law in exile they did hurle:  
But I poore *Tresilian* (because I was the chiefe)  
Was damned to the gallowes most vilely as a thiefe.



Lo the fine of falshood, stipend of corruption,  
 The fee of donble fraud, the fruits it doth procure :  
 Yee Iudges vpon earth, let our iust punishment  
 Teach you to shake off bribes, and keepe your hands still pure.  
 Riches and promotion be vaine things and vnſure,  
 The fauour of a Prince is an vntruſtie ſtay,  
 But Iuſtice hath a fee that ſhall remaine alway.

What glorie can be greater before God or man,  
 Then by paths of Iuſtice in iudgement to proceed ?  
 So duely and ſo truly the Lawes for to ſcan,  
 That right may take his place without regard or meed.  
 Set apart all flatterie and vaine worldly dreed,  
 Set God before your eyes, the moſt iuſt Iudge ſupreme,  
 Remember well your reckoning at the day extreme.

Abandon all affray, be ſoothfaſt in your ſawes,  
 Be conſtant and careleſſe of mortals diſpleaſure,  
 With eyes ſhut and hands cloſe you ſhould pronounce the lawes,  
 Eſteeme not worldly goods, thinke there is a treaſure  
 More worth then gold a thouſand times in valure,  
 Repoſed for all ſuch as righteousneſſe enſue,  
 Whereof you cannot faile, the promiſe made is true.

If Iudges in our daies would ponder well in mind  
 The fatall fall of vs, for wreſting Law and right,  
 Such ſtatutes as touch life ſhould not be thus defin'd  
 By ſenſes conſtrained, againſt true meaning quite,  
 As well they might affirme the blacke for to be white :  
 Wherefore we wiſh they would our act and end compare,  
 And weighing well the caſe, they will we truſt beware.

*G. Ferrers.*

HOVV

# HOW SIR THOMAS OF WOODSTOCKE DVKE OF

Glocester, vncle to King *Richard* the second,  
*was unlawfully murdered, An. Dom.*

1397.



Hose state stablisht is, in seeming most sure,  
And so far from danger of Fortunes blasts,  
As by the compasse of mans coniecture,  
No brasen piller may be fixt more fast:  
Yet wanting the stay of prudent forecast,

When froward Fortune list for to frowne,  
May in a moment turne vpside downe.

In prooffe whereof, O *Baldwine*, take paine,  
To hearken a while to *Thomas* of Woodstocke,  
Addresse in presence his fate to complaine,  
In the forlorne hope of English flocke:  
Extract by descent from the royall stocke,  
Sonne to King *Edward*, third of that name,  
And second to none in glorie and fame.

This noble father to maintaine my state,  
With Buckingham Earledome did me indow,  
Both Nature and Fortune to me were great,  
Denying me nought which they might allow:  
Their sundrie graces in me did so flow,  
As beautie, strength, high fauour and fame,  
Who may of God more wish then the same?

Brothers we were to the number of seuen,  
I being the sixt, and yongest but one:  
A more royall race was not vnder heauen,  
More stout or more stately of stomacke and person,  
Princes all peerelesse in each condition:  
Namely Sir *Edward*, call'd the blacke Prince,  
When had England the like before or since?

But

282 *Thomas Duke of Gloucester.*

But what of all this, any man t' assure,  
In state vncarefull of Fortunes variance?  
Sith daily and houely we see it in vre,  
That where most cause is of affiance,  
Euen there is found most weake assurance.  
Let none trust Fortune, but follow reason:  
For often we see in trust is treason.

This prouerbe in prooffe ouer true I tried,  
Finding high treason in place of high trust:  
And most fault of faith where I most affied,  
Being, by them that should haue been iust,  
Trayterously entrapt, ere I could mistrust.  
Ah wretched world what it is to trust thee,  
Let them that will learne now hearken to mee.

After King *Edward* the thirds decease,  
Succeeded my nephew *Richard* to raigne,  
Who for his glorie and honors encrease,  
With princely wages did me entertaine,  
Against the *Frenchmen* to be his Chieftaine.  
So passing the seas with royall puissance,  
With God and S. *George* I inuaded France.

Wasting the countrie with sword and with fire,  
Ouerturning townes, high castles and towers,  
Like *Mars* god of warre enflamed with ire  
I forced the Frenchmen t' abandon their bowers:  
Where euer we marcht I wan at all howers,  
In such wise visiting both citie and village,  
That alway my souldiers were laden with pillage.

With honor and triumph was my returne,  
Was none more ioyous then yong King *Richard*:  
Who minding more highly my state to adorne,  
With Gloucester Dukedome did me reward:  
And after in mariage I was prefer'd  
To a daughter of *Bobun* an Earle honorable,  
By whom I was of England high Constable.

Thus



Thus hoyfed high on Fortunes wheele,  
As one on a stage attending a play,  
See'th not on which fide the scaffold doth reele,  
Till timber and poles and all flie away :  
So fared it by me : for day by day,  
As honor encreased I looked ftill higher,  
Not feeing the danger of my fond defier.

For Fortunes floud thus running with full ftream,  
And I a Duke descended of great Kings,  
Conftable of England, chiefe officer of the Realme,  
Abused with desperance in thefe vaine things,  
I went without feete, and flew without wings,  
Prefuming fo far vpon my high ftate,  
That dread fet apart, my Prince I would mate.

For whereas Kings haue counsell of their choice,  
To whom they referre the rule of their Land,  
With certaine familiars in whom to reioyce,  
For pleasure or profit, as the cafe fhall ftand,  
I not bearing this, would needs take in hand,  
Maugre his will, thofe perfons to difgrace,  
And for to fettle others in their place.

But as an old booke faith, who will affay  
About the Cats necke to hang on a bell,  
Had firft need to cut the Cats clawes away,  
Left if the Cat be curft, and not tam'd well,  
She with her nailes may claw him to the fell :  
So putting the bell about the Cats necke,  
I vnaduifed caught a cruell checke.

Reade well the fentence of the Rat renown'd,  
Which *Pierce* the plowman describes in his dreame,  
And whofo hath wit the fenfe to expound,  
Shall find that to curbe the Prince of a Reame,  
Is euen (as who faith) to ftriue with the ftream :  
Note this all fubieets, and conftrue it well,  
And bufie not your braines 'bout the Cats bell.

But

## 284 *Thomas Duke of Gloucester.*

But in that yee be Lieges learne t'obay,  
Submitting your willes to your Princes Lawes:  
It fits not a subiect t'haue his owne way,  
Remember this prouerbe of the Cats claws:  
For Princes like Lions haue long large pawes  
That reach at randon, and whom they once twitch,  
They claw to the bone before the skin itch.

But to my purpose, I being once bent,  
Towards the atchieuing of my attemptate,  
Foure bould Barons were of mine assent,  
By oath and alliance fastly confederate:  
First *Henrie* of Derby an Earle of estate,  
*Richard* of Arundell, and *Thomas* of Warwicke;  
With *Mowbray* the Marshall, a man most warlike.

At Ratecote Bridge assembled our band,  
The Commons in clusters came to vs that day  
To dant *Robert Veere*, then Duke of Ireland;  
By whom King *Richard* was ruled alway:  
We put him to flight, and brake his array,  
Then maugre the King, his leaue or assent,  
We by our power did call a Parliament.

Where not in Robes, but with our Baslards bright,  
We came to parle of the publique weale,  
Confirming our quarell with maine and might,  
With swords and no words we tried our appeale,  
In stead of reason declaring our zeale,  
And whom so we knew, with the King in grace,  
We plainly depriued of power and place.

Some with short processe were banisht the Land,  
Some executed with capitall paine,  
Whereof who so list, the whole t'vnderstand,  
In the Parliament roll it appeareth plaine,  
And further how stoutly we did the King straine,  
The rule of his Realme wholly to resigne,  
To the order of those, whom we did assigne.

But

But note the sequele of such presumption,  
After we had these miracles wrought,  
The King inflamed with indignation,  
That to such bondage he should be brought,  
Suppressing the ire of his inward thought,  
Studied nought else but how that he might  
Be highly reuenged of this high despite.

Aggreeu'd was also this latter offence,  
With former matter his ire to renue:  
For once at Windfore I brought to his presence  
The Maior of London with all his retinue,  
To aske a reckoning of the Realmes reuenue:  
And the souldiers of Brest by me were made bold,  
Their wages to claime when the towne was sold.

These griefes remembred with all the remnant,  
Hourded in his hart hate out of measure,  
Yet openly in shew made he no semblant,  
By word or by deed to beare displeasure:  
But loue dayes dissembled do neuer indure,  
And whoso trusteth a foe reconcild,  
Is for the most part alwaies beguild.

For as fire ill quencht will vp at a start,  
And sores not well salued doe breake out of new,  
So hatred hidden in an irefull hart,  
Where it hath had long season to brew,  
Vpon euery occasion doth easily renew:  
Not failing at last, if it be not let,  
To pay large vsury besides the due det.

Euen so it fared by this friendship fained,  
Outwardly sound, and inwardly rotten:  
For when the Kings fauour in seeming was gained,  
All old displeasures forgiuen and forgotten,  
Euen then at a suddaine the shaft was shotten,  
Which pierced my heart void of mistrust:  
Alas that a Prince should be so vniust.



286 *Thomas Duke of Gloucester.*

For lying at Plashey my selfe to repose,  
By reason of sicknesse which held me full sore,  
The King espying me apart from those,  
With whom I confedered in band before,  
Thought it not meete to tract the time more,  
But glad to take me at such auantage,  
Came to salute me with friendly visage.

Who hauing a band bound to his bent,  
By colour of kindnesse to visite his Eame,  
Tooke time to accomplish his cruell intent :  
And in a small vessell downe by the streame,  
Conueid me to Calis out of the Realme,  
Where without processe or doome of my Peeres,  
Not nature but murder abridged my yeeres.

This act was odious to God and to man,  
Yet rigour to cloake in habit of reason,  
By craftie compasse deuise they can,  
Articles nine of right hainous treason :  
But doome after death is sure out of season,  
For who euer saw so strange a president,  
As execution done before iudgement.

Thus hate harboured in depth of minde,  
By sought occasion burst out of new,  
And cruelty abused the law of kinde,  
When that the Nephue the Vncle slew.  
Alas King *Richard*, sore mayst thou rue,  
Which by this fact preparedst the way  
Of thy hard destiny to hasten the day.

For blood axeth blood as guerdon due,  
And vengeance for vengeance is iust reward :  
O righteous God thy iudgements are true :  
For looke what measure we other award,  
The same for vs againe is prepar'd.  
Take heed ye Princes by examples past,  
Blood will haue blood, either first or last.

*G. Ferrers.*

HOW

# HOW THE LORD MOW-

*brey*, promoted by King *Richard* the second  
to the state of a Duke, was by him banished  
the Realme the yeare of Christ, 1398.

*and after died miserable  
in exile.*



Hough sorrow and shame abash me to rehearse  
My lothsome life, and death of due deserued,  
Yet that the paines thereof may other pearce  
To leaue the like, lest they be likewise serued:  
Ah *Baldwine* marke, and see how that I swerued.

Dissembling, enuy, and flattery, bane that bee,  
Of all their hostes, haue shew'd their power on mee.

I blame not Fortune, though she did her part,  
And true it is she can do little harme:  
She guideth goods, she hampreth not the heart,  
A minde well bent, is safe from euery charme.  
Vice, only vice, with her stout strengthlesse arme,  
Doth cause the heart from good to ill encline,  
Which I, alas, doe finde too true by mine.

For where by birth I came of noble race,  
The *Mowbrey*s heire, a famous house and old,  
Fortune I thanke, gaue me so good a grace,  
That of my Prince I had what so I would:  
Yet neither was to other greatly hold.  
For I thought flattery wrong'd his wanton youth,  
And his fond trust augmented my vntruth.

He made me first the Earle of Notingham,  
And Marshall of the Realme, in which estate  
The Peeres and people iointly to me came,  
With sore complaint, against them that of late  
Bad officers had brought the King in hate,  
By making sale of iustice, right, and Lawe,  
And liuing naught, without all dread or awe.

I gaue them aid these euils to redresse,  
 And went to London with an army strong,  
 And caus'd the King, against his will oppresse  
 By cruell death, all such as led him wrong:  
 The Lord chiefe Iustice suffered these among,  
     So did the Steward of his household head,  
 The Chancellor scape, for he afore had fled,

These wicked men thus from the King remou'd,  
 Who best vs pleas'd succeeded in their place:  
 For which both King and Commons much vs lou'd,  
 But chiefly I with all stood high in grace.  
 The King ensu'd my rede in euery case,  
     Whence selfe-loue bred: for glory maketh prowd,  
 And pride aye seeks alone to be allow'd.

Wherefore to th'end I might alone inioy  
 The Kings good will, I made his lust my lawe:  
 And where of late I labour'd to destroy  
 Such flattering folke, as thereto stood in awe,  
 Now learned I among the rest to clawe:  
     For pride is such, if it be kindly caught,  
 As stroyeth good, and stirres vp euery naught.

Pride pricketh men to flatter for the pray,  
 To oppresse and poll for maint'nance of the fame,  
 To malice such as match vneths it may:  
 And to be brieft, pride doth the heart inflame,  
 To fire what mischief any fraud may frame,  
     And still at length the euils by it wrought  
 Confound the worker, and bring him to nought.

Behold in me due prooffe of euery part:  
 For pride first forced me my Prince to flatter  
 So much, that whatsoeuer pleas'd his heart  
 Were't nere so ill, I thought a lawfull matter,  
 Which caus'd the Lords afresh against him clatter:  
     Because he had his holds beyond sea sold,  
 And scene his souldiers of their wages sold.

Though



Though vnto all these ils I were a frend,  
Yet such was luck that each man deemed no :  
The Duke of Glocester for me did send,  
With other Lords, whose hearts did bleede for woe,  
To see the Realme so fast to ruine goe.

In fault whereof, they said the two Dukes were,  
The one of Yorke, the other Lancaster.

On whose remoue from being about the King  
We all agreed, and sware a solemne oth,  
And whilst the rest provided for this thing,  
I flatterer I, to win the praise of troth,  
Wretch that I was, brake faith and promise both :  
For I bewraied to th' King their whole intent,  
For which vnwares they all were tane and shent.

Thus was the warder of the Common weale,  
The Duke of Gloster guiltlesse made away,  
With other moe, more wretch I so to deale,  
Who through vntruth their trust did ill betray :  
Yet by this meanes obtained I may pray,  
Of King and Dukes I found for this such fauour,  
As made me Duke of Northfolke for my labour.

But see how pride and enuy iointly runne,  
Because my Prince did more than me prefer,  
Sir Henry Bolenbroke, the eldest sonne  
Of Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,  
Proud I that would alone be blasing starre,  
Enuide this Duke, for nought saue that the shine  
Of his deserts did glister more then mine.

To th'end therefore his light should be the lesse,  
I flily sought all shifts to put him out :  
But as the poize that would the palme repress,  
Doth cause the bowes spred larger round about ;  
So spite and enuy causeth glory sprout,  
And aye the more the top is ouertrod,  
The deeper doth the sound roote spred abroad.

For when this *Henry* Duke of Herford saw,  
 What spoile the King made of the noble bloud,  
 And that without all Iustice, cause, or lawe,  
 To suffer him, he thought not sure nor good :  
 Wherefore to me twofaced in one hood,  
     As touching this, he fully brake his minde,  
     As to his friend that should remedy finde.

But I, although I knew my Prince did ill,  
 So that my harte abhorred sore the same,  
 Yet mischiefe so through malice led my will,  
 To bring this Duke from honour vnto shame,  
 And toward my selfe, my soueraigne to enflame,  
     That I bewraied his word vnto the King,  
     Not as a read, but as a hainous thing.

Thus where my duty bound me to haue told  
 My Prince his fault, and wild him to refraine,  
 Through flattery loe, I did his ill vphold,  
 Which turnd at length both him and me to paine :  
 Woe, woe to Kings whose counsaillours doe faine,  
     Woe, woe to Realmes where such are put in trust,  
     As leaue the Law, to serue the Princes lust.

And woe to him that by his flattering reed,  
 Maintaines a Prince in any kind of vice :  
 Woe worth him eke for enuy, pride or meed,  
 That misreports an honest enterprife.  
 Because I beaft in all these points was nice,  
     The plagues of all together on me light,  
     And due for ill, ill doers doth acquite.

For when the Duke was charged with my plaint;  
 He flat denied that any part was true,  
 And claime by armes to answer his attaint,  
 And I by vse that warlike feates well knew,  
 To his desire incontinently drew :  
     Wherewith the King did seeme right well content,  
     As one that past not much with whom it went.

At time and place appointed we appeared,  
At all points armed to proue our quarels iust,  
And when our friends on each part had vs cheard,  
And that the Heralds bad vs doe our lust,  
With speare in rest we tooke a course to iust :  
But ere our horses had run halfe their way,  
A shout was made, the King commanded stay.

And for t'auoid the sheading of our bloud  
With shame and death, which one must needes haue had,  
The King through counsaile of the Lords thought good  
To banish both, which iudgment straight was rad ;  
No maruell then though both were wroth and sad,  
But chiefly I that was exilde for aye,  
My enmie strang'd but for a ten yeares day.

The date expir'd, when by this dolefull dome  
I should depart, to liue in banisht band,  
On paine of death to England not to come,  
I went my way : the King seafde in his hand  
Mine offices, my honours, goods and land,  
To pay the due (as openly he told)  
Of mighty summes, which I had from him pol'd.

See, *Baldwine*, see, the solary of sinne,  
Marke with that meed vile vices are rewarded :  
Through enuy I did lose both kith and kinne,  
And for my flattering plaint so well regarded,  
Exile and shame are iustly me awarded :  
My wife and heire lacke lands and lawfull right,  
And me their Lord made Dame *Dianaes* Knight,

If these mishaps at home bee not enough,  
Adioine to them my sorowes in exile :  
I went to *Almaine* first, a Land right rough,  
In which I found such churlish folke and vile,  
As made me lothe my life ech other while :  
There lo I learnd what is to be a gest  
Abroad, and what to liue at home in rest.



For they esteeme no one man more then each,  
 They vse as well the lackey as the Lord,  
 And like their maners churlish in their speech,  
 Their lodging hard, their boord to be abhor'd:  
 Their pleyted garments therewith well accord,  
     All iag'd and frounst, with diuers colours deckt,  
 They sweare, they curse, and drinke till they be fleckt.

They hate all such as these their manners hate,  
 Which reason would no wise man should allow:  
 With these I dwelt, lamenting mine estate,  
 Till at the length they had got knowledge, how  
 I was exil'd, because I did auow  
     A false complaint against my trustie friend,  
 For which they nam'd me traytour still vnhend:

That what for shame and what for wearines  
 I stole from thence, and went to Venice towne,  
 Whereas I found more ease and friendlines,  
 But greater griefe: for now the great renowne  
 Of *Bolenbroke* whom I would haue put downe,  
     Was waxt so great in Britaine and in France,  
 That Vencie through, each man did him aduance.

Thus loe his glorie grew through great despite,  
 And I thereby encreased in defame:  
 Thus enuie euer doth her most acquite  
 With trouble, anguish, sorow, smart and shame,  
 But sets the vertues of her foe in flame:  
     Like water waues which clense the muddie stone,  
 And soyles themselues by beating thereupon.

Or ere I had sojourn'd there a yeare,  
 Strange tidings came he was to England gone,  
 Had tane the King, and that which touch'd him neare,  
 Imprisoned him with other of his fone,  
 And made him yeeld him vp his Crowne and throne:  
     When I these things for true by search had tried,  
 Griefe gripte me so, I pin'd away and died.

Note heere the end of pride, see flatteries fine,  
Marke the reward of enuie and complaint,  
And warne all people from them to decline,  
Lest likely fault do find the like attaint.

Let this my life to them be a restraint :

By others harmes who listeth take no heed,  
Shall by his owne learne other better reed.

*T. Churchyard.*

---

## HOVV KING RICHARD THE SECOND WAS FOR HIS

cuill gouernance deposed from his seate, in  
the yeare 1399. and murdered in prison the  
*yeare following.*



Appie is the Prince, that hath in wealth the grace  
To follow vertue, keeping vices vnder;  
But woe to him whose will hath wisdomes place:  
For whoso renteth right and law asunder,  
On him at length all the world shall wonder.

High birth, choice fortune, force, nor Princely mace,  
Can warrant King or Keyser from the case.

Behold my hap, see how the silly rout  
On me do gaze, and each to other say :  
See where he lieth, but late that was so stout,  
Lo how the power, the pride, and rich aray  
Of mightie Rulers lightly fade away.

The King which erst kept all the Realme in doubt,  
The veriest rascall now dare checke and flout.

Me thinke I heare the people thus deuise :  
Wherefore *Baldwine*, sith thou wilt declare  
How Princes fell, to make the liuing wise,  
My lawlesse life in no point see thou spare,  
But paint it out, that Rulers may beware  
Good counsell, law, or vertue to despise,  
For Realmes haue rules, and Rulers haue a life.

I was a King, who ruled all by lust,  
 Forcing but light of Iustice, right, or Law,  
 Putting alwaies flatterers false in trust,  
 Ensuing such as could my vices claw,  
 By faithfull counsell passing not an haw,  
     As pleasure prickt, so needs obey I must,  
     Hauing delight to feed and serue the gust:

Which to maintaine, my people were sore pol'd  
 With Fines, Fifteenes, and loanes by way of prest,  
 Blanke Charters, oaths, and shifts not knowne of old,  
 For which the Commons did me sore detest.  
 I also sold the noble towne of Brest,  
     My fault wherein because mine vncl told,  
     I found the meanes that he to death was sold.

None aide I lackt in any wicked deed,  
 For gaping Gulles whom I promoted had  
 Would further all in hope of higher meed.  
 There can no King imagine ought so bad,  
 But shall find some that will performe it glad:  
     For sicknesse seldome doth so swiftly breed,  
     As humours ill do grow the grieve to feed.

My life and death the truth of this hath tri'd:  
 For while I fought in Ireland with my foes,  
 Mine vncl *Edmund* whom I left to guide  
 My Realme at home, rebelliously arose  
*Percies* to helpe, which plied my depose:  
     And call'd from France Earle *Bolenbroke*, whom I  
     Exiled had for ten yeares there to lie.

For comming backe this sudden stir to stay,  
 The Earle of Worster whom I trusted most,  
 (Whiles I in Wales at Flint my castle lay,  
 Both to refresh and multiplie mine host)  
 There in my hall, in sight of least and most,  
     His staffe did breake, which was my household stay,  
     Bad each make shift, and rode himselfe away.



My Steward false thus being fled and gone,  
My seruants flie shranke off on euery side,  
Then caught I was and led vnto my sone,  
Who for their Prince no Palace did prouide,  
But prison strong, where *Henrie* pult with pride  
Cause me reigne my Kingly state and throne,  
And so forsaken left and post alone.

Yet some conspir'd their new King to put downe,  
And to that end a solemne oath they swore,  
To render me my royall seate and Crowne,  
Whereof themselues depriued me before.  
But late medicines can helpe no sothbind sore :  
When swelling floods haue ouerflowen the towne,  
Too late it is to saue them that shall drowne :

For though the Peeres set *Henrie* in his state,  
Yet could they not displace him thence againe :  
And where they soone depriued me of late,  
They could restore me by no manner paine,  
Things hardly mend, but may be mar'd amaine,  
And when a man is fallen in froward fate,  
Still mischiefes light one on anothers pate.

For when the King did know that for my cause,  
His Lords in maske would kill him on a night,  
To dash all doubts he tooke no farther pause,  
But *Pierce* of Exton a cruell murdering Knight  
To Pomfret castle sent him armed bright,  
Who causelesse kill'd me there against all lawes,  
Thus lawlesse life to lawlesse death aye drawes.

*G. Ferrers.*

X4 HOW

# HOW OWEN GLENDVR SEDUCED BY FALSE PROPHESES,

tooke vpon him to be Prince of Wales, and  
*was by Henrie Prince of England chased to  
 the Mountaines, where he miserable died  
 for lacke of food, An. 1401.*



Pray thee *Baldwine* sith thou doest entend  
 To shew the fall of such as clinbe too hie,  
 Remember me, whose miserable end  
 May teach a man his vicious life to flie.  
 Oh Fortune, Fortune, out on thee I crie:  
 My liuely corps thou hast made leane and slender,  
 For lacke of food, whose name was *Owen Glendwr*.

A Welchman borne, and of the Troian blood,  
 But ill brought vp, whereby full well I find,  
 That neither birth nor lineage make vs good,  
 Though it be true that Cat will after kind,  
 Flesh gendreth flesh, but not the soule or mind,  
 They gender not, but foulely do degender,  
 When men to vice from vertue them surrender.

Each thing by nature tendeth to the same  
 Whereof it came, and is disposed like:  
 Downe sinke the mould, vp mounts the fierie flame,  
 With horne the Hart, with hoose the Horse doth stike,  
 The Wolfe doth spoile, the luttle Foxe doth pike,  
 And to conclude, no fish, flesh, fowle or plant,  
 Of their true dame the propertie doth want.

But as for men, sith seuerally they haue  
 A mind, whose manners are by learning made,  
 Good bringing vp all only doth them saue  
 In honest acts, which with their parents fade:  
 So that true gentrie standeth in the trade  
 Of virtuous life, not in the fleshy line:  
 For blood is brute, but gentrie is diuine.

Experience doth cause me thus to say,  
 And that the rather for my countymen,  
 Which vaunt and boast themselves about the day,  
 If they may straine their stocke from worthie men:  
 Which let be true, are they the better then?

Nay farre the worse, if so they be not good,  
 For why, they staine the beautie of their blood.

How would we mocke the burden-bearing mule,  
 If he would brag he were an horses son,  
 To presse his pride (might nothing else him rule).  
 His boasts to proue no more but bid him run:  
 The horse for swiftnesse hath his glorie won.  
 The bragging mule could nere the more aspier,  
 Though he should proue that *Pegas* was his fier.

Each man may crake of that which was his owne,  
 Our parents good is theirs, and no whit ours:  
 Who therefore will of noble birth be knowne,  
 Or shine in vertue like his ancestours,  
 Gentry consisteth not in lands and towers:  
 He is a churle though all the world were his,  
 Yea *Arthurs* heire if that he liue amis.

For vertuous life a Gentleman doth make  
 Of her possessour, all be he poore as *Iob*,  
 Yea though no name of elders he can take:  
 For prooffe take *Merlin* fathered by an Hob.  
 But who so sets his mind to spoile and rob,  
 Although he come by due descent from *Brute*,  
 He is a churle, vngentle, vile, and brute.

Well, thus did I for want of better wit,  
 Because my parents naughtly brought me vp:  
 For Gentlemen (they said) was nought so fit,  
 As to attast by bold attempts the cup  
 Of conquests wine, whereof I thought to sup:  
 And therefore bent my selfe to rob and riue,  
 And whom I could of lands and goods depriue.

*Henrie.*



*Henrie* the fourth did then vsurpe the Crowne,  
Despoil'd the King, with *Mortimer* the heire :  
For which his subiects fought to put him downe,  
And I while Fortune offered me so faire,  
Did what I might his honor to appaire :  
And tooke on me to be the Prince of Wales,  
Entiste thereto by Prophecies and tales.

For which, such mates as wait vpon the spoile,  
From euery part of Wales vnto me drew :  
For loytering youth vntaught in any toile,  
Are readie aye all mischicfe to ensue.  
Through helpe of these so great my glorie grew,  
That I defied my King through loftie heart,  
And made sharpe warre on all that tooke his part.

See lucke, I tooke Lord *Raynold Gray* of Rithen,  
And him enforst my daughter to espouse,  
And so perforce I held him still, and sithen  
In Wigmore land through battell rigorous,  
I caught the right heire of the crowned house,  
The Earle of March Sir *Edmund Mortimer*,  
And in a dungeon kept him prisoner.

Then all the Marches longing vnto Wales,  
By Seuerne West I did inuade and burne :  
Destroyed the townes in mountaines and in vales,  
And rich in spoiles did homeward safe returne :  
Was none so bold durst once against me spurne.  
Thus prosperously doth Fortune forward call,  
Those whom she minds to giue the forest fall.

When fame had brought these tidings to the King,  
(Although the Scots then vexed him right sore)  
A mightie armie 'gainst me he did bring :  
Whereof the French King being warn'd afore,  
Who mortall hate against King *Henrie* bore,  
To grieue our foe he quickly to me sent  
Twelue thousand Frenchmen, vnto the fight all bent.

A part of them led by the Earle of March,  
 Lord *James* of Burbon, a renowned Knight,  
 Withheld by winds to Wales-ward forth to march,  
 Tooke land at Plimmouth priuily on night :  
 And when he had done all he durst or might,  
     After that many of his men were slaine,  
 He stole to ship and sailed home againe.

Twelue thousand moe in Milford did arriue,  
 And came to me then lying at Denbigh :  
 With armed Welchmen thousands double fue,  
 With whom we went to Worcester well nigh,  
 And there encampt vs on a mount on high,  
     T'abide the King, who shortly after came,  
 And pitched downe his field, hard by the same.

There eight daies long our hosts lay face to face,  
 And neither others power durst assaile :  
 But they so stopt the passages the space,  
 That vitailles could not come to our auaille,  
 Where through constrain'd our hearts began to faile,  
     So that the Frenchmen shranke away by night,  
 And I with mine to th mountaines took our flight.

The King pursued greatly to his cost,  
 From hilles to woods, from woods to valleyes plaine:  
 And by the way his men and stufte he lost.  
 And when he saw he gained nought but paine,  
 He blew retreate and gate him home againe :  
     Then with my power I boldly came abroad,  
 Taken in my countrey for a very god.

Immediatly there fell a iolly iarre  
 Betweene the King and *Percies* worthie blouds,  
 Which grew at last vnto a deadly warre :  
 For like as drops engender mightie flouds,  
 And little seeds sprout forth great leaues and buds;  
     Euen so small strifes, if they be suffered run,  
 Breed wrath and warre, and death or they be don.

The

The King would haue the ranfome of fuch Scots  
 As thefe the *Percies* tane had in the field :  
 But fee how ftrongly Lucre knits her knots,  
 The King will haue, the *Percies* will not yeeld,  
 Defire of goods fome craues, but granteth feeld :  
 Oh curfed goods, defire of you hath wrought  
 All wickednes, that hath or can bee thought.

The *Percies* deemd it meeter for the King,  
 To haue redeemed their Cofin *Mortimer*,  
 Who in his quarell all his power did bring  
 To fight with mee, that tooke him prifoner,  
 Than of their pray to rob his fouldier :  
 And therefore will'd him fee fome meane were found,  
 To quite forth him whom I kept vily bound.

Because the King milliked their request,  
 They came themfelues and did accord with mee,  
 Complaining how the Kingdome was oppreff  
 By *Henries* rule : wherefore wee did agree  
 To plucke him downe, and part the Realme in three :  
 The north part theirs, Wales holy to be mine,  
 The reft, to reft to th' Earle of Marches line.

And for to fet vs hereon more agog,  
 A Prophet came (a vengeance take them all)  
 Affirming *Henry* to be Gogmagog,  
 Whom *Merline* doth a Mouldwarpe euer call,  
 Accurst of God that muft be brought in thrall  
 By a Wolfe, a Dragon, and a Lion ftrong,  
 Which fould diuide his Kingdome them among.

This crafty dreamer made vs three fuch beafts,  
 To thinke wee were the foresaid beaftes, indeed :  
 And for that caufe our badges and our creatts  
 Wee fearched out, which fcarfly well agreed :  
 Howbeit the Herolds apt at fuch a need,  
 Drew downe fuch iffues from old ancefters,  
 As prou'd thefe enignes to bee furely ours.



Yee crafty Welchmen, wherefore doe ye mocke,  
The Noble men thus with your fained rimes?  
Ye Noble men, why flie yee not the flocke  
Of such as haue seduc'd so many times?  
False Prophecies are plagues for diuers crimes,  
Which God doth let the diuellish sort deuise,  
To trouble such as are not godly wise.

And that appeard by vs three beasts indeed,  
Through false perswasion highly borne in hand,  
That in our seate we could not chuse but speed,  
To kill the King and to enioy his Land:  
For which exploit we bound our selues in band,  
To stand contented ech man with his part,  
So folly did assure our foolish hart.

But such, they say, as fish before the net,  
Shall seldome surfet of the pray they take:  
Of things to come the haps bee so vnset,  
That none but fooles may warrant of them make:  
The full assur'd successe doth oft forsake,  
For Fortune findeth none so fit to flout,  
As carelesse sots, which cast no kinde of doubt.

How saist thou *Henry Hotspur*, doe I lie,  
For thou right manly gau'st the King a field,  
And there wast slaine because thou wouldst not flie:  
Thine vnkle *Thomas Percy* forst to yeeld,  
Did cast his head (a wonder seene but seeld)  
From Shrewsbury towne to th top of London Bridge.  
Loe thus fond hope did both their liues abridge.

When *Henry* this great victory had wonne,  
Destroid the *Percies*, put their power to flight,  
He did appoint Prince *Henry* his eldest sonne,  
With all his power to meete me if he might:  
But I discomfit through my partners fight,  
Had not the heart to meete him face to face,  
But fled away, and he pursu'd the chase.

Now

Now *Baldwine* marke, for I cald Prince of Wales,  
 And made beleue I should be he indeed,  
 Was made to fly among the hillies and dales,  
 Where all my men forlooke me at my need,  
 Who trusteth loiterers feeld hath luckily speed:  
 And when the Captaines courage doth him faile,  
 His souldiers harts a little thing may quaile.

And so Prince *Henry* chased me, that loe  
 I found no place wherein I might abide:  
 For as the dogges pursue the silly Doe,  
 The brache behinde, the houndes on euery side,  
 So traste they me among the mountaines wide:  
 Whereby I found I was the hartles hare,  
 And not the beast the prophet did declare.

And at the last: like as the little roach,  
 Must else be eat, or leape vpon the shore  
 When as the hungry pickerell doth approach,  
 And there find death which it escapt before:  
 So double death assaulted me so fore  
 That either I must vnto mine enmy yeeld,  
 Or starue for hunger in the barraine feeld.

Here shame and paine a while were at a strife,  
 Paine bad me yeeld, shame bad me rather fast:  
 The one bad spare, the other bad spend my life,  
 But shame (shame haue it) overcame at last.  
 Then hunger gnaw, that doth the stone wall brast,  
 And made me eate both grauel, durt, and mud,  
 And last of all, my dung, my flesh, and bloud.

This was mine end too horrible to heare,  
 Yet good enough for life that was so ill,  
 Whereby O *Baldwine* warne all men to heare  
 Their youth such loue, to bring them vp in skill.  
 Bid Princes fly false prophets lying bill,  
 And not presume to climbe aboue their states:  
 For they bee faults that soile men, not their fates.

*The Pharr.*

HOW

3038  
HOW HENRY PERCY

Earle of NORTHUMBERLAND,

was for his couetous and traiterous

attempt put to death at Yorke,

Anno 1407.



Morall Senec true finde I thy saying,  
That neither kinne, riches, strength, or fauour  
Are free from Fortune, but are aie decaying:  
No worldly wealth is ought saue doubtfull labour,  
Mans life in Earth is like vnto a tabour,

Which now to mirth doth mildly men prouoke  
And straight to warre, with a more surdy stroke.

All this full true I Percy finde by prooffe,  
Which whilom was Earle of Northumberland.  
And therefore *Baldwine* for our peeres behoofe,  
To note mens falles sith thou hast tane in hand,  
I would thou should my state well vnderstand:  
For few there were that were so much redoubted,  
Whom double Fortune lifted vp and louted.

As for my kinne their noblenesse is knowen,  
My valiant acts were folly for to praise,  
Where through our foes so oft were overthrown,  
That who but I was doubted in my daies:  
And that King *Richard* found at all assaies?  
For neuer foes rebelled in his raigne,  
But through my force were either caught or flaine.

A brother I had was Earle of Worcester,  
Alwaies in office and fauour with the King,  
And by my wife *Dame Elenor Monmouth*,  
A sonne I had which so the foes did sting,  
That being yong, and but a very spring,  
*Henry Hotspur* they gaue him vnto name,  
And though I say it, he did deserue the same.



We three triumphed in King *Richards* time,  
 Till Fortune ought both him and vs a spite:  
 But chiefly mee, whom cleere from any crime,  
 My King did banish from his fauour quite,  
 Proclaiming mee a most disloyall Knight:  
 Where through false slander forced mee to bee,  
 That which before I did most deadly flee.

Let men beware, how they true folke defame,  
 Or threaten on them the blame of vices nought,  
 For infamy breedeth wrath, wreke followeth shame:  
 Eke open slander often times hath brought  
 That to effect, that erst was neuer thought.  
 To bee misdeem'd men suffer in a sort,  
 But none can beare the grieve of misreport.

Because my King did shame mee wrongfully,  
 I hated him and soone became his foe:  
 And while he did at warre in Ireland lie,  
 I did conspire to turne his weale to woe:  
 And through the Duke of Yorke and other moe,  
 All royall power from him wee quickly tooke,  
 And gaue the same to *Henry Bolenbrooke*.

Neither did we this onely for this cause,  
 But to say truth, force draue vs to the same:  
 For he despising God and all his lawes,  
 Slew whom hee would, made sinne a very game:  
 And seeing nor age nor consell could him tame,  
 We thought it well done for the Kingdomes sake,  
 To leaue his rule, that did all rule forsake.

But when Sir *Henry* had attained his place,  
 Hee straight became in all points worse then he,  
 Destroyed the Peeres, and slew King *Richards* grace,  
 Against his oth made to the Lords and me.  
 And seeking quarrels how to disagree,  
 He shamelesly requir'd me and my sonne  
 To yeeld him foes which we in field had wonne.

My nephew also *Edmund Mortimer*,  
The very heire apparent to the crowne,  
Whom *Owen Glendour* held as prisoner,  
With chaines fast bound in dungeon deepe cast downe,  
He would not ransome, but did felly frowne,  
'Gainst *Mortimer* and me which for him spake,  
And him proclaimed traytour for our sake.

Thus foule despite did cause vs to conspire,  
To put him downe, as we did *Richard* erst,  
And that we might this matter set on fire,  
From *Owens* Iaile, our cofin we remerst,  
And vnto *Glendour* all our griefes rehearst,  
Who made a bond with *Mortimer* and mee,  
To priue the King and part the Realme in three.

But when King *Henrie* heard of this deuice,  
To *Owen Glendour* he sped him very quicke,  
Minding by force to stop our enterprise:  
And as the diuell would, then fell I sicke,  
Howbeit my brother and sonne more politicke  
Then prosperous, with an host from Scotland brought,  
Encountred him at Shrewesbury where they fought.

The one was tane and kill'd, the other slaine,  
And shortly after was *Owen* put to flight:  
By meanes whereof I forced was to faine,  
That I knew nothing of the former fight.  
Fraud oft auails more then doth sturdie might:  
For by my faining I brought him in beliefe,  
I knew not that wherein my part was chiefe.

And while the King thus tooke me for his friend,  
I sought all meanes my former wrong to wreake,  
Which that I might bring to the sooner end,  
To the Bishop of Yorke I did the matter breake,  
And to th'Earle Marshall likewise did I speake,  
Whose father was through *Henries* cause exiled,  
The Bishops brother with trayterous death defiled.

These straight assented to do what they could,  
 So did the Lord *Hastings*, and Lord *Fauconbridge*:  
 Which altogether promised they would  
 Set all their power the Kings daies to abridge.  
 But see the spite, before the birds were flidge  
     The King had word, and sealed on the nest,  
     Whereby alas my friends were all opprest.

The bloodie tyrant brought them all to end,  
 Excepted me, which into Scotland fled,  
 To George of Dunbar th' Earle of March, my friend,  
 Who in my cause with many more made head:  
 And when on hope of greater aid I fed,  
     Both at the Frenchmen and the Flemmings hand,  
     And could get none, I tooke such as I fand.

And with the helpe of *George* my very friend,  
 I did inuade Northumberland full bold,  
 Whereas the folke drew to me still on end,  
 Bent to death my partie to vphold:  
 Through helpe of these, full many a fort and hold,  
     The which the King right manfully had man'd,  
     I easely wonne, and sealed in my hand.

Not so content (for vengeance draue me on)  
 I entred Yorkshire, there to waste and spoile:  
 But ere I had far in the countrie gone  
 The Shiriffe thereof, *Raph Rokesbie* did assoile  
 My troubled host of much part of our toile:  
     For he assaulting freshly tooke through power,  
     Me and Lord *Bardolph* both at Bramham moore.

And thence conueyed vs to the towne of Yorke,  
 Vntill he knew what was the Kings intent:  
 There loe Lord *Bardolph* kinder then the *Storke*,  
 Did lose his head, which was to London sent,  
 With whom for friendship mine in like case went:  
     This was my hap, my fortune, or my fault,  
     This life I led and thus I came to naught.

Wherefore



Wherefore good *Baldwine* will the Peeres take heed  
Of slander, malice, and conspiracie,  
Of couetise, whence all the rest proceed:  
For couetise ioynt with contumacie,  
Doth cause all mischief in mens hearts to breed.  
And therefore this to esperance my word,  
Who causeth bloodshed shall not scape the sword.

## HOW RICHARD PLANTAGENET

### EARLE OF CAMBRIDGE INTEN-

ding the Kings destruction, was put to death at

*Southhampton, Anno Dom.*

1415.



After maketh waste, hath commonly been said,  
And secret mischief selde hath luckie speed:  
A murdering mind with proper poyze is way'd,  
All this is true, I find it in my creed.  
And therefore *Baldwine* warne all states take heed,  
How they conspire another to betrap,  
Lest mischief ment, light in the miners lap.

For I Lord *Richard* heire *Plantagenet*  
Was Earle of Cambridge and right fortunate,  
If I had had the grace my wit to set,  
To haue content me with mine owne estate:  
But O false honors, breeders of debate,  
The loue of you our leaud hearts doth allure,  
To lose our selues by seeking you vnure.

Because my brother *Edmund Mortimer*  
Whose eldest sister was my wedded wife,  
I meane that *Edmund* that was prisoner  
In Wales so long, through *Own* busie strife,  
Because I say ~~that~~ after *Edmunds* life,  
His rights and titles must by law be mine,  
For he ne had, nor could encrease his line,

Because the right of Realme and Crowne was ours,  
 I searched meanes to helpe him thereunto :  
 And where the *Henries* held it by their powers,  
 I sought a shift their tenures to vndoe,  
 Which being force, sith force or sleight must doe,  
 I void of might, because their power was strong,  
 Set priuie sleight against their open wrong.

But sith the death of most part of my kin  
 Did dash my hope, throughout the fathers daies  
 I let it slip, and thought it best begin,  
 When as the sonne should dread least such assayes :  
 For force through speed, sleight speedeth through delayes,  
 And seeld doth treason time so fitly find,  
 As when all dangers most be out of mind.

Wherefore while *Henrie* of that name the first,  
 Prepar'd his armie to go conquer France,  
 Lord *Scroope* and I thought to attempt a drift  
 To put him downe, my brother to aduance :  
 But wer't Gods will, my lucke or his good chance,  
 The King wist wholly whereabout we went,  
 The night before to shipward he him bent.

Then were we straight as traytours apprehended,  
 Our purpose spi'd, the cause thereof was hid,  
 And therefore loe a false cause we pretended,  
 Where through my brother was from danger rid :  
 We said for hire of French Kings coine, we did  
 Behight to kill the King : and thus with shame  
 We stain'd our selues, to saue our friend from blame.

When we had thus confest so foule a treason,  
 That we deseru'd, we suffered by the law.  
 See *Baldwine*, see, and note as it is reason  
 How wicked deeds to wofull ends do draw.  
 All force doth faile, no craft is worth a straw  
 To attaine things lost, and therefore let them go,  
 For might rules right, and will though truth say no.

*W. Baldwine.*

HOW

# HOW THOMAS MONTAGVE EARLE OF SALISBURY

in the middest of his glorie, was chanceably

*slaine at Orleance with a piece of Ordinance,*

*the third of November, Anno Dom.*

1428.



Hat fooles be we to trust vnto our strength,  
Our wit, our courage, or our noble fame,  
Which time it selfe must needs deuour at length,  
Though froward Fortune could not foile the same?  
But seeing this Goddesse guideth all the game,  
Which still to change doth set her only lust,  
Why toile we so for things so hard to trust?

A goodly thing we deeme of good report,  
Which noble hearts do seeke by course of kind:  
But seeing the date so doubtfull and so short,  
The way so rough whereby we do it find,  
I cannot chuse but praise the Princely mind  
That preaseth for it, though we find opprest,  
By foule defame, those that deserue it best.

Concerning whom, marke, *Baldwine*, what I say,  
I meane the vertuous hindred of their brute,  
Among which number reckon well I may  
My valiant father *Iohn Lord Montacute*,  
Who lost his life I iudge through iust pursute,  
I say the cause and not the casuall speed  
Is to be waighed, in euery kind of deed.

This rule obseru'd, how many shall we find  
For vertues sake with infamie opprest?  
How some againe through helpe of Fortune blind,  
For ill attempts atchieu'd, with honor blest?  
Successe is worst oft times when cause is best:  
Therefore say I: God send them fory haps,  
That iudge the causes by their afterclaps.



The end indeed is Iudge of euery thing,  
 Which is the cause or latter point of time :  
 The first true verdict at the first may bring,  
 The last is slow, or slipper as the slime,  
 Oft changing names of innocence and crime.  
 Duke *Thomas* death was Iustice two yeares long,  
 And euer since, sore tyrannie and wrong.

Wherefore I pray thee, *Baldwine*, weigh the cause,  
 And praise my father as he doth deserue :  
 Because Earle *Henry*, King against all lawes,  
 Endeuoured King *Richard* for to starue  
 In iayle, wherby the regall Crowne might swarue  
 Out of the line to which it then was due,  
 (Whereby) God knowes what euill might ensue.)

My Lord *Iohn Holland* Duke of Excester,  
 Which was deare cosin to this wretched King,  
 Did moue my Sire, and th' Earle of Glocester,  
 With other Lords to ponder well the thing :  
 Who seeing the mischiefe that began to spring,  
 Did all content this *Henry* to depose,  
 And to restore King *Richard* to the Rose.

And while they did deuise a prety traine,  
 Whereby to bring their purpose well about,  
 Which was in maske this *Henry* to haue slaine,  
 The Duke of Aumerle blew their counsaile out :  
 Yet was their purpose good, there is no doubt.  
 What cause can be more worthy for a Knight,  
 Than saue his King, and helpe true heires to right ?

For this with them my father was destroid,  
 And buried in the dunghill of defame.  
 Thus euill chance, their glory did auoid,  
 Whereas their cause doth claime eternall fame.  
 When deeds therefore vnluckily doe frame,  
 Men ought not iudge the authors to be naught,  
 For right through night is often ouerraught.

And

And God doth suffer that it should be so,  
But why, my wit is feeble to decide,  
Except it be to heape vp wrath and wo  
On wicked heads that iniuries deuise.  
The cause why mischiefs many times arise,  
And light on them that would mens wrongs redresse,  
Is for the rancour that they beare I gesse.

God hateth rigour though it further right,  
For sinne is sinne, how euer it be vsed:  
And therefore suffereth shame and death to light,  
To punish vice, though it bee well abused.  
Who furthereth right is not therby excused,  
If through the same he doe some other wrong:  
To euery vice due guerdon doth belong.

What preach I now? I am a man of warre,  
And that my lims I dare say doth professe,  
Of cured wounds beset with many a skarre,  
My broken iaw vnheald can say no lesse.  
O Fortune, Fortune cause of all distresse,  
My father had great cause thy fraud to curse,  
But much more I, abused ten times worse.

Thou neuer flatteredst him in all thy life,  
But me thou dandledst like thy darling deare:  
Thy gifts I found in euery corner rise,  
Where ere I went I met thy smiling cheare:  
Which was not for a day or for a yeare,  
But through the raigne of three right worthy Kings,  
I found thee forward in all kind of things.

The while King *Henry* conquered in France  
I sued the warres and still found victory,  
In all assaults, so happy was my chance,  
Holds yeeld or won did make my enemies sory:  
Dame *Prudence* eke augmented so my glory,  
That in all treaties euer I was one,  
When weighty matters were agreed vpon.

But when this King this mightie conquerour,  
 Through death vnripe was both his Realmes bereft,  
 His silly infant did receiue his power,  
 Poore little babe full yong in cradle left,  
 Where Crowne and Scepter hurt him with the heft,  
 Whose worthie vncles had the gouernance,  
 The one at home, the other abroad in France.

And I which was in peace and warre well skilled,  
 With both these Rulers greatly was esteemed:  
 Bare rule at home as often as they willed,  
 And fought in France when they it needfull deemed,  
 And euery where so good my seruice seemed,  
 That English men to me great loue did beare,  
 Our foes the French, my force fulfill'd with feare.

I alwaies thought it fitly for a Prince,  
 And such as haue the regiment of Realmes,  
 His subiects hearts with mildnes to conuince,  
 With Iustice mixt, auoiding all extreames.  
 For like as *Phæbus* with his cheerefull beames,  
 Doth freshly force the fragrant flowres to flourish,  
 So rulers mildnesse subiects loue doth norish.

This found I true: for through my milde behauiour,  
 Their hearts I had with me to liue and die,  
 And in their speech bewrayer of their fauour,  
 They call'd me still good Earle of Salisburie,  
 The Lords confesse the Commons did not lie.  
 For vertuous life, free heart, and lowly mind,  
 With high and low shall alwaies fauour find.

Which vertues, chiefe become a man of warre,  
 Whereof in France I found experience:  
 For in assaults due mildnes passeth farre  
 All rigour, force, and sturdie violence:  
 For men will stoutly sticke to their defence,  
 When cruell Captaines couet after spoile,  
 And so enforst, oft giue their foes the soile.

But



But when they know they shall be friendly vsed,  
They hazard not their heads but rather yeeld:  
For this my offers neuer were refused  
Of any towne, or surely very seeld.  
But force and furies fit be for the field,  
And there indeed I vsed so the same,  
My foes would flie if they but heard my name.

For when Lord *Steward* and Earle *Vantadore*  
Had cruelly besieged Crauant towne,  
Which he had won, and kept long time before,  
Which lieth in Awxer on the Riuer Youne,  
To raise the siege the Regent sent me downe:  
Whereas I vnde all rigour that I might,  
I killed all that were not sau'd by flight.

When th' Earle of Bedford then in France Lord Regent  
Knew in what sort I had remoued the siege,  
In Brye and Champaine he made me Vicegerent,  
And Lieutenant for him and for my Liege:  
Which causde me go to Brye, and there besiege  
Mountaguillon with twentie weekes assault,  
Which at the last was yeelded me for naught.

And for the Duke of Britaines brother *Arthur*,  
Both Earle of Richmond and of Yuerie,  
Against his oath from vs had made departure,  
To *Charles* the Dolphin our chiefe enemye,  
I with the Regent went to Normandie,  
To take his towne of Yuerie, which of spight,  
Did to vs daily all the harme they might.

They at the first compounded by a day  
To yeeld, if rescues did not come before,  
And while in hope to fight, we at it lay,  
The Dolphin gathered men two thousand score,  
With Earles, with Lords and Captaines iolly store:  
Of which the Duke of Alanson was guide,  
And sent them downe to see if we would bide.

But

But they left vs, and downe to Vernoile went,  
 And made their vaunt they had our armie slaine,  
 And through that lie, that towne from vs they hent,  
 Which shortly after turned to their paine :  
 For there both armies met vpon the plaine :  
 And we eight thousand whom they flew before,  
 Did kill of them, ten thousand men and more.

When we had taken Vernoile thus againe,  
 To driue the treacherous Dolphin out of France,  
 The Regent sent me t' Aniow and to Mayne,  
 Where I besieg'd the warlike towne of Mawns.  
 There Lord of Toysers, *Baldwins* valiance  
 Did well appeare, which would not yeeld the towne,  
 Till all the Towres and walles were battered downe.

But heere now *Baldwine*, take it in good part,  
 Though that I brought this *Baldwine* there to yeeld,  
 The Lion fierce for all his noble heart,  
 Being ouermatch'd, is forst to flie the field.  
 If *Mars* himselfe there had been with his shield,  
 And in my stormes had stoutly me withstood,  
 He should haue yeeld, or else haue shed my blood.

This worthie Knight both hardie, stout, and wise,  
 Wrought well his feat : as time and place require,  
 When Fortune failes, it is the best aduise  
 To strike the saile lest all lie in the mire.  
 This haue I said to th' end thou take no ire,  
 For though no cause be found, so nature frames,  
 Men haue a zeale to such as beare their names.

But to returne, in Mayne wan I at length,  
 Such townes and forts as might or helpe or hurt,  
 I manned *Mayne*, and *Suzans* towne of strength,  
 Fort *Barnard*, *Thanceaur*, and *S. Cales* the curt,  
 With *Lile sues Bolton*, standing in the durt :  
 Eke *Gwerland*, *Suze*, *Loupeland* and *Mountsare*,  
 With *Malycorne*, these wan I and kept full sure.

Besides

## Earle of Salisbury.

Besides all this I tooke neere fortie holds,  
But those I raced euen with the ground:  
And for these deeds, as fillie sheepe in folds  
Do shrinke for feare at euerie little sound,  
So fled my foes before my face full round:  
Was none so hardie durst abide the fight,  
So *Mars* and Fortune furthered me their Knight.

I tell no lie, so gastsfull grew my name,  
That it alone discomfited an host:  
The boldest Frenchmen well confesse the same,  
Else will the towne which they like cowards lost.  
For when they sieged Beauron with great boast,  
Being fortie thousand well arm'd in field,  
Fiue hundred men enforced them to yeeld.

For while the Frenchmen fresh assaulted still,  
Our Englishmen came boldly forth at night,  
Crying Saint *George*, *Salisbury*, kill, kill,  
And offered freshly with their foes to fight,  
And they as Frenchly tooke themselves to flight.  
Supposing surely that I had been there,  
See how my name did put them all in feare.

Thus was the Dolphins power discomfited,  
Foure thousand slaine, their Campe tane as it stood,  
Whereby our towne and souldiers profited,  
For there were vitales plentiful and good:  
This while was I in England by the rood,  
T appease a strife that was right foule befall,  
Betweene Duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall.

The Duke of Exeter soone after died,  
Which of the King at home had gouernance,  
Whose roome the Earle of Warwicke then supplied,  
And I tooke his and sped me into France.  
Where in good hope to conquer Orliance,  
With much adoe I got the Regents aid,  
And marched forth, and siege about it laid.

But



But in the way I tooke the towne of Yaine,  
 Where murdered were for stoutnes many a man:  
 But Baugency I tooke with little paine,  
 For which to shew them fauour I began:  
 This cause the townes of Mewne and Iargeman,  
 That stood on Loyer, to profer me the keyes,  
 Ere I came neere them, welnigh by two daies.

See heere how Fortune froward can allure,  
 What baits she layeth to bring men to their ends:  
 Who hauing hap like this, but hopeth sure,  
 To bring to bale what euer he entends?  
 But soone is sower the sweet that Fortune sends:  
 When hope and hap, when health and wealth is higheft,  
 Then woe and wracke, disease, and need be nigheft.

For while I, suing this so good successe,  
 Laid siege to Orliance on the River side,  
 The Bastard (Cuckold *Carnies* sonne I gesse,  
 Tho thought the Dukes) who had the towne in guide  
 Came fiercely forth, when he his time espi'd,  
 To raise the siege, but was bet backe againe,  
 And hard pursued both to his losse and paine.

For there we wan the Bulwarke on the bridge,  
 With a mightie tower standing fast thereby.  
 Ah cursed tower that didst my daies abridge,  
 Would God thou had'st been further either I:  
 For in this tower a chamber stands on hie,  
 From which a man may view through all the towne  
 By certaine windowes iron grated downe.

Where on a day, now *Baldwin* note mine end,  
 I stood in viewing where the towne was weake,  
 And as I busily talked with my friend,  
 Shot from the towne, which all the grate did breake,  
 A pellet came and droue a mightie fleake  
 Against my face, and tare away my cheeke,  
 For paine whereof I died within a weeke.

See *Baldwine*, see the most vncertaine glorie,  
How sudden mischiefe dasheth all to dust,  
And warne all Princes by my broken storie,  
The happiest fortune chiefly to mistrust.  
Was neuer man that alway had his lust:  
Then mortall fooles, in fancie more then mad,  
Which hope to haue that neuer any had.

*W. Baldwine.*

HOW DAME ELEANOR COBHAM  
DVCHESSE OF GLOCESTER, FOR PRAC-  
tising of Witchcraft and Sorcery, suffred open penance,  
*and after was banished the Realme into the  
Ile of Man.*

**I**F a poore Ladie damned in exile  
Amongst Princes may be allowed place,  
Then gentle *Baldwine* stay thy pen a while,  
And of pure pitie ponder well my case,  
How I a Duchesse, destitute of grace  
Haue found by prooffe, as many haue and shall  
The prouerbe true, that pride will haue a fall.

A noble Prince extract of royall blood,  
*Humfrey* sometime protector of this Land  
Of Glocester Duke, for vertue call'd (the good)  
When I but base beneath his state did stand,  
Vouchsaf't with me to ioyne in wedlockes band,  
Hauing in Court no name of high degree,  
But *Eleanor Cobham* as parents left to mee.

And though by blith of noble race I was,  
Of Barons blood, yet was I thought vnfit,  
So high to match, yet so it came to passe,  
Whether by grace, good fortune, or by wit,  
Dame *Venus* lures so in mine eyes did sit,  
As this great Prince without respect of state,  
Did worthe me to be his wedded mate.

His wife I was, and he my true husband,  
 Though for a while he had the company  
 Of Lady *Iaguet* Dutcheffe of Holland,  
 Being an heire of ample patrimony,  
 But that fell out to be no matrimonie :  
     For after warre, long sute in law and strife,  
     She proued was the Duke of Brabants wife.

Thus of a Damsell Dutcheffe I became,  
 My state and place aduanced next the *Queene*,  
 Whereby me thought I felt no ground but swam,  
 For in the Court mine equall was not secne,  
 And so posselt with pleasure of the spleene,  
     The sparkes of pride so kindled in my brest,  
     As I in Court would shine about the rest.

Such gifts of nature God in me had graft  
 Of shape and forme, with other graces mo,  
 That by the shot of *Cupids* fiery shaft,  
 Which to the heart of this great Prince did go,  
 This mightie Duke with loue was kindled so,  
     As he abasing th' height of his degree,  
     Set his whole heart, to loue and honor mee.

Grudge whoso would, to him I was most deere,  
 About all Dames aduanced in degree,  
 (The *Queene* except) no Princess was my peere,  
 But gaue me place, and Lords with cap and knee  
 Did all honor and reuerence vnto mee.  
     Thus hoisted high vpon the rolling wheele,  
     I fate so sure, me though I could not reele.

And weening least that *Fortune* hath a turne,  
 I look'd aloft, and would not looke alow,  
 The brands of pride so in my brest did burne  
 As the hot sparkes, burst forth in open show,  
 And more and more the fire began to glow  
     Without quenching, and daily did increase,  
     Till *Fortunes* blatts with shame did make it cease.

For



For (as tis said) pride passeth on afore,  
And shame followes, for iust reward and meed:  
Would God Ladies, both now and euermore,  
Of my hard hap, which shall the storie reede,  
Would beare in mind, and trust it as their Creed,  
That pride of heart is a most hatefull vice,  
And lowlinesse, a pearle of passing price:

Namely in Queenes, and Ladies of estate,  
Within whose minds all meeknes should abound,  
Since high disdaine doth alwaies purchase hate,  
Being a vice, that most part doth redound  
To their reproch, in whom the same is found,  
And seldome gets good fauour or good fame,  
But is at last knit vp with worldly shame.

The prooffe whereof I found most true indeed,  
That pride afore, hath shame to wait behind.  
Let no man doubt, in whom this vice doth breed,  
But shame for pride by iustice is assign'd,  
Which I well found, for truly in my mind  
Was neuer none, whom pride did more enflame,  
Nor neuer none receiued greater shame.

For not content to be a Dutchesse great,  
I longed sore to beare the name of Queene,  
Aspiring still vnto an higher seat,  
And with that hope my selfe did ouerweene,  
Since there was none, which that time was betweene  
*Henrie* the King, and my good Duke his Eame  
Heire to the crowne and kingdome of this Realme.

So neare to be, was cause of my vaine hope  
And long await when this faire hap would fall;  
My studies all were tending to that scope,  
Alas, the while to counsell I did call  
Such as would seeme, by skill coniecturall  
Of art Magique and wicked Sorcerie,  
For to diuine the Princes destinie.

Among

Among which sort of those that bare most fame  
 There was a Beldame call'd the Witch of Ey,  
 Oldmother *Madge* her neighbours did her name,  
 Which wrought wonders in countries by here-say,  
 Furies and feends her charming would obay.

And dead corps from graue she could vpreare,  
 Such an Inchantresse that time had no peere.

Two Priests also, the one hight *Bolenbroke*,  
 The other *Sutwel*, Clerkes in coniuration,  
 These two Chaplaines were they that vndertooke  
 To cast and calke the Kings true constellation,  
 And then to iudge by deepest diuination  
 Of things to come, and who should next succeed  
 To Englands Crowne, all this was true indeed.

And further sure they neuer did proceed,  
 Though I confesse that this attempt was ill,  
 But for my part, for any thing in deed  
 Wrought or else thought, by any kind of skill,  
 God is my iudge I neuer had the will,  
 By any enchantment, Sorcerie, or charme,  
 Or otherwise, to worke my Princes harme.

Yet nerethelesse, when this case came to light,  
 By secret spies to *Caiphas* our Cardinall,  
 Who long in heart had borne a priuie spight  
 To my good Duke his nephew naturall,  
 Glad of the chance so fitly forth to fall,  
 His long hid hate, with Iustice to color,  
 Vsd this case with most extreame rigor,

And caused me with my complices all,  
 To be cited by processe peremptorie,  
 Before Iudges, in place Iudiciall,  
 Whereas *Caiphas*, sitting in his glorie,  
 Would not allow my answer dilatorie,  
 Ne Doctor or Proctor to alledge the lawes,  
 But forced me to plead in mine owne cause.

The Kings counsell were called to the case,  
(My husband then shut out for the season)  
In whose absence I found but little grace,  
For Lawyers turned our offence to treason :  
And so with rigor, without ruth or reason,  
Sentence was giuen, that I for the same  
Should doe penance, and suffer open shame.

Nay the like shame had neuer wight I weene,  
Duches, Lady, ne Damsel of degree,  
As I that was a Princeesse, next the Queene,  
Wife to a Prince, and none so great as hee,  
A Kings vncle, Protector of his countrey,  
With Taper burning, shrouded in a sheete  
Three dayes a row, to passe the open streete,

Barelegd, and bare foote, to all the worlds wonder,  
Yea, and as though such shame did not suffice,  
With more despite then to part asunder  
Me and my Duke, which Traitors did deuise  
By Statute lawe, in most vnlawfull wise,  
First sending me with shame into exile,  
Then murdring him by trechery and guile.

Yea and besides this cruell banishment  
Far from all friends to comfort mee in care,  
And husbands death, there was by Parliament  
Ordaind for me a messe of courser fare.  
For they to bring me to beggers state most bare,  
By the same act from mee did then withdraw  
Such right of dower, as widowes haue by law.

Death (as t'isfaid) doth set all things at rest,  
Which fell not so in mine vnhappy case :  
For since my death, mine enmies made a Iest  
In minstrels rimes, mine honour to deface.  
And then to bring my name in more disgrace,  
A song was made in manner of a laie,  
Which old wiues sing of mee vnto this day.



Yet with these spites their malice could not end,  
 For shortly after, my sorowes to renue,  
 My loiall Lord, which neuer did offend,  
 VVas cald in haste, the cause he litle knew,  
 To a Parlement, without sommons due,  
 VVhereas his death was cruelly contriued,  
 And I his wife of earthly ioyes depriued.

For all the while my Duke had life and breath,  
 So long I stood in hope of my restore :  
 But when I heard of his most caufles death,  
 Then the best salue for my recureles sore  
 VVas to despaire of cure for euermore,  
 And as I could, my carefull heart to cure  
 VVith patience, most painfull to endure.

O Traitors fell, which in your hearts could find,  
 Like seends of hell, the guiltles to betray,  
 But ye chiefly his kinsmen most vnkind,  
 VVhich gaue consent to make him so away,  
 That vnto God, with all my heart I pray,  
 Vengeance may light on him that caused all,  
*Beaufort* I meane, that cursed Cardinall.

VVhich bastard Priest of th'house of Lancaster,  
 Sonne to Duke *Iohn*, surnamed *Iohn of Gaunt*,  
 VVas first create Bishop of VVinchester,  
 For no learning whereof he might well vaunt,  
 Ne for vertue, which he did neuer haunt,  
 But for his Gold and summes that were not small  
 Paid to the Pope, was made a Cardinall.

Proud Lucifer, which from the heauens on high  
 Downe to the pit of hell below was cast,  
 And being once an Angell bright in sky,  
 For his pride in hell is chained fast  
 In deepe darkenes that euermore shall last,  
 More haut of heart was not before his fall,  
 Then was this proud and pompous Cardinall :

VVhose

VVhose life, good *Baldwine*, paint out in his pickle,  
 Aand blase this *Baal* and Belligod most blind,  
 An hypocrite, all faithles, false and fickle,  
 A wicked wretch, a kinsman most vnkind,  
 A Diuell incarnate, all diuellishly enclind,  
 And (to discharge my conscience all at once)  
 The Diuell him gnaw both body, bloud and bones.

The spitefull Priest would needes make me a VVitch,  
 As would to God I had been for his sake,  
 I would haue clawd him where he did not itch,  
 I would haue plaid the Lady of the Lake,  
 And as *Merline* was, closde him in a brake,  
 Ye a Meridian to lull him by day light,  
 And a night mare to ride on him by night.

The fiery feends with feuers hot and frenzy,  
 The Airy hegges with stench and carren sauoures,  
 The watry ghosts with gowtes and with dropsy,  
 The earthly Goblins, with Aches at all houres,  
 Furies and Fairies, with all infernall powers  
 I would haue stird from the darke dungeon  
 Of hell Centre, as deepe as Demagorgon.

Or had I now the skill of dame *Erichto*,  
 Whose dreadfull charmes (as *Lucan* doth expresse)  
 All feends did feare, so far forth as Prince *Pluto*  
 VVas at her call for dread of more distresse,  
 Then would I send of helhownds more and lesse  
 A legion at least, at him to cry and yell,  
 And with that charme, herrie him downe to hell.

VVhich need not, for sure I thinke that he  
 VVho here in earth leades *Epicurus* life,  
 As farre from God as possible may be,  
 VVith whom all sinne and vices are most rise,  
 VVsing at will both widow, maid, and wise,  
 But that some Diuell his body doth possesse,  
 His life is such, as men can iudge no lesse.

And God forgiue my wrath and wreakefull mind,  
 Such is my hate to that most wicked wretch,  
 Die when he shall, in heart I could well finde  
 Out of the graue his corps againe to fetch,  
 And racke his limmes as long as they would stretch,  
 And take delight to listen euery day  
 How he could sing a masse of welaway.

The Ile of Man was the appointed place  
 To penance me for euer in exile,  
 Thither in haste they posted me apace,  
 And doubting scape, they pind me in a Pile  
 Close by my selfe in care, alas the while  
 There felt I first poore prisoners hungry fare,  
 Much want, things skant, and stone walles hard and bare.

The change was strange, from silke and cloth of gold  
 To rugged frize my carcas for to cloath,  
 From Princes fare, and dainties hot and cold,  
 To rotten fish, and meates that one would loath,  
 The diet and dressing were much alike boath,  
 Bedding and lodging were all alike fine,  
 Such Downe it was as serued well for swine.

Neither doe I mine owne case thus complaine,  
 Which I confesse came partly by desert:  
 The only cause which doubleth all my paine,  
 And which most neere goeth now vnto my heart,  
 Is that my fault did finally reuert  
 To him that was least guilty of the same,  
 Whose death it was, though I abode the shame.

VVhose fatall fall when I doe call to minde,  
 And how by me his mischiefe first began,  
 So oft I cry on Fortune most vnkinde,  
 And my mishap most vtterly doe banne,  
 That euer I to such a noble man,  
 Who from my crime was innocent and cleare,  
 Should be a cause to buy his loue so deare.



Oh to my heart how grievous is the wound,  
Calling to mind this dismall deadly case:  
I would I had been doluen vnder ground,  
When he first saw or looked on my face,  
Or tooke delight in any kind of grace  
Seeming in me, that him did stir or moue  
To fancie me, or set his heart to loue.

Farewell Greenwich my Palace of delight,  
Where I was wont to see the Christall fireames:  
Of royall Thames, most pleasant to my sight:  
And farewell Kent, right famous in all Realmes,  
A thousand times I mind you in my dreames,  
And when I wake most grieffe it is to mee,  
That neuer more againe I shall you see.

In the night time when I should take my rest  
I weepe, I waile, I wet my bed with teares,  
And when dead sleepe my spirits hath opprest,  
Troubled with dreames I fantasie vaine feares,  
Mine husbands voice then ringeth at mine eares  
Crying for helpe, O saue me from the death,  
These villaines heere do seeke to stop my breath.

Yea and sometimes me thinkes his dreerie ghost  
Appeares in sight, and shewes me in what wise  
Those fell tyrants with torments had embost  
His winde and breath, to abuse peoples eyes,  
So as no doubt or question should arise  
Among rude folke which little vnderstand,  
But that his death came only by Godshand.

I plaine in vaine, where eares be none to heare  
But roring seas, and blustering of the winde,  
And of redresse am nere a whit the neare,  
But with waste words to feed my mournfull minde,  
Wishing full oft the *Parcas* had vntwinde  
My vitall strings, or *Atropose* with knife  
Had cut the line of my most wretched life.

Oh that *Neptune*, and *Aolus* also,  
 Th'one god of Seas, the other of weather,  
 Ere mine arriuall into that Ile of woe  
 Had sunke the ship wherein I sailed thither,  
 (The shipmen saued) so as I together  
 With my good Duke, might haue been dead afore  
 Fortune had wroken her heart vpon vs so fore.

Or else that God when my first passage was  
 Into exile along *Saint Albons* towne  
 Had neuer let me further for to passe,  
 But in the street with death had stricke me downe:  
 Then had I sped of my desired bowne  
 That my poore corps might there haue lien with his  
 Both in one graue, and so haue gone to blisse.

But I alas, the greater is my griefe  
 Am past that hope to haue my sepulture  
 Neere vnto him, which was to me most leefe,  
 But in an Ile and countrie most obscure,  
 To pine in paine whilst my poore life will dure,  
 And being dead, all honorlesse to lie  
 In simple graue, as other poore that die.

My tale is told, and time it is to cease  
 Of troubles past, all which haue had their end:  
 My graue I trust shall purchase me such peace  
 In such a world where no wight doth contend  
 For higher place, whereto all flesh shall wend:  
 And so I end, vsing one word for all  
 As I began, that pride will haue a fall.

*G. Ferrers.*

**HOW**

# HOW HUMFREY PLANTAGENET DUKE OF GLOCESTER

Protector of England, during the minority of  
*his Nephew King Henry the sixth, (commonly*  
*called the good Duke) by practise of e-*  
*nemies was brought to confusion.*



Shighest hilles with tempests been most touched,  
 And tops of trees most subiect ynto winde,  
 And as great towers with stone strongly couched  
 Haue heauie falles when they be vndermin'd:  
 Euen so by prooffe in worldly things we find,  
 That such as climbe the top of high degree  
 From feare of falling neuer can be free.

To proue this true, good *Baldwine* hearken heere,  
 See and behold me *Humfrey* hight by name,  
 Englands Protector, Duke of Glocester,  
 Who in the sixth King *Henries* rule with fame,  
 Twice ten yeares kept the troubled State in frame:  
 Note well the cause of my vnhappy case,  
 And 'mongst thy mirrours let the same haue place.

In their most weale, let men beware mishap,  
 And not to sleepe in slumbring sickernesse,  
 Whilst Fortune false doth lull them in her lap  
 Drowned in dreames of brittle blessednesse,  
 But then to feare her freakes and ficklenesse,  
 Accounting still the higher they ascend,  
 More nigh to be to danger in the end.

And that vaine trust in blood or royall race,  
 Abuse them not with blind securitie  
 To trust their state, but weighing well my case,  
 When she most smiles to haue in memorie  
 My sudden fall, who in most certaintie  
 Hauing most staies which men in state maintaine,  
 Haue found the same yntrustie and most vaine.



Better then I none may the same approue,  
 Who trusting all in height of high estate,  
 To bite on fawning flatteries bait did loue,  
 Which neuer Prince could banish from his gate,  
 Did little thinke on such a sudden mate,  
 Not heeding, lesse dreading, all vnaware,  
 By foes least fear'd was trapt in suddaine snare.

If noble birth or high authority,  
 Number of friends, kinred or alliance,  
 If wisdom, learning, worldly policy  
 Mought haue ben staiers to Fortunes variance,  
 None stood more strong, in worldly countenance,  
 For all these helpes had I to high degree,  
 And yet in fine they all beguiled mee.

Of *Henry* fourth by name, fourth sonne I was,  
 Brother to *Henry* fift of that same name,  
 To the sixt *Henrie* vncl; but alas,  
 What cause had I to build vpon the same?  
 Or for vaine glory, to aduance my fame,  
 My selfe to call in records and writings,  
 The brother, sonne, and vncl vnto Kings?

This was my boast, which lastly was my bane,  
 Yet not this boast was it that brought me downe:  
 The very cause which made my weale to wane  
 So neere of kin that I was to the Crowne,  
 That was the rock that made my ship to drowne.  
 A rule there is not failing, but most sure,  
 Kingdome no kin doth know, ne can indure.

When the fift *Henry* by his valiancie  
 Wan by conquest the roiall Realme of France,  
 And of two Kingdomes made one Monarchy  
 Before his death, for better obeisance,  
 To his yong sonne, not ripe to gouernance,  
 Protector of England I was by testament,  
 And *Iohn* my brother in France made Regent.

To whom if God had lent a longer life,  
Our house t'haue kept from stormes of inward strife,  
Or it had been the Lord Almightyes will,  
*Plantagenet* in state had standen still.  
But deadly discord which all states do spill  
Bred by desire of high domination,  
Brought our whole house to plaine desolation.

It is for truth in an history found  
That *Henry Plantagenet* first of our name,  
Who called was, King *Henry* the second  
Sonne of Dame *Maude*, the Empreffe of high fame,  
Would oft report, that his ancient Grandame,  
Though seeming in shape a woman naturall,  
Was a Feend of the kind that (*Succuba*) some call.

Which old fable, so long time told before,  
When this Kings sonnes against him did rebell,  
He cald to minde, and being greeued sore,  
Loe! now (quoth he) I see and proue full well  
The story true, which folk of old did tell,  
That from a feend descended all our race,  
And now my children verify the case.

Whereof to leaue a long memoriall  
In minde of man for euermore to rest,  
A Picture he made and hung it in his Hall  
Of a Pellicane sitting on his nest,  
With foure yong birds, three pecking at his breast  
With bloody beakes, and furdur did deuise,  
The yongest bird to pecke the fathers eyes.

Meaning hereby his rebell Children three,  
*Henry* and *Richard*, bet him on the breast:  
(*Ieffrey* onely from that offence was free)  
*Henry* died of Englands Crowne posselt:  
*Richard* liued his father to molest,  
*John* the yongest peckt his fathers eye,  
Whose deeds vnkinde the sooner made him die.

This

This King (some write) in his sicknes last  
 Said, as it were by way of prophetic,  
 How that the Diuell a Darnell graine had cast  
 Among his kin, to encrease enmity,  
 Which should remaine in their posterity  
 Till mischiefe and murder had spent them all,  
 Not leauing one to pisse against the wall.

And yet from him in order did succeed  
 In England here of crowned Kings fourteene  
 Of that surname, and of that line and seed,  
 With Dukes and Earles, and many a noble Queene,  
 The number such as all the world would weene  
 So many impes could neuer so be spent,  
 But some heire male should be of that descent.

Which to be true if any stand in doubt,  
 Because I meane not further to digresse,  
 Let him pursue the histories throughout  
 Of English Kings whom practise did oppresse,  
 And he shall find the cause of their distresse  
 From first to last, vnkindly to begin  
 Alwaies by those that next were of the kin.

Was not *Richard*, of whom I spake before,  
 A rebell plaine vntill his father died,  
 And *Iohn* likewise an enmy euermore  
 To *Richard* againe, and for a rebell tried?  
 After whose death, it cannot be denied,  
 Against all right this *Iohn* most cruelly  
 His brothers children caused for to die.

*Arthur* and *Isabell* (I meane) that were  
*Jeffreies* children then duke of Britaine  
*Henries* third sonne, by one degree more neere  
 Then was this *Iohn*, as stories shew most plaine,  
 Which two children were famisht or els slaine  
 By *Iohn* their Eame cald *Sauux terre* by name,  
 Of whose foule act all countries speake great shame.

*Edward*



Edward and Richard, second both by name  
Kings of this Land, fell downe by fatall fate :  
What was the cause that Princes of such fame  
Did leese at last their honour, life, and state ?  
Nothing at all, but discord and debate,  
Which when it haps in kinred or in bloud,  
Erynnis rage was neuer halfe so wood.

Be sure therefore ye Kings and Princes all  
That concord in Kingdoms is chiefe assurance,  
And that your families doe neuer fall  
But where discord doth lead the doubtfull dance  
With busie brawles, and turnes of variance :  
Where malice is minstrel, the pipe ill report,  
The maske mischief, and so ends the sport.

But now to come to my purpose againe,  
VVhilst I my charge applied in England,  
My brother in France long time did remaine,  
Cardinal *Beauford* tooke proudly in hand  
In causes publique against me to stand,  
VVho of great malice so much as he might  
Sought in all things to doe me despite.

VVhich proud prelate to me was bastard Eame;  
Sonne to Duke *John of Gaunt* as they did faine,  
VVho being made high Chancellour of the Realme,  
Not like a Priest, but like a Prince did raigne,  
Nothing wanting which might his pride maintaine,  
Bishop besides of VVinchester he was,  
And Cardinall of Rome, which Angels brought to passe:

Not Gods Angels, but Angels of old Gold  
Lift him aloft, in whom no cause there was  
By iust desert so high to be extold,  
(Riches except) whereby this golden asse  
At home and abroad all matters brought to passe:  
Namely at Rome, hauing no meane but that  
To purchase there his crimz in Cardinall hat.

VVhich

Which thing the King my father him forbade  
 Plainly saying, that he could not abide  
 Within his Realme a subiect to be had  
 His Princes peere, yet such was this mans pride,  
 That he forthwith after my father di'd,  
 (The King then yong) obtained of the Pope  
 That honor high, which erst he could not hope.

Whose proud attempts because that I withstood,  
 My bound dutie the better to acquite,  
 This holy father waxed well neere wood,  
 Of meere malice deuising day and night  
 To worke to me dishonor and despight,  
 Whereby there fell betweene vs such a iarre,  
 As in this land was like a ciuill warre.

My brother *Iohn*, which lay this while in France,  
 Heard of this hurle, and past the seas in haste,  
 By whose trauell this troublesome distance  
 Ceased a while, but nerethelesse in waste:  
 For rooted hate will hardly be displaste  
 Out of high hearts, and namely where debate,  
 Happeneth amongst great persons of estate.

For like as a match doth lie and smoulder  
 Long time before it commeth to the traine:  
 But yet when fire hath caught in the poulder,  
 No art is able the flames to restraine:  
 Euen so the sparkes of enuie and disdaine,  
 Out of the smoke burst forth in such a flame,  
 That France and England yet may rue the same.

So when of two Realmes the regiment royall,  
 Betweene brothers was parted equally,  
 One placed in France for affaires Martiall,  
 And I at home for ciuill policie:  
 To serue the state, we both did so applie,  
 As honor and fame to both did encrease,  
 To him for the warre, to me for the peace.

Whence

Whence enule sprang, and specially because  
This proud prelate could not abide a Peere  
Within the land to rule the state by lawes,  
Wherefore sifting my life and acts most neere,  
He neuer ceast, vntill, as you shall heare,  
By practise foule of him and his allies,  
My death was wrought in most vnworthie wife.

And first he sought my doings to defame,  
By rumors false, which he and his did sow :  
Letters and billes to my reproch and shame  
He did deuise, and all about bestow,  
Whereby my troth in doubt should daily grow,  
In England first, and afterward in France,  
Mouing all meanes to bring me to mischance.

One quarell was, that where by common law  
Murder and theft been punisht all alike,  
So as manslaughter, which bloodie blades do draw,  
Suffer no more then he that doth but pike,  
Me thought the same no order politike,  
In setting paines to make no difference,  
Betweene the lesser and greater offence.

I being seene somewhat in ciuill law,  
The rules thereof reputed much bitter.  
Wherefore to keepe offenders more in awe,  
Like as the fault was smaller or greater,  
So set I paines more easier or bitter,  
Weghing the qualitie of euery offence,  
And so according pronounced sentence.

Amongst my other *Delicta Iuuentutis*,  
Whil' st rage of youth my reason did subdue,  
I must confesse as the very truth is,  
Driuen by desire fond fancies to ensue,  
A thing I did, whereof great trouble grew,  
Abusing one to my no small rebuke,  
Which wife was then to *John of Brabant Duke*.

Called



Called she was Ladie *Iaquet* the faire,  
 Delitefull in loue like *Helene* of Troy:  
 To the Duke of Bauier sole daughter and heire,  
 Her did I marrie to my great annoy:  
 Yet for a time, this dame I did enioy,  
 With her whole lands, withholding them by force,  
 Till *Martin* the *Pope*, betweene vs made diuorce.

Yet all these blasts not able were to moue  
 The anchor strong, whereby my ship did stay,  
 Some other shift to seeke him did behoue,  
 Whereto ere long ill Fortune made the way,  
 Which finally was cause of my decay  
 And cruell death, contriued by my foes,  
 Which fell out thus, as now I shall disclose.

*Eleanor* my wife, my Duchesse only deare,  
 I know not how, but as the nature is  
 Of women all, aye curious to enquire  
 Of things to come (though I confesse in this  
 Her fault not small) and that she did amisse,  
 By witches skill, which Sorcerie some call,  
 Would know of things which after should befall.

And for that cause made her selfe acquainted  
 With mother *Madge*, called the witch of Eye,  
 And with a Clerke that after was attainted,  
*Bolenbroke* he hight, that learned was that way,  
 With other moe, which famous were that day,  
 As well in Science called Mathematicall,  
 As also in Magicke skill supernaturall.

These cunning folkes she set on worke to know  
 The time how long the King should liue and raigne,  
 Some by the Starres, and some by seends below,  
 Some by witchcraft sought knowledge to attaine,  
 With like fancies, friuolous, fond and vaine,  
 Whereof though I knew least of any man,  
 Yet by that meane my mischief first began.

Yet

Yet besides this there was a greater thing,  
How she in waxe by counsell of the witch,  
An Image made, crowned like a King,  
With sword in hand, in shape and likenesse sich  
As was the King, which daily they did pitch  
Against a fire, that as the waxe did melt,  
So should his life consume away vnfelt.

My Duchesse thus accused of this crime,  
As she that should such practise first begin,  
My part was then to yeeld vnto the time,  
Giuing her leaue to deale alone therein.  
And since the cause concerned deadly sinne,  
Which to the Clergie only doth pertaine,  
To deale therein I plainly did refraine.

And suffered them her person to ascite  
Into their Courts, to answere and appeare,  
Which to my heart was sure the greatest spite  
That could be wrought, and touched me most neare,  
To see my wife, and Ladie leefe and deare,  
To my reproch, and plaine before my face,  
Entreated so, as one of sort most base.

The Clergie then examining her cause,  
Conuincd her, as guiltie in the same,  
And sentence gaue according to their lawes,  
That she and they whom I before did name  
Should suffer death, or else some open shame :  
Of which penance my wife by sentence had  
To suffer shame, of both the two more bad.

And first she must by daies together three,  
Through London streets passe all along in sight  
Bareleg'd and barefoot, that all the world might see,  
Bearing in hand a burning taper bright,  
And not content with this extreame despight,  
To worke me woe in all they may or can,  
Exil'd she was into the Ile of Man.

This heinous crime and open worldly shame,  
 With such rigour shewed vnto my wife,  
 Was a fine fetch further things to frame,  
 And nothing else but a preparatiue  
 First from office, and finally from life  
     Me to depriue, and so passing further,  
     What law could not, to execute by murther.

Which by slie drifts, and windlances aloofe,  
 They brought about, perswading first the *Queene*,  
 That in effect it was the Kings reproofe,  
 And hers also, to be exempted cleane  
 From princely rule, or that it should be seene  
     A King of yeares still gouerned to bee  
     Like a pupill, that nothing could foresee.

The danger more, considering the King  
 Was without child, I being his next heire  
 To rule the Realme, as Prince in euery thing  
 Without restraint, and all the sway to beare.  
 With peoples loue, whereby it was to feare  
     That my haut heart, vnbridled in desire,  
     Time, would preuent, and to the Crowne aspire.

These with such like were put into her head,  
 Who of her selfe was thereto soone enclin'd,  
 Other there were that this ill humour fed,  
 To neither part that had good will or mind,  
 The Duke of Yorke our cosin most vnkind,  
     Who keeping close a title to the Crowne,  
     Lancasters house did labour to pull downe.

The stay whereof he tooke to stand in me,  
 Seeing the King of courage nothing stout,  
 Neither of wit great perill to foresee,  
 So for purpose, if he could bring about  
 Me to displace, then did he little doubt  
     To gaine the Goale, for which he droue the ball,  
     The Crowne (I meane) to catch ere it should fall.

This



This hope made him against me to conspire  
With those which foes were to each other late,  
The Queene did weene to win her whole desire,  
Which was to rule the King and all the State  
If I were rid, whom therefore she did hate,  
    Forecasting not, when that was brought to passe,  
    How weake of friends the King her husband was.

The Dukes two, of Excester, and Buckingham,  
With the Marquise Dorset therein did agree,  
But namely the Marquise of Suffolke *William*,  
Contriuier chiefe of this conspiracie,  
With other moe, that late still and did see  
    Their mortall foes on me to whet their kniues,  
    Which turn'd at last to losse of all their liues.

But vaine desire of soueraigntie and rule,  
Which otherwise (Ambition) hath no name,  
So stir'd the Queene, that wilfull as a Mule,  
Headlong she runnes from smoke into the flame,  
Driuing a drift, which after did so frame,  
    As she, the King, with all their line and race,  
    Deprived were of honor, life, and place.

So for purpose she thought it very good,  
With former foes in friendship to confeder,  
The Duke of Yorke and other of his blood,  
With *Newls* all, knit were then all together,  
And *Delapoole*, friend afore to neither:  
    The Cardinall also came within this list,  
    As *Herode* and *Pilate* to iudge Iesus Christ.

This cursed league too late discovered was  
By Bayards blind, that linked in the line,  
The Queene and Cardinall brought it so to passe,  
With Marquise Suffolke master of this mine,  
Whose ill aduice was counted very fine,  
    With other moe which finely could disguise,  
    With false visours my mischief to deuise.

Concluding thus they point without delay  
 Parliament to hold, in some vnhaunted place,  
 Far from London, out of the common way,  
 Where few or none should vnderstand the case,  
 But whom the Queene and Cardinall did embrace :  
 And so for place they chose Saint *Edmundsburie*,  
 Since when (some say) England was neuer merrie.

Summons was sent this company to call,  
 Which made me muse, that in so great a case  
 I should no whit of counsell be at all,  
 Who yet had rule, and next the King in place,  
 Me thought nothing my state could more disgrace  
 Then to beare name, and in effect to be  
 A Cypher in Algrim, as all men might see.

And though iust cause I had for to suspect  
 The time and place appointed by my foes,  
 And that my friends most plainly did detect  
 The subtill trainé, and practise of all those  
 Which against me great treasons did suppose,  
 Yet trust of truth with a conscience cleare  
 Gaue me good heart, in that place to appeare.

Vpon which trust with more haste then good speed,  
 Forward I went to that vnluckie place  
 Dutie to shew, and no whit was in dread  
 Of any traine, but bold to shew my face  
 As a true man, yet so fell out the case  
 That after trauell seeking for repose,  
 An armed band my lodging did enclose.

The Vicount *Beaumont*, who for the time supplied  
 The office of high Constable of the Land,  
 Was with the Queene and Cardinall allied,  
 By whose support he stoutly tooke in hand  
 My lodging to enter with an armed band,  
 And for high treason my person did arrest,  
 And laid me that night where him seemed best.

Then

Then shaking and quaking, for dread of a dreame,  
Halfe waked all naked in bed as I lay,  
What time strake the chime of mine houre extreame,  
Opprest was my rest with mortall affray,  
My foes did vnclose, I know not which way  
My chamber dores, and boldly in brake,  
And had me fast before I could wake.

Thou lookest now, that of my secret murther,  
I should at large the maner how declare,  
I pray thee *Baldwine* aske of me no further,  
For speaking plaine, it came so at vnware,  
As I my selfe, which caught was in the snare,  
Scarcely am able the circumstance to shew,  
Which was kept close, and knowne but vnto few.

But be thou sure by violence it was,  
And no whit bred by sicknesse or disease,  
That felt it well before my life did passe,  
For when these wolues my bodie once did sease,  
Vfed I was but smally to mine ease,  
With torments strong which went so neere the quicke,  
As made me die before that I was sicke.

A Palsie (they said) my vitall spirits opprest,  
Bred by excesse of melancholic blacke,  
This for excuse to lay, them seemed best,  
Lest my true friends the cause might further racke,  
And so perhaps discouer the whole packe  
Of my false foes, whom they might well suspect  
For causes great, which after tooke effect.

Dead was I found by such as best did know  
The maner how the same was brought to passe,  
And then my corps was set out for a show,  
By view whereof nothing perceiued was:  
Whereby the world may see as in a glasse,  
Th'vnure state of them that stand most hie,  
Which then dread least, when danger is most nie.



And also see what danger they are in,  
 Which next their King are to succeed in place :  
 Since Kings most part be iealous of their kin,  
 Whom I aduise, forewarned by my case,  
 To beare low saile, and not too much embrace  
 The peoples loue : for as *Senec* saith truly :  
*O quam funestus est fauor populi.*

*G. Ferrers.*

## HOW LORD WILLIAM DE LA POLE

Duke of Suffolke was worthily banished, for  
 abusing his King, and causing the destruction  
 of the good Duke *Humfrey*, Anno  
 Dom. 1450.



**H**euie is the hap whereto all men be bound,  
 I meane the death, which no estate may flie :  
 But to be banisht, headed, and then drown'd  
 In sinke of shame from top of honors hie,  
 Was neuer man so seru'd I thinke but I.

Wherefore *Baldwine* amongst the rest by right,  
 I claime of thee my wofull case to write.

My only life in all points may suffice,  
 To shew how base all baits of Fortune be,  
 Which thaw like yce, through heate of enuies eyes,  
 Of vicious deeds which much possessed me.  
 Good hap with vice, long time cannot agree,  
 Which bring best Fortunes to the basest fall,  
 And happiest hap to enuie to be thrall.

Called I was *William De la Poole*,  
 Of Suffolke Duke in Queene *Margarets* daies,  
 That found the meane Duke *Humfreys* blood to coole,  
 Whose worthie acts deserue eternall praise,  
 Whereby I note that Fortune cannot raise  
 Any aloft, without some others wracke:  
 Flouds drowne no fields before they find a bracke.

But

But as the waters which doe breake the walles  
Doe lose their course they had within the shore,  
And daily rotting stinke within their stalles,  
For fault of mouing which they found before:  
Euen so the state that ouer high is bore,  
Doth lose the life of peoples loue it had,  
And rots it selfe vntill it fall to bad.

For while I was but Earle, ech man was glad  
To say and doe the best by me they might:  
And Fortune euer since I was a lad,  
Did smile vpon me with a chearefull fight,  
For when my King had doubred me a Knight  
And sent me forth to serue at warre in France,  
My luckily speed mine honour did enhance.

Where, to omit the many feates I wrought  
Vnder others guide, I do remember one,  
Which with my souldiers valiantly was fought,  
None other Captaine saue my selfe alone,  
I meane not now th'apprinze of Pucell Ione  
In which attempt my trauaile was not small,  
Though Burgoyne Duke had then the praise of all.

The siege of Awmarle is the feat I praise:  
A strong built Towne, with castels, walles, and vaults,  
With men and weapon armed at all assaies:  
To which I gaue nigh fife times fife assaults,  
Till at the last they yeilded it for naughts.  
Yet Lord *Rambur* most like a valiant Knight,  
Defended it as long as ere he might.

But what preuailed it these townes to winne,  
Which shortly after must be lost againe?  
Whereby I see there is more glory in  
The keeping things, then in their attaine:  
To get and keepe not, is but losse and paine.  
Therefore ought me prouide to saue their winnings  
In all attempts, else lose they their beginnings.

Because we could not keepe the townes we won,  
 For they were more then we might easily weeld,  
 One yeare vndid what we in ten had done:  
 Enuie at home, treason abroad, did yeeld  
 King *Charles* his Realme of France, made barren field:  
 For bloodie warres had wasted all encrease,  
 Which caus'd the Pope help need to sue for peace.

So that in Touraine at the towne of Tours  
 Duke *Charles* and other for their Prince appered,  
 So did Lord *Rosse* and I then Earle, for ours:  
 And when we shewed wherein each other dered,  
 We sought out meanes all quarels to haue clered,  
 Wherein the Lords of Germanie, of Spaine,  
 Of Hungarie, and Denmarke, tooke great paine.

But sith we could no finall peace induce,  
 For neither would the others couenants heare,  
 For eightene months we did conclude a truce:  
 And while as friends we lay together there,  
 Because my warrant did me therein beare,  
 To make a perfit peace and through accord,  
 I sought a mariage for my soueraigne Lord.

And for the French Kings daughters were too small,  
 I fancied most Dame *Margaret* his niece,  
 A louely Ladie beautifull and tall,  
 Faire spoken, pleasant, and a Princely piece,  
 In wit and learning matchlesse hence to Greece,  
 Duke *Rayners* heire of Aniw, King by stile  
 Of Naples, Ierusalem, and Sicil Ile.

But ere I could the grant of her attaine,  
 All that our King had of her fathers lands,  
 As Maunts the towne, the countie whole of Maine,  
 And most of Aniw duchie in our hands,  
 I did release him by assured bands.  
 And as for downie with her none I sought,  
 I thought no peace could be too deerely bought.

And



And when this mariage throwly was agreed  
Although my King was glad of such a make,  
His vncle *Humfrey* hated it indeed,  
Because thereby his precontract he brake,  
Made with the heire of the Earle of Arminacke,  
A noble maid with store of goods endowed,  
Which more then this with losse the Duke allowed.

But loue and beautie in the King so wrought,  
That neither gaine or promise he regarded,  
But set his vncles counsell still at nought :  
And for my paines I highly was awarded.  
Thus vertue starues, but lustfood must be larded.  
For I made Marquesse went to France againe,  
And brought this bride vnto my Soueraigne.

At home because Duke *Humfrey* aye repined,  
Calling their match aduoutrie (as it was)  
The Queene did moue me, erst thereto enclined,  
To helpe to bring him to his *Requiem* masse,  
Which sith it could for no crime come to passe,  
His life and doings were so right and clere,  
Through priuy murder we brought him to his bere.

Thus righteoufnesse brought *Humfrey* to rebuke,  
Because he would no wickednesse allow,  
But for my doings I was made a Duke.  
So Fortune can both bend and smooth her brow  
On whom she list, not passing why or how.  
O Lord how high, how soone she did me raise,  
How fast she fill'd me both with prayes and praise !

The Lords and Commons both of like assent,  
Besought my soueraigne kneeling on their knees,  
For to record my deeds in the Parliament,  
As deeds deseruing euerlasting fees.  
In which attempt they did no labour leese,  
For they set not my praise so fast in flame,  
As he was readie to reward the same.

But note the end : my deeds so worthie deemed  
 Of King, of Lords, and Commons all together,  
 Were shortly after treasons false esteemed,  
 And all men curst Queene *Margets* comming hither:  
 For *Charles* the French King in his seats not lither,  
 When we had rendred Rayner, Maunts, and Maine,  
 Found meane to win all Normandie againe.

This made the people curse the mariage,  
 Esteeming it the cause of euery losse :  
 Wherefore at me with open mouth they rage,  
 Affirming me t'haue brought the Realme to mosse :  
 When King and Queene saw things thus go acrosse,  
 To quiet all a Parliament they called,  
 And caused me in prison to be thralld.

And shortly after brought me forth abrode,  
 Which made the Commons more then double wood:  
 And some with weapons would haue laid on lode,  
 If their grand Captaine *Blewberd* in his mood  
 Had not in time with wisdome been withstood:  
 But though that he and more were executed,  
 The people still their worst against me bruted.

And so applied the Parliament with billes,  
 Of hainous wrongs and open traiterous crimes,  
 That King and Queene weré forst against their willes,  
 From place to place t'adiourne it diuers times.  
 For Princes power is like the sandie slimes,  
 Which must perforce giue place vnto the waue,  
 Or sue the windie fourges when they raue.

Their life was not more deare to them then I,  
 Which made them search all shifts to saue me still,  
 But aye my foes such faults did on me tric,  
 That to preserue me from a worser ill,  
 The King was faine full sore against his will,  
 For five yeares space to send me in exile,  
 In hope to haue restor'd me in a while.

But

But marke how vengeance waiteth vpon vice,  
To shun this storme, in sayling towards France,  
A Pirats Barke, that was of little price,  
Encountred me vpon the seas by chance,  
Whose Captaine there tooke me as in a trance,  
Let passe my ships, with all their frait and load,  
And led me backe againe to Douer road.

Where vnto me recounting all my faults,  
As murthering of Duke *Humsfrey* in his bed,  
And how I had brought all the Realme to naughts,  
Causing the King vnlawfully to wed,  
There was no grace but I must lose my head.  
Wherefore he made me shriue me in his bote,  
And on the brinke my necke in two he sinote.

This was mine end : which was by reason due  
To me, and such as others deaths procure.  
Therefore be bold to write, for it is true,  
That whofo doth such practife put in vre,  
Of due reward at last shall be most sure,  
For God is iust, whose stroke delayed long,  
Doth light at last with paine more sharpe and strong.

*W. Baldwine.*

---

HOW IACK CADE NAMING HIM-  
SELFE MORTIMER, TRAYTEROVSLY  
rebellling against his King, in Iune, *Anno*  
1450. was for his treasons and cruell doings  
*worthilie punished.*



Hall I it Fortune call, or my froward folly,  
That rais'd me vp and laid me downe below?  
Or was it courage that made me so iolly,  
Which of the starres and bodies greement grow?  
What ere it were this one point sure I know,  
Which shall be meete for euery man to marke :  
Our lust and willes our euils chiefly warke.

*It.*



It may be well that Planets doe encline,  
 And our complexions moue our mindes to ill,  
 But such is reason, that they bring to fine  
 No worke vnayded of our lust and will :  
 For heauen and earth are subiect both to skill.  
 The will of God rul'th all it is so strong,  
 Man may by skill guide things that to him long.

Though lust be stout, and will enclin'd to nought,  
 This forst by mixture, that by heauens course,  
 Yet through the grace God hath in reason rought  
 And giuen man, no lust nor will to course,  
 But may be staied or swaged of the sourse,  
 So that it shall in nothing force the minde  
 To worke our woe, or leaue the proper kind.

But though this grace be giuen to some man  
 To rule the will, and keepe the mind aloft,  
 Yet few there be'mongst men that vse it can,  
 These worldly pleasures tickle vs so oft :  
 The spirit weake, and will strong, flesh is soft,  
 And yeeldes it selfe to pleasure that it loueth,  
 And hailes the mind to that it most reprocueth.

Now if this hap whereby we yeeld our mind  
 To lust and will, be Fortune as we name her,  
 Then is she iustly called false and blind,  
 And no reproch can be too much to blame her :  
 Yet is the shame our owne when so we shame her,  
 For sure this hap if it be rightly knowne,  
 Comes of our selues, and so the blame our owne.

For whoso liueth in the schoole of skill,  
 And medleth not with any worlds affaires,  
 Forsaketh poms and honors, that doe spill  
 The minds recourse to Graces quiet staires,  
 His state no Fortune by no meane appaires :  
 For Fortune is the only foe of those  
 Which to the world their wretched willes dispose.

Among

Among which fooles (marke *Baldwine*) I am one,  
 That would not stay my selfe in mine estate :  
 I thought to rule but to obay to none,  
 And therefore fell I with my King at bate.  
 And to the end I might him better mate,  
*John Mortimer* I caus'd my selfe be called,  
 Whose kingly bloud the *Henries* nigh had thrall'd.

This shift I vs'd the people to perswade  
 To leaue their Prince, on my side more to sticke,  
 Whereas indeed my fathers name was *Cade*,  
 Whose noble stocke was neuer worth a sticke,  
 But touching wit I was both ripe and quicke,  
 Had strength of limmes large stature, comely face,  
 Which made men weene my lineage were not base.

And seeing stoutnes stucke by men in Kent,  
 Whose valiant hearts refuse none enterprife,  
 With false perswasions straight to them I went,  
 And said they suffered too great iniuries :  
 By meane whereof I caused them to rise,  
 And battaile-wise to come to Blacke Heath plaine,  
 And thence their griefes vnto the King complaine.

Who being deafe (as men say) on that eare,  
 For we desired release of subsidies,  
 Refused roughly our requests to heare,  
 And came against vs as his enemies :  
 But we to stay him sought out subtilties,  
 Remou'd our Campe, and backe to Senock went,  
 After whom the *Staffords* with their power were sent.

See here how Fortune setting vs a flote,  
 Brought to our nets a portion of our pray.  
 For why, the *Staffords* with their army hote,  
 Assailed vs at Senocke where we lay :  
 From whence aliuie they parted not away.  
 Which when the Kings retinue vnderstood,  
 They all affirm'd my quarell to be good.

Which caus'd the King and Queene whom all did hate,  
 To raise their campe, and suddenly depart :  
 And that they might the peoples grudge abate,  
 T'imprison some full sore against their hart.  
 Lord *Saye* was one, whom I made after smart,  
 For when the *Staffords* and their host was slaine,  
 To Black-heath field I marched backe againe.

And where the King would nothing heare before,  
 Now was he glad to send to know my mind :  
 And I thereby enflamed much the more,  
 Refus'd his grants, so folly made me blind,  
 For this he slew and left Lord *Scales* behind,  
 To helpe the Towne and strenghten London Tower,  
 Towards which I marched forward with my power:

And found there all things at mine owne desire :  
 I entred London, did there what I list.  
 The Treasurer, Lord *Saye*, I did conspire  
 To haue condemned : whereof when I mist,  
 (For he by law my malice did resist)  
 By force I tooke him in Guildhall from th'heape,  
 And headed him before the crosse in Cheape.

His sonne in law *James Cromer* Shrief of Kent  
 I caught at Mile-end where as then he lay,  
 Beheaded him and on a pole I sent  
 His head to London where his fathers lay.  
 With these two heads I made a pretty play,  
 For pight on poles I bare them through the street,  
 And for my sport made ech kisse other sweet.

Then brake I prisons, let forth whom I wold,  
 And vs'd the City as it had been mine :  
 Tooke from the Merchants money, ware and gold  
 From some by force, from other some by fine.  
 This at the length did cause them to repine,  
 So that Lord *Scales* consenting with the Maire,  
 Forbad vs to their City to repaire.

For



For all this while mine host in Southwarke lay,  
Who when they knew our passage was denied,  
Came boldly to the bridge and made a fray,  
For in we would, the townes men vs defied:  
But when with strokes we had the matter tried,  
We wan the bridge and set much part on fire,  
This done to Southwarke backe we did retire.

The morow after came the Chancellour,  
With generall pardon for my men, halfe gone,  
Which heard and read, the rest within an houre,  
Shranke all away each man to shift for one.  
And when I saw they left me post alone,  
I did disguise me like a Knight of the post,  
And into Suffex rode, all hope was lost.

And there I lurked till that cursed coyne,  
That restlesse begle sought and found me out,  
For straight the King by promise did enioyne  
A thousand marke to whomsoever mought  
Apprend my corps, which made them seeke about:  
Among the which one *Alexander Iden*  
Found out the hole, wherein the Foxe was hidden.

But ere I fell, I put him to his trumps,  
For yeeld I would not while my hands would hold,  
But hope of money made him stir his stumps,  
And to assault me valiantly and bold.  
Two houres and more our combat was not cold,  
Till at the last he lent me such a stroke,  
That downe I fell and neuer after spoke.

Then was my carcase caried like a hog,  
To Southwarke borow where it lay a night,  
The next day drawne to Newgate like a dog,  
All men reioycing at the rufull sight:  
Then were on poles my perboil'd quarters pight,  
And set aloft for vermine to deuour,  
Meete graue for rebels that resist the power.

350 *Edmund Duke of Sommerfet.*

Full little know we wretches what we do,  
When we presume our Princes to resist.  
We warre with God, against his glorie to,  
That placeth in his office whom he list:  
Therefore was neuer traytour yet but mist  
The marke he shot, and came to shamefull end,  
Nor neuer shall till God be forst to bend.


God hath ordain'd the power, all Princes be  
His Lieutenants or deputies in Realmes,  
Against their foes therefore fighteth he,  
And as his ennies driues them to extreames,  
Their wise deuices proue but doltish dreames,  
No subiect ought for any kind of cause  
To force the Prince, but yeeld him to the lawes.

Wherefore O *Baldwine* warne men follow reason,  
Subdue their willes, and be not Fortunes slaues,  
A shamefull end doth euer follow treason,  
There is no trust in rebels, rascall knaues,  
In Fortune lesse, which worketh as the waues:  
From whose assaults who listeth to stand free  
Must follow skill, and so contented bee.

*W. Baldwine.*

---

THE TRAGEDIE OF EDMVND DVKE  
OF SOMMERSET, SLAINE IN THE FIRST  
battaile at Saint *Albanes*, the 23. day of May,  
in the 32. ycare of *Henrie* the sixt, *Anno*  
*Dom. 1454.*

ome I suppose are borne vnfortunate,  
Else good endeouours could not ill succeed,  
What shall I call it? ill fortune or fate,  
That some mens attempts haue neuer good speed,  
Their trauell thanklesse, all bootlesse their heed,  
Where other vnlike in working or skill,  
Out wrestle the world, and weald it at will.

Of

Of the firſt number I count my ſelfe one,  
To all miſhap I weene predeſtinate,  
Beleeue me *Baldwine* there be few or none,  
To whom Fortune was euer more ingrate,  
Make thou therefore my life a caueate,  
That whoſo with force will worke againſt kind,  
Sailleth (as who ſaith) againſt the ſtreame and winde.

For I of Sommerſet Duke *Edmund* hight,  
Extraſt by deſcent from Lancaſter line,  
Were it by follie, or Fortunes deſpite,  
Or by ill aſpect of ſome crooked ſigne,  
Of mine attempts could neuer ſee good fine :  
What ſo I began did ſeldome well end :  
God from ſuch Fortune all good men defend.

Where I thought to ſaue, moſt part I did ſpill,  
For good hap with me was alway at warre.  
The linage of Yorke whom I bare ſo ill,  
By my ſpite became bright as the morning ſtar.  
Thus ſomewhiles men make when faine they would mar,  
The more ye lop trees, the greater they grow,  
The more ye ſtop ſtreames, the higher they flow.

Maugre my ſpite, his fame grew the more,  
And mine, as the Moone in the wane, waxt leſſe :  
For hauing the place which he had before,  
Gouernour of France, needs I muſt confeſſe,  
That loſt was Normandie without redreſſe,  
Yet wrought I alwaies that wit might contriue,  
But what doth it boote with the ſtreame to ſtriue ?

Borne was I neither to warre ne to peace,  
For *Mars* was maligne to all my whole trade :  
My birth I beleeue was in *Jones* decreaſe,  
When *Cancer* in his courſe being retrograde,  
Declined from *Sol* to *Saturnus* ſhade,  
Where aſpects were good, oppoſites did marre,  
So grew mine vnhap both in peace and warre.



A strange natiuitie in calculation,  
 As all my liues course did after well declare,  
 Whereof in brieft to make relation,  
 That other by me may learne to beware,  
 Ouerlight credence was cause of my care,  
 And want of foresight in giuing assent  
 To condemne *Humfrey* that Duke innocent.

*Humfrey* I meane that was the Protectour,  
 Duke of Glocester of the royall blood;  
 So long as he was Englands directour,  
 King *Henries* title to the Crowne was good.  
 This Prince as a pillar most stedfastly stood,  
 Or like a prop set vnder a vine,  
 In state to vphold all *Lancasters* line.

O heedlesse trust; vnware of harme to come,  
 O malice headlong swift to serue fond will,  
 Did euer madnesse man so much benome  
 Of prudent forecast, reason, wit, and skill,  
 As me blind *Bayard* consenting to spill  
 The blood of my cosin, my refuge and stay,  
 To my destruction making open way?

So long as the Duke bare the stroke and sway,  
 So long no Rebels quarels durst begin:  
 But when the post was pulled once away,  
 Which stood to vphold the King and his kin,  
 Yorke and his banders proudly preased in  
 To challenge the Crowne by title of right,  
 Beginning with law and ending with might.

Abroad went bruits in countrey and towne  
 That *Yorke* of England was the heire true,  
 And how *Henrie* had vsurped the Crowne  
 Against all right, which all the Realme might rue.  
 The people then embracing titles new,  
 Irkesome of present and longing for change,  
 Assented soone because they loue to range.

True is the text which wee in ſcripture read,  
*Va terra illi, cuius rex eſt puer,*  
 Woe to that land whereof a child is head,  
 Whether child or childiſh, the caſe is one ſure :  
 Where Kings bee yong, we dayly ſee in vre,  
 The people awleſſe, by weakenes of their head,  
 Leade their liues lawleſſe, hauing none to dread.

And no leſſe true is this text againe,  
*Beata terra cuius rex eſt nobilis,*  
 Bleſt is the land where a ſtout King doth raine,  
 Where in good peace ech man poſſeſſeth his,  
 Where ill men feare to fault or do amiſſe,  
 Where a ſtout Prince is preſt, with ſword in hand,  
 At home and abroad his enemies to withſtand.

In caſe King *Henry* had beene ſuch a one,  
 Hardy and ſtout as his fathers afore,  
 Long mought he haue ſate in the royall throne,  
 Without any feare of common vprore.  
 But dayly his weakenefſe ſhewed more and more,  
 Which boldneſſe gaue to the aduerſary band,  
 To ſpoile him at laſt both of life and land.

His humble heart was nothing vnknownen,  
 To the gallants of Yorke and their retinue :  
 A ground lying low is ſoone ouerflowen,  
 And ſhored houſes cannot long continue :  
 Ioints cannot knit where as is no finew.  
 And ſo a Prince, not dread as well as loued,  
 Is from his place by practiſe ſoone remoued.

Well mought I ſee, had I not wanted braine,  
 The worke begun to vndermine the ſtate,  
 When the chiefe linke was looſed from the chaine,  
 And that ſome durſt vpon bloud royall grate.  
 How tickle a hold had I of mine eſtate ?  
 When the chiefe poſt lay flat vpon the flore,  
 Mought not I thinke my ſtaffe then next the dore?

354 *Edmund Duke of Sommerſet.*

So mought I alſo dame *Margaret* the Queene,  
By meane of whom this miſchiefe firſt began,  
Did ſhe (trow ye) her ſelfe not ouerweene  
Death to procure to that moſt worthy man?  
Which ſhe and hers afterward mought well ban,  
On whom did hang (as I before haue ſaid)  
Her husbands life, his honour and his ayd.

For whilſt he liued which was our ſtable ſtay,  
*Torke* and his impes were kept as vnder yoke,  
But when the Piller remoued was away,  
Then burſt out flame, that late before was ſmoke,  
The traytour couert then caſt off his cloke,  
And from his den came forth in open light,  
With titles blind which he ſet forth for right.

But this to bring about, him firſt behoued  
The King and his kin aſunder for to ſet:  
Who being perforce or practiſe remoued,  
Then had they avoided the principall let,  
Which kept the ſought pray ſo long from the net:  
The next point after, was, themſelues to place  
In rule aboue the reſt, next vnto his Grace.

Therefore was I firſt whom they put out of place,  
No cauſe pretending but the common-weale,  
The Crowne of England was the very caſe,  
Why to the Commons they burned ſo in zeale.  
My faults were clokes their practiſe to conceale,  
In counſaile hearing conſider the intent,  
For in pretence of truth treaſon oft is ment.

So their pretence was only to remoue  
Counſaile corrupt from place about the King.  
But O ye Princes, you it doth behoue  
This caſe to conſtrue as no fained thing,  
That neuer traytour did ſubdue his King,  
But for his plat, ere he could ſurder wade,  
Againſt his friends the quarell firſt hee made.

And



And if by hap he could so bring about,  
Them to subdue at his owne wish and will,  
Then would hee wax so arrogant and stout,  
That no reason his outrage might fulfill,  
But to proceed vpon his purpose still  
Til King and counsaile brought were in one case:  
Such is their folly to rebels to giue place.

So for the fish casting forth a net,  
The next point was in driuing out the plat,  
Commons to cause in rage to fume and fret,  
And to rebell, I cannot tell for what,  
Requiring redresse of this and of that:  
Who if they speed, the stander at receit  
Grasp will the pray, for which he doth await.

Then by surmise of some thing pretended,  
Such to displace as they may well suspect,  
Like to withstand their mischief intended,  
And in their roomes their banders to elect,  
The aduerse party proudly to reiect,  
And then with reports the simple to abuse,  
And when these helps faile, open force to vse.

So this Dukes traines were couert and not scene,  
Which ment no lesse, that he most pretended,  
Like to a Serpent couert vnder greene,  
To the wealepublique seemed wholly bended:  
Zealous hee was, and would haue all things mended,  
But by that mendment nothing els he ment  
But to be King, to that marke was his bent.

For had he beene plaine, as he ment indeed,  
*Henry* to depose from the royall place,  
His haste had been waste, and much worse his speed,  
The King then standing in his peoples grace.  
This Duke therefore set forth a goodly face,  
As one that ment no quarell for the Crowne,  
Such as bare rule he only would put downe.

## 356 *Edmund Duke of Sommerfet.*

But all for nought so long as I bare stroke  
 Serued these drifts, and proued all vaine:  
 The best help then was people to prouoke,  
 To make commotion and vprores amaine:  
 Which to appease the King himselfe was faine,  
 From Blacke Heath in Kent to send me to the Tower,  
 Such was the force of rebels in that hower.

The troublous storme yet therewith was not ceased,  
 For Yorke was bent his purpose to pursue,  
 Who seing how speedily I was released,  
 And ill successe of sufferance to ensue:  
 Then like *Judas* vnto his Lord vntrue,  
 Esteeming time lost any longer to defarre,  
 By *Warwicks* ayd proclaimed open warre.

At *S. Albanes* towne both our hostes did meete,  
 Which to try a field was no equall place,  
 Forst we were to fight in euery lane and streete,  
 No feare of foes could make me shun the place:  
 There I and *Warwicke* fronted face to face,  
 At an Inne dore, the Castle was the signe,  
 Where with a sword was cut my fatall line.

Oft was I warned to come in Castle none,  
 Hauing no mistrust of any common signe,  
 I did imagine a Castle built with stone,  
 For of no Inne I could the same diuine:  
 In Prophets skill my wit was neuer fine,  
 A foole is he that such vaine dreames doth dred,  
 And more foole he that will by them be led.

My life I lost in that vnluckly place,  
 With many Lords that leaned to my part:  
 The stout Earle *Percy* had no better grace,  
*Clyfford* couragious could not shun the dart,  
*Buckingham* heir was at this mortall mart,  
*Babthorp* th' Atturney with his skill in law,  
 In pleading heere appeared very raw.

King

King *Henrie* thus diſarmed of his bands,  
His friends and followers wanting aſſiſtence,  
Was made a prey vnto his enemies hands,  
Deprived of power and Princely reuerence,  
And as a pupill void of all experience,  
Innocent plaine, and ſimplie witted,  
Was as a Lambe vnto the Wolfe committed,

A Parliament then was called with ſpeed,  
A Parliament? nay, a plaine conſpiracie,  
When againſt right it was decreed,  
That after the death of the fixt *Henrie*,  
Yorke ſhould ſucceed vnto the regaltie,  
And in his life the charge and protection,  
Of King and Realme at the Dukes direction.

And thus was *Yorke* declared Proteſtour,  
Proteſtour ſaid I? nay, Proditor plaine:  
A rancke rebell the Princes directour,  
A vaſſall to leade his Lord and Soueraigne.  
What honeſt heart would not conceiue diſdaine  
To ſee the foot ſurmount about the head?  
A monſter is in ſpite of nature bred.

Some happily heere will moue a farther doubt,  
And as for *Yorke*s part alledge an elder right:  
O braineleſſe heads that ſo run in and out,  
When length of time a ſtate hath firmly pight,  
And good accord hath put all ſtrife to flight,  
Were it not better ſuch titles ſtill to ſleepe,  
Then all a Realme about the triall weepe?

From the female came *Yorke*, and all his ſeed,  
And we of *Lancaſter* from the heire male,  
Of whom three Kings in order did ſucceed,  
By iuſt deſcent: this is no fained tale.  
Who would haue thought that any ſtorme or gale  
Our ſhip could ſhake, hauing ſuch anker hold?  
None I thinke ſure, vnleſſe that God ſo would.



## 358 *Edmund Duke of Sommerfet.*

After this hurle the King was faine to flee  
Northward in post, for succour and releefe!  
O blessed God how strange it was to see,  
A rightfull Prince pursued as a theefe:  
To thee O England, what can be more repleefe?  
Then to pursue thy Prince with armed hand,  
What greater shame may be to any land?

Traytours did triumph, true men lay in dust,  
Reuing and robbing roisted euery where,  
VVill stood for skill, and law obeyed lust,  
Might trode downe right, of King there was no feare,  
The title was tried only by shield and speare.  
All which vnhaps that they were not foreseene,  
*Suffolke* was in fault, who ruled King and Queene.

Some heere perhaps, do looke I should accuse  
My selfe of sleight, or subtiltie vniust,  
VVherein I should my Princes eares abuse  
Against the Duke, to bring him in mistrust:  
Some part whereof, though needs confesse I must,  
My fault only consisted in consent,  
Leaning to my foes, whereof I do repent.

If I at first when brands began to smoke,  
The sparkes to quench by any way had sought;  
Neuer had England felt this mortall stroke,  
VVhich now too late lamenting helpeth thought.  
Two points of wit, too dearely haue I bought,  
The first, that better is timely to foresee,  
Then after ouer late a counsellour to bee.

The second is, not easily to assent  
To aduice given against thy faithfull friend,  
But of the speaker ponder the intent,  
The meaning full, the point, and finall end.  
A Saint in shew, in prooffe is found a Feend,  
The subtil man the simple to abuse,  
Much pleasant speech and eloquence doth vse.

And

And ſo was I abuſ'd and other moe  
By *Suffolkes* ſleights, who ſought to pleaſe the Queene,  
Forecaſting not the miſerie and woe  
VVhich therefore came, and ſoone was after ſcene:  
VVith gloſing tongue he made vs fooles to weene,  
That *Humfrey* did to Englands Crowne aſpire,  
VVhich to preuent, his death they did conſpire.

VVhat ſhould I more of mine vnhaps declare,  
VVhereof my death at laſt hath made an end?  
Not I alone was void of all this care,  
Some beſides me there were that did offend,  
None I accuſe, nor yet my ſelfe defend,  
Faults I know I had, as none liues without,  
My chiefe fault was folly, I put thee out of doubt.

Folly was the chiefe, the nauhtie time was next,  
VVhich made my Fortune ſubieſt to the chiefe:  
If England then with ſtrife had not been vext,  
Glorie might haue growen whereas enſued grieſe.  
Yet one thing is my comfort and reliefe,  
Constant I was in my Princes quarrell  
To die or liue, and ſpared for no parrell.

VVhat though Fortune enuious was my foe?  
A noble heart ought not the ſooner yeeld,  
Nor ſhrinke abacke for any weale or woe,  
But for his Prince lie bleeding in the ſeeld:  
If priuie ſpight at any time me helde,  
The price is paid: and grieuous is my guerdon,  
As for the reſt me God (I truſt) will pardon.

*G. Ferrers.*

B b 4

HOW

# HOW RICHARD PLANTAGENET DUKE OF YORKE,

was slaine through his ouer rash boldnes, and  
his sonne the Earle of Rutland, for his lacke of

*valiance, An. Dom. 1460.*



Rust not in chance, in whom was neuer trust,  
Of foolish men that haue no better grace,  
All rest, renowne and deeds lie in the dust,  
Of all the sort that sue her slipper trace.

What meanest thou *Baldwine* for to hide thy face?  
Thou needest not feare although I misse my head,  
Nor yet to mourne for this my sonne is dead.

The cause why thus I lead him in my hand,  
His skin with blood and teares so sore bestain'd,  
Is that thou maist the better vnderstand,  
How hardly Fortune hath for vs ordain'd,  
In whom her loue and hate be whole contain'd.

For I am *Richard Prince Plantagenet*,  
The Duke of Yorke in royall race beget.

From *Lionel* the third begotten sonne  
Of Kingly *Edward* by descent I came  
From *Philip* hight his heire we first begun  
The crowne as due to vs by right to claime:  
And in the end we did obtaine the same,  
She was sole heire by due descent of line,  
Whereby her rights and titles all were mine.

But marke me now, I pray thee *Baldwine* marke,  
And see how force oft ouerbeareth right:  
Way how vsurpers tyrannously warke,  
To keepe by murther that they get by might,  
And note what troublous dangers do alight  
On such as seeke to repofesse their owne,  
And how through rigour, right is ouerthrowne.



The Duke of Herford, *Henrie Bolenbroke*,  
Of whom Duke *Mowbray* told thee now of late,  
When void of cause he had King *Richard* toke:  
He murdered him, vsurped his estate,  
Without all right or title, sauing hate  
Of others rule, or loue to rule alone:  
These two excepted, title had he none.

The Realme and Crowne was *Edmund Mortimers*,  
Whose father *Roger* was King *Richards* heire:  
Which caused *Henrie* and the *Lancasters*  
To seeke all shift our households to appaire,  
For sure he was to sit beside the chaire,  
Were we of power to claime our lawfull right,  
Against vs therefore he did all he might.

His curfed sonne ensued his cruell path,  
And kept my guiltlesse cofin strait in durance:  
For whom my father hard entreated hath.  
But liuing hopelesse of his liues assurance,  
He thought it best by politike procurance,  
To slay the King, and so restore his friend:  
Which brought himselfe to an infamous end.

For when King *Henrie* of that name the fift,  
Had tane my father in his conspiracie,  
He from Sir *Edmund* all the blame to shift,  
Was faine to say the French King *Charles* his alley  
Had hired him this trayterous act to trie,  
For which condemned shortly he was slaine,  
In helping right this was my fathers gaine.

Thus when the linage of the *Mortimers*  
Was made away by his vsurping line,  
Some hang'd, some slaine, some pined prisoners,  
Because the Crowne by right of law was mine,  
They gan as fast against me to repine,  
In feare alwaies lest I should stir some strife,  
For guiltie hearts haue neuer quiet life,

Yet

Yet at the last in *Henries* dayes the fixt,  
 I was restored to my fathers lands,  
 Made Duke of Yorke where through my mind I fixt  
 To get the Crowne and Kingdome in my hands,  
 For aide wherein I knit assured bands  
 With *Neuils* stocke, whose daughter was my make,  
 Who for no woe would euer me forsake.

O Lord what hap had I through mariage,  
 Foure goodly boyes in youth my wife she bore,  
 Right valiant men and prudent for their age,  
 Such brethren shee had and nephues in store  
 As none had erst, nor any shall haue more:  
 The Earle of Salisbury, and his sonne of Warwicke,  
 Were matchlesse men from Barbary to Barwicke.

Through helpe of whom and Fortunes louely looke,  
 I vndertooke to claime my lawfull right,  
 And to abash such as against me tooke,  
 I raised power at all points prest to fight:  
 Of whom the chiefe that chiefly bare me spight,  
 Was *Sommer set* the Duke, whom to annoy  
 I alway fought, through spite, spite to destroy.

And maugre him, so choice lo was my chance,  
 Yea though the Queene that all rul'd tooke his part,  
 Itwice bare rule in Normandy and France,  
 And last Lieutenant in Ireland, where my hart  
 Found remedy for euery kinde of smart.  
 For through the loue my doings there did breed,  
 I had their helpe at all times in my need.

This spitefull Duke, his silly King and Queene,  
 With armed hosts I thrice met in the field,  
 The first vnfought through treaty made betweene,  
 The second ioid, wherein the King did yeeld,  
 The Duke was slaine, the Queene enforst to shield  
 Her selfe by flight: The third the Queene did fight,  
 Where I was slaine being ouer matcht by might.

Before

Before this last were other battailes three:  
 The first the Earle of Salisbury led alone,  
 And fought on Bloreheath, and got victory:  
 In the next I with kinssfolke euery one.  
 But seeing our souldiers stale vnto our sone,  
 We warely brake our company on a night,  
 Dissol'd our host, and tooke our selues to flight.

This Boy and I in Ireland did vs saue,  
 Mine eldest sonne with *Warwicke* and his father  
 To Calais got, whence by the read I gaue  
 They came againe to London, and did gather  
 An other host, whereof I spake no rather:  
 And met our foes, slewe many a Lord and Knight,  
 And took the King and draue the Queene to flight.

This done I came to England all in haste,  
 To make a claime vnto the Realme and Crowne:  
 And in the house while parliament did last,  
 I in the Kings seate boldly sate me downe,  
 And claimed it, whereat the Lords did frowne;  
 But what for that? I did so well proceed,  
 That all at last confest it mine indeed.

But sith the King had raigned now so long,  
 They would he should continue till he died,  
 And to the end that then none did me wrong,  
 In ech place heire apparant they me cried.  
 But sith the Queene and others this denied,  
 I sped me towards the North where then shee lay,  
 In minde by force to cause her to obay.

Whereof she warnd prepar'd a mighty powre,  
 And ere that mine were altogether ready,  
 Came swift to Sandale and besieged my bowre:  
 Where like a beast I was so rash and heady,  
 That out I would, there could be no remedy,  
 With scant fise thousand souldiers, to assaile  
 Foure times so many, encamp't to most auaille.

And



And so was flaine at first : and while my child  
 Scarce twelue yeare old, sought secretly to part,  
 That cruell *Clifford*, Lord, nay *Lorell* wilde  
 While th' infant wept, and prayed him rue his smart,  
 Knowing what he was, with dagger cloue his heart :  
 This done, he came to th' campe where I lay dead,  
 Despoil'd my corps and cut away my head.

Which with a painted paper Crowne thereon,  
 He for a present sent vnto the Queene :  
 And she for spite commanded it anon  
 To Yorke fast by : where, that it might be seene,  
 They placed it where other traytours beene.  
 This mischiefe Fortune did me after death.  
 Such was my life, and such my losse of breath.

Wherefore see *Baldwine* that thou set it forth,  
 To th' end the fraud of Fortune may be knowen,  
 That eke all Princes well may weigh the worth  
 Of things, for which the seeds of warre be sown :  
 No state so sure but soone is ouerthrowen.  
 No worldly good can counterpoize the prise,  
 Of halfe the paines that may thereof arise.

Better it were to lose a piece of right,  
 Then limbes and life in striuing for the same :  
 It is not force of friendship nor of might,  
 But God that causeth things to fro or frame,  
 Not wit but lucke doth wield the winners game.  
 Wherefore if we our follies would refraine,  
 Time would redresse all wrongs we void of paine.

VVherefore warne Princes not to wade in war  
 For any cause except the Realmes defence :  
 Their troublous titles are vnworthie far  
 The blood, the life, the spoile of innocence :  
 Of friends, of foes behold my foule expence,  
 And neuer the neere : best therefore tarie time,  
 So right shall raigne, and quiet calme each crime.

HOW

# HOW THE LORD CLIF- FORD FOR HIS STRANGE

and abominable crueltie, came to as  
*strange and sudden a death, Anno,*

1461.



Pen confession asketh open penance,  
And wisdom would a man his shame to hide:  
Yet sith forgiuenes commeth through repentance;  
I thinke it best that men their crimes ascride,  
For nought so secret but at length is spide:

For couer fire, and it will neuer linne  
Till it breake forth, in like case shame and sinne,

As for my selfe my faults be out so plaine,  
And published abroad in euery place,  
That though I would I cannot hide a graine.  
All care is bootlesse in a curelesse case,  
To learne by others grieve some haue the grace:  
And therefore *Baldwine* write my wretched fall,  
The brieve whereof I briefly vtter shall.

I am the same that slue Duke *Richards* child,  
The louely babe that begged life with teares:  
Whereby mine honor foully I defil'd.  
Poore silly Lambes the Lion neuer teares:  
The feeble mouse may lie among the beares:  
But wrath of man his rancour to requite,  
Forgets all reason, ruth, and vertue quite.

I meane by rancour the parentall wreake  
Surnam'd a vertue (as the vicious say)  
But little know the wicked what they speake,  
In boldning vs our enemies kin to slay.  
To punish sin is good, it is no nay.  
They wreake not sinne, but merit wreake for sinne,  
That wreake the fathers fault vpon his kinne.

Because

Because my father Lord *John Clyfford* died,  
 Slaine at Saint *Albanes*, in his Princes aide,  
 Against the Duke my heart for malice fried,  
 So that I could from wrecke no way be stayed,  
 But to auenge my fathers death, assay'd  
     All meanes I might the Duke of Yorke t'annoy,  
     And all his kin and friends for to destroy.

This made me with my bloodie dagger wound  
 His guiltlesse sonne, that neuer 'gainst me stor'd:  
 His fathers bodie lying dead on ground  
 To pierce with speare, eke with my cruell sword  
 To part his necke, and with his head to bord  
     Enuested with a royall paper crowne,  
     From place to place to beare it vp and downe.

But crueltie can neuer scape the scourge  
 Of shame, of horror, or of sudden death.  
 Repentance selfe that other sinnes may purge  
 Doth flie from this, so sore the soule it slayeth.  
 Despaire dissolues the tyrants bitter breath:  
     For sudden vengeance suddenly alights  
     On cruell deeds, to quite their cruell sights.

This find I true, for as I lay in itale  
 To fight with this Duke *Richards* eldest son,  
 I was destroy'd not far from Dintingdale,  
 For as I would my gorget haue vndone  
 T'euert the heat that had me nigh vndone,  
     An headlesse arrow strake me through the throte,  
     Where through my soule forsooke his filthie cote.

Was this a chance? no sure, Gods iust award,  
 Wherein due iustice plainly doth appeare:  
 An headlesse arrow paid me my reward,  
 For heading *Richard* lying on his beare,  
 And as I would his child in no wise heare,  
     So sudden death bereft my tongue the power  
     To aske for pardon at my dying hower.

Wherefore



Wherefore, good *Baldwine*, warne the bloodie sort,  
To leaue their wrath, their rigour to refraine:  
Tell cruell Iudges horror is the port  
Through which they faile to shame and sudden paine:  
Hell halleth tyrants downe to death amaine.  
Was neuer yet nor shall be cruell deed  
Left vnrewarded with as cruell meed.

---

THE INFAMOUS END OF THE  
LORD TIPTOFT EARLE OF WOR-  
cester, for cruelly executing his Princes but-  
cherly commandements. *Anno Dom.*

1470.

**T**He glorious man is not so loth to lurke,  
As the infamous glad to lie vnknownen:  
Which makes me *Baldwine*, disallow thy worke,  
Where Princes faults so openly be blowen.  
I speake not this alonly for mine owne  
Which were my Princes (if that they were any)  
But for my Peeres in number very many.

Or might report vprightly vse her tongue,  
It would lesse grieue vs to augment the matter.  
But sure I am thou shalt be forst among,  
To wrench the truth the liuing for to flatter:  
And other whiles in points vnknownen to smatter.  
For time nere was, nor nere I thinke shall bee  
That truth vnshent should speake in all things free.

This doth appeare (I dare say) by my storie,  
Which diuers writers diuersly declare:  
But storie writers ought for neither glorie,  
Feare, nor fauour, truth of things to spare.  
But still it fares as alway it did fare,  
Affections, feare, or doubts that daily brue,  
Do cause that stories neuer can be true.

Vnfruitfull

368 *Tiptoft Earle of Worcester.*

Vnfruitfull *Fabian* followed the face  
Of time and deedes, but let the causes slip :  
Which *Hall* hath added, but with double grace,  
For feare I thinke lest trouble might him trip :  
For this or that (saith he) he felt the whip.  
Thus story writers leaue the causes out,  
Or so rehearse them as they were in doubt.

But seing causes are the chiefeſt things  
That should be noted of the story writers,  
That men may learne what ends all causes brings,  
They be vnworthy name of Chroniclers  
That leaue them cleane out of their registers,  
Or doubtfully report them : for the fruite  
Of reading stories standeth in the suite.

And therefore *Baldwine* either speake vpright  
Of our affaires, or touch them not at all :  
As for my selfe I way all things so light,  
That nought I passe how men report my fall.  
The truth whereof yet plainly shew I shall,  
That thou maist write and others thereby reed,  
What things I did whereof they shoud take heed.

Thou heardst of *Tiptofts* Earles of Worcester,  
I am that Lord that liu'd in *Edwards* daies  
The fourth, and was his friend and counsaillour,  
And butcher too, as common rumor saies.  
But peoples voice is neither shame nor praise :  
For whom they would aliue deuour to day,  
To morow dead they'll worship what they may.

But though the peoples verdict go by chance,  
Yet was there cause to call me as they did :  
For I enforst by meane of gouernance,  
Did execute what ere my King did bid,  
From blame herein my selfe I cannot rid :  
But sic vpon the wretched state that must  
Defame it selfe to serue the Princes lust.

The chiefeft crime wherewith men doe me charge,  
Is death of th' Earle of *Desmunds* noble sonnes,  
Of which the Kings charge doth me cleere discharge,  
By strait commandement and iniunctions:  
Th' effect whereof so rigorously runnes,  
That or I must procure to see them dead,  
Or for contempt as guiltie lose my head.

What would mine foemen doe in such a case,  
Obay the King or proper death procure?  
They may well say their fancy for a face,  
But life is sweet, and loue hard to recure.  
They would haue done as I did, I am sure:  
For seldom will a wealthy man at ease  
For others cause his Prince in ought displease.

How much lesse I, which was Lieutenant than  
In th' Irish Isle, preferred by the King:  
But who for loue or dread of any man  
Consents t' accomplish any wicked thing,  
Although chiefe fault thereof from other spring,  
Shall not escape Gods vengeance for his deed,  
Who scuseth none that dare do ill for dreed.

This in my King and me may well appeere,  
Which for our faults did not escape the scourge:  
For when we thought our state most sure and clere,  
The wind of *Warwicke* blew vp such a sourage,  
As from the Realme and Crowne the King did pource,  
And me both from mine office, friends, and wife,  
From good report, from honest death and life.

For th' Earle of Warwicke through a cancard grudge  
Which to King *Edward* causelesse he did beare,  
Out of his Realme by force did make him trudge,  
And set King *Henry* againe vpon his chaire.  
And then all such as *Edwards* louers were  
As traytours tane, were grieuously opprest,  
But chiefly I, because I lou'd him best.



And, for my goods and liuings were not small,  
 The gapers for them bare the world in hand  
 For ten yeares space, that I was cause of all  
 The executions done within the land.  
 For this did such as did not vnderstand  
     Mine enemies drift, thinke all reports were true :  
 And so did hate me worse then any Iew.

For seldome shall a ruler lose his life,  
 Before false rumours openly be spread :  
 Whereby this prouerbe is as true as rise,  
 That rulers rumours hunt about a head,  
 Frowne Fortune once all good report is fled :  
     For present shew doth make the many blind,  
 And such as see dare not disclose their mind.

Through this was I King *Edwards* butcher named,  
 And bare the shame of all his cruell deeds :  
 I cleare me not, I worthily was blamed,  
 Though force was such I must obey him needs.  
 With highest rulers seldome well it speeds,  
     For they be euer neereft to the nip,  
 And fault who shall, for all feele they the whip.

For when I was by Parliament attainted,  
 King *Edwards* euils all were counted mine.  
 No truth auailed, so lies were fast and painted,  
 Which made the people at my life repine,  
 Crying *Crucifige*, kill that butchers line :  
     That when I should haue gone to Blockham feast,  
 I could not passe, so sore they on me preast.

And had not been the officers so strong,  
 I thinke they would haue eaten me aliue,  
 Howbeit hardly haled from the throng,  
 I was in Fleet fast shrouded by the Shriue.  
 Thus one daies life their malice did me giue :  
     Which when they knew, for spite the next day after  
 They kept them calme, so suffered I the slaughter.

Now

Now tell me *Baldwine*, what fault dost thou find  
In me, that iustly should such death deserue?  
None sure, except desire of honor blind,  
Which made me seeke in offices to serue:  
What mind so good that honors make not fwerue?  
So maist thou see it only was my state  
That caus'd my death, and brought me so in hate.

VVarne therefore all men wisely to beware,  
VWhat offices they enterprise to beare:  
The highest alway most maligned are,  
Of peoples grudge, and Princes hate in feare.  
For Princes faults his faultors all men teare.  
VWhich to auoid, let none such office take,  
Saue he that can for right his Prince forsake.

---

HOW SIR RICHARD NEVILL EARLE  
OF WARWICKE, AND HIS BROTHER  
JOHN Lord Marquise *Montacute*, through their too  
much boldnes were slaine at Barnet, the 14. of  
*Aprill, Anno 1471.*

**A**Mong the heauie heape of happie Knights  
VWhom Fortune stal'd vpon her staylesse stage,  
Oft hoist on high, oft pight in wretched plights,  
Behold me, *Baldwine*, *A per se* of my age,  
Lord *Richard Newill*, Earle by mariage  
Of VVarwicke Duchie, of Sarum by descent,  
Which erst my father through his mariage hent.

VWould'st thou behold false Fortune in her kind?  
Note well my selfe, so shalt thou see her naked:  
Full faire before, but too too foule behind,  
Most drowisie still when most she seemes awaked:  
My fame and shame her shift full oft hath shaken,  
By enterchange alow and vp aloft,  
The Lysard like that changeth hue full oft.

For while the Duke of Yorke in life remaind  
 Mine vncle deare, I was his happy hand :  
 In all attempts my purpose I attaind,  
 Though King and Queene and most Lords of the land  
 With all their power did often me withstand :  
 For God gaue Fortune, and my good behauiour  
 Did from their Prince steale me the peoples fauour.

So that through me in fields right manly fought,  
 By force mine vncle tooke King *Henry* twice :  
 As for my cosin *Edward* I so wrought,  
 When both our fires were slaine through rash aduice,  
 That he atchieu'd his fathers enterprife :  
 For into Scotland King and Queene we chased,  
 By meane whereof the Kingdome he embraced.

Which after he had held in quiet peace,  
 (For shortly after was King *Henry* take,  
 And put in hold) his power to encrease,  
 I went to France and match him with a make,  
 The French Kinges daughter, whom hee did forsake :  
 For while with paine I brought this sute to passe,  
 He to a widow rashly wedded was.

This made the French King shrewdly to mistrust,  
 That all my treaties had but ill pretence,  
 And when I saw my King so bent to lust,  
 That with his faith he past not to dispence,  
 Which is a Princes honours chiefe defence :  
 I could not rest till I had found a meane  
 To mend his misse, or els to marre him cleane.

I me allied with his brother *George*,  
 Incensing him his brother to maligne,  
 Through many a tale I did against him forge :  
 So that through power that we from Calais bring  
 And found at home, we fraied so the King,  
 That he did flie to Freecelandward amaine,  
 Whereby King *Henry* had the Crowne againe.

Then



Then put we th' Earle of Worcester to death,  
King *Edward* friend, a man loe foule defamed :  
And in the while came *Edward* into breath,  
For with the Duke of Burgoine so he framed,  
That with the power that he to him had named,  
Unlooked for he came to England streight,  
And got to Yorke, and tooke the towne by sleight.

And after through the sufferance of my brother,  
Which like a beast occasion foulely lost,  
He came to London safe with many other,  
And tooke the towne to good King *Henries* cost :  
Who was through him from post to pillar tost,  
Till th' Earle of Oxford, I and other more,  
Asssembled power his freedome to restore.

Whereof King *Edward* warned came with speed,  
And camped with his host in Barnet towne,  
Where we right fierce encountred him indeed  
On Easter day right earely on the downe :  
There many a man was slaine and stricken downe  
On either side, and neither part did gaine,  
Till that I and my brother both were slaine.

For we to heart our ouermatched men,  
Forsooke our steeds, and in the thickest throng  
Ran preasing forth on foot, and fought so then  
That downe we draue them were they nere so strong :  
But we ere lucke had lasted very long  
With force and number were so foulely cloyed,  
And rescue fail'd, that quite we were destroyed.

Now tell me, *Baldwine*, hast thou heard or read  
Of any man that did as I haue done ?  
That in his time so many armies led,  
And victorie at euery voyage won ?  
Hast thou ere heard of subiect vnder sun,  
That plac'd and bac'd his Soueraignes so oft  
By enterchange, now low, and then aloft ?

Perchance thou think'st my doings were not such  
 As I and other do affirme they were:  
 And in thy mind I see thou musest much  
 What meanes I vs'd, that should me so prefer:  
 Wherein because I will thou shalt not erre,  
 The truth of all I will at large recite,  
 The short is this: I was no Hypocrite.

I neuer did nor said saue what I ment,  
 The commonweale was still my chiefeft care:  
 To priuate gaine or good was I nere bent,  
 I neuer past vpon delicious fare.  
 Of needfull food my boord was neuer bare;  
 No creditour did curse me day by day,  
 I vsed plainnesse, euer pitch and pay.

I heard poore souldiers and poore workemen whine  
 Because their duties were not truly pai'd:  
 Againe I saw how people did repine  
 At those through whom their payment was delai'd:  
 And prooffe did oft assure (as Scripture said)  
 That God doth wreake the wretched peoples greoues,  
 I saw the polles cut off from polling theeues.

This made me alway iustly for to deale,  
 Which when the people plainly vnderstood,  
 Because they saw me mind the Commonweale,  
 They still endeououred how to do me good,  
 Readie to spend their substance, life, and blood,  
 In any cause whereto I did them moue:  
 For sure they were it was for their behoue.

And so it was. For when the Realme decayed  
 By such as good King *Henrie* sore abused,  
 To mend the state I gaue his enemies aide:  
 But when King *Edward* sinfull prānkes still vsed,  
 And would not mend, I likewise him refused,  
 And holpe King *Henrie*, better of the twaine,  
 And in his quarell (iust I thinke) was flaine.

And

And therefore *Baldwine* teach by prooffe of mee,  
That such as couet peoples loue to get,  
Must see their works and words in all agree,  
Liue liberally and keepe them out of det,  
On Commonwealth let all their care be set :  
For vpright dealing, debts paid, poore sustained,  
Is meane whereby all hearts are throwly gained.

HOW KING HENRIE THE SIXT,  
A VERTVOVS PRINCE, WAS, AF-  
ter many other miseries, cruelly murdered in  
*the Tower of London the 22. of May,*  
*Anno, 1471.*

**I**F Feuer wofull wight had cause to rue his state,  
Or by his ruefull plight to moue men mone his fate,  
My piteous plaint may prease my mishap to rehearse,  
Wherof the least most lightly heard, the hardest hart may pierce.

What heart so hard can heare of innocence opprest  
By fraud in worldly goods, but melteth in the brest?  
When guiltlesse men be spoil'd, imprisoned for their owne,  
Who wailleth not their wretched case to whom y<sup>e</sup> case is knowen?

The Lion lickes the sores of filly wounded sheepe,  
The dead mans corps may cause the Crocodile to weepe,  
The waues that waste the rockes refresh the rotten reeds,  
Such ruth the wracke of innocence in cruell creatures breeds.

What heart is then so hard, but will for pitie bleed,  
To heare so cruell lucke so cleare a life succeed?  
To see a filly soule with woe and sorrow sounst, *Daggersill*  
A King depriu'd, in prison pent, to death with daggers dounst.

Would God the day of birth had brought me to my bere,  
Then had I neuer felt the change of Fortunes chere :  
Would God the graue had gript me in her greedie wombe,  
When crowne in cradle made me King with oile of holy thombe.



Would God the rufull tombe had been my royall throne,  
 So should no Kingly charge haue made me make my mone :  
 O that my foule had flownen to heauen with the ioy,  
 When one fort cried, God faue the King, another, *Vive le Roy.*

So had I not been wafht in waues of worldly wo,  
 My minde to quiet bent, had not been tossed so :  
 My friends had been aliue : my subiects not opprest :  
 But death or cruell destiny denied me this reft,

Alas what should we count the cause of wretches cares,  
 The ftarres do ftirre them vp, Astronomy declares :  
 Our humors faith the leach, the double true diuines  
 To'th will of God, or ill of man, the doubtfull cause affignes.

Such doltifh heads as dreame that all things driue by haps,  
 Count lacke of former care for cause of after claps,  
 Attributing to man a power fro God bereft,  
 Abufing vs, and robbing him through their moft wicked theft.

But God doth guide the world, and euery hap by skill,  
 Our wit and willing power are poized by his will :  
 What wit moft wifely wards, & will moft deadly vrkes (workes.  
 Though all our power would preffe it down, doth dash our wareft

Then destiny, our finne, Gods will or elfe his wreake  
 Doe worke our wretched woes, for humours be too weake,  
 Except we take them fo as they prouoke to finne,  
 For through our luft by humours fed all vicious deeds beginne.

So finne and they be one, both working like effect,  
 And caufe the wrath of God to wreake the foule infect,  
 Thus wrath and wreake diuine, mans finnes and humours ill  
 Concurr in one, though in a fort, ech doth a courfe fulfill.

If likewise fuch as fay the welkin Fortune warkes,  
 Take Fortune for our fate and Starres thereof the markes,  
 Then destiny with fate and Gods will all be one :  
 But if they meane it otherwife, skath caufers skies be none.

Thus

Thus of our heauy haps chiefe causes be but twaine,  
Whereon the rest depend, and vnder put remaine :  
The chiefe the will diuine, cald destiny and fate, (hate.  
The other sinne through humours holpe, which God doth highly

The first appointeth paine for good mens exercise,  
The second doth deserue due punishment for vice :  
This witnesseth the wrath, and that the loue of God,  
The good for loue, the bad for sinne God beateth with his rod.

Although my sundry sinnes doe place me with the worst,  
My haps yet cause me hope to be among the first :  
The eye that searcheth all and seeth euery thought,  
Is Iudge how sore I hated sinne, and after vertue sought.

The solace of my soule my chieftest pleasure was,  
Of worldly pomp, of fame, or game I did not passe :  
My Kingdomes nor my Crowne I prized not a crum :  
In Heauen were my riches heapt, to which I sought to come.

Yet were my sorowes such as neuer man had like,  
So diuers stormes at once, so often did me strike :  
But why, God knowes, not I, except it were for this,  
To shew by paterne of a Prince, how brittle honour is.

Our kingdomes are but cares, our state deuoid of stay,  
Our riches ready snares, to hasten our decay :  
Our pleasures priuy pricks our vices to prouoke, (smoke.  
Our pompe a pumpe, our fame a flame, our power a smouldring

I speake not but by prooffe, and that may many rue,  
My life doth cry it out, my death doth try it true :  
Whereof I will in brieft rehearse the heauy hap,  
That *Baldwine* in his woefull warpe, my wretchednesse may wrap.

In Windfore borne I was, and bare my fathers name,  
Who wonne by warre all France to his eternall fame,  
And left to me the crowne, to be receiu'd in peace. (decease.  
Through mariage made with *Charles* his heire vpon his lifes  
Which

Which shortly did ensue, yet died my father furst,  
 And both the Realmes were mine ere I a yeare were nurst :  
 Which as they fell too soone, so faded they as fast.  
 For *Charles* and *Edward* got them both or forty yeares were past.

This *Charles* was eldest sonne of *Charles* my father in law,  
 To whom as heire of France, the Frenchmen did them draw,  
 But *Edward* was the heire of *Richard* Duke of Yorke,  
 The heire of *Roger Mortimer*, slaine by the kerne of Korke.

Before I came to age *Charles* had recouered France,  
 And kild my men of warre, so happy was his chance :  
 And through a mad contract I made with *Raynerds* daughter  
 I gaue and lost all Normandy, the cause of many a slaughter.

First of mine vncle *Humsfrey*, abhorring sore this act,  
 Because I thereby brake a better precontract :  
 Then of the flattering Duke that first the mariage made,  
 The iust reward of such as dare their Princes ill perswade.

And I poore silly wretch abode the brunt of all,  
 My mariage lust so sweet was mixt with bitter gall.  
 My wife was wise and good, had she ben rightly sought,  
 But our vnlawfull getting it, may make a good thing nought.

Wherefore warne men beware how they iust promise breake,  
 Lest prooffe of painfull plagues doe cause them waile the wreake,  
 Aduise well ere they grant, but what they grant performe :  
 For God will plague all doublenes although we feele no worme.

I falsly borne in hand, beleueed I did well,  
 But all things bee not true that learned men doe tell :  
 My clergie saide a Prince was to no promise bound,  
 Whose words to be no gospell tho, I to my grieve haue found.

For after mariage ioind Queene *Margaret* and me,  
 For one mishap afore, I dayly met with three :  
 Of Normandy and France *Charles* got-away my Crowne,  
 The Duke of Yorke and other sought at home to put me downe.

*Bellona*



*Bellona* rang the bell at home and all abroad,  
With whose mishaps amaine fell Fortune did me load :  
In France I lost my forts, at home the foughthen field,  
My kinred slaine, my friends opprest, my selfe enforst to yeeld.

Duke *Richard* tooke me twice, and forst me to refine  
My Crowne and titles due vnto my fathers line :  
And kept mee as a ward, did all things as him list,  
Till that my wife through bloody sword had tane me from his fist.

But though we flew the Duke my sorowes did not slake,  
But like to *Hydraes* head still more and more awake :  
For *Edward* through the aid of *Warwicke* and his brother  
From one field draue me to the Scots, and toke me in another.

Then went my friends to wrack, for *Edward* ware the Crowne,  
For which for nine yeares space his prison held me downe :  
Yet thence through *Warwicks* worke I was againe releast.  
And *Edward* driuen fro the realme to seeke his friends by East.

But what preuaileth paine or prouidence of man  
To helpe him to good hap, whom destiny doth ban ?  
Who moileth to remoue the rocke out of the mud,  
Shall mire himselfe, and hardly scape the swelling of the flud.

This all my friends haue found, and I haue felt it so,  
Ordain'd to be the touch of wretchednesse and woe :  
For ere I had a yeare possesst my seat againe,  
I lost both it and liberty, my helpers all were slaine.

For *Edward* first by stelth and sith by gathred strength  
Arriu'd, and got to Yorke and London at the length :  
Tookeme and tied me vp, yet *Warwicke* was so stout,  
He came with power to Barnet field, in hope to helpe me out,

And there alas was slaine, with many a worthy knight.  
O Lord that euer such luck should hap in helping right :  
Last came my wife and sonne, that long lay in exile,  
Defied the King, and fought a field, I may bewaile the while.

For

For there mine only sonne, not thirteene yeares of age,  
 Was tane, and mured straight by *Edward* in his rage:  
 And shortly I my selfe to stint all further strife,  
 Stab'd with his brothers bloodie blade in prison lost my life.

Lo heere the heauie haps which hapned me by heape,  
 See heere the pleasant fruits that many Princes reape,  
 The painfull plagues of those that breake their lawfull bands,  
 Their meed which may and will not saue their friends from bloo-  
 (die hands.

God grant my woful haps, too grieuous to rehearse,  
 May teach all States to know how deeply dangers pierce,  
 How fraile all honors are, how brittle worldly blisse,  
 That warned through my fearefull fate they feare to do amisse.

---

### HOW GEORGE PLANTAGENET THIRD SONNE OF THE DVKE OF

Yorke, was by his brother King *Edward* wrongfully  
 imprisoned, and by his brother *Richard* miserably  
*murdered, the 11. of Ianuarie, An. Dom.*

1478.



He fowle is foule men say, that files the nest.  
 Which makes me loth to speak now, might I chuse,  
 But seeing time vnburdened hath her brest,  
 And fame blowne vp the blast of all abuse,  
 My silence rather might my life accuse

Then shroud our shame, though faine I would it so,  
 For truth will out, although the world say no.

And therefore *Baldwine* I do thee beseech  
 To pause a while vpon my heauie plaint,  
 And vnneth though I vtter speedie speech,  
 No fault of wit nor folly makes me faint:  
 No headie drinke haue giuen my tongue attaint  
 Through quaffing craft: Yet wine my wits confound,  
 Not that I dranke, but wherein I was drown'd.

What

What Prince I am although I need not shew,  
Because my wine bewrayes me by the smell :  
For neuer man was soust in *Bacchus* dew  
To death but I, through Fortunes rigour fell :  
Yet that thou maist my storie better tell,  
I will declare as briefly as I may,  
My wealth, my woe, and causers of decay.

The famous house surnam'd *Plantagenet*,  
Whereat Dame Fortune frowardly did frowne,  
While *Bolenbroke* vniustly sought to set  
His Lord King *Richard* quite beside the Crowne,  
Though many a day it wanted due renowne,  
God so prefer'd by prouidence and grace,  
That lawfull heires did neuer faile the race,

For *Lionel* King *Edwards* eldest child,  
Both Eame and heire to *Richard* issuleffe,  
Begot faire *Philip* hight, whom vndefil'd  
The Earle of March espous'd, and God did bleffe  
With fruit assign'd the kingdome to possesse :  
I meane Sir *Roger Mortimer*, whose heire  
The Earle of Cambridge married *Anne* the faire.

This Earle of Cambridge *Richard* clept by name,  
Was sonne to *Edmund Langley* Duke of Yorke :  
Which *Edmund* was fift brother to the same  
Duke *Lionel*, that all this line doth korke :  
Of which two houses ioyned in a forke,  
My father *Richard* Prince *Plantagenet*  
True Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire beget.

Who tooke to wife as ye shall vnderstand  
A mayden of a noble house and old,  
*Ralph Neuils* daughter Earle of Westmerland,  
Whose sonne Earle *Richard* was, a Baron bold,  
And had the right of Salisbury in hold,  
Through mariage made with good Earle *Thomas* heire,  
Whose earned praises neuer shall appaire.

The



The Duke my father had by this his wife  
 Foure sonnes, of whom the eldest *Edward* hight,  
 The second *Edmund*, who did lose his life,  
 At Wakefield slaine by *Clyfford* cruell Knight,  
 I *George* am third, of Clarence Duke by right:  
 The fourth borne to the mischiefe of vs all,  
 Was Glocesters Duke, whom men did *Richard* call.

VVhen as our fire in sute of right was slaine,  
 (VVhose life and death himselfe declared earst)  
 My brother *Edward* plied his cause amaine,  
 And got the Crowne as *Warwicke* hath rehearst:  
 The pride whereof so deepe his stomacke pearst  
 That he forgot his friends, despis'd his kin,  
 Of oath or office passing not a pin.

VVhich made the Earle of Warwicke to maligne  
 My brothers state, and to attempt a way  
 To bring from prison *Henrie* fillie King,  
 To helpe him to the kingdome if he may,  
 And knowing me to be the chiefeest stay  
 My brother had, he did me vndermine  
 To cause me to his treasons to encline.

VVhereto I was prepared long before,  
 My brother had been to me so vnkind:  
 For sure no canker fretteth flesh so sore,  
 As vnkind dealing doth a louing mind.  
 Loues strongest bands vnkindnes doth vnbind,  
 It moueth loue to malice, zeale to hate,  
 Chiefe friends to foes, and brethren to debate.

And though the Earle of Warwicke subtile fire  
 Perceiu'd I bare a grudge against my brother,  
 Yet toward his feate to set me more on fire,  
 He kindled vp one firebrand with another:  
 For knowing fancie was the forcing rother  
 VVhich stirreth youth to any kind of strife,  
 He offered me his daughter to my wife.

Where

Where through and with his craftie filed tongue,  
He stole my heart that erst vnsteadie was :  
For I was witleffe, wanton, fond and yongue,  
Whole bent to pleasure, brittle as the glasse :  
I cannot lie, *In vino veritas.*

I did esteeme the beautie of my bride  
Aboue my selfe and all the world beside.

These fond affections ioynt with lacke of skill,  
(Which trap the heart, and blind the eyes of youth,  
And pricke the mind to practise any ill)  
So tickled me, that void of kindly truth,  
(Which if it want all wretchednesse ensueth)  
I stinted not to persecute my brother,  
Till time he left his kingdome to another.

Thus carnall loue did quench the loue of kind,  
Till lust were lost through fancie fully fed :  
But when at length I came vnto my mind,  
I saw how leaudly lightnes had me led,  
To seeke with paine the perill of my head :  
For had King *Henrie* once been settled sure,  
I was assur'd my daies could not endure.

And therefore though I bound my selfe with oath  
To helpe King *Henrie* all that ere I might,  
Yet at the treatie of my brethren both,  
Which reason granted to require but right,  
I left his part, whereby he perisht quite :  
And reconcil'd me to my brethren twaine,  
And so came *Edward* to the Crowne againe.

This made my fire in law to fret and fume,  
To stampe and stare, and call me false forsworne,  
And at the length with all his power presume,  
To helpe King *Henrie* viterly forlorne.  
Our friendly profers still he tooke in scorne,  
Refused peace, and came to *Barnet* field,  
And there was kill'd because he would not yeeld.

His brother also there with him was slaine,  
 Whereby decayed the keyes of chivalrie :  
 For neuer liu'd the matches of them twaine,  
 In manhood, power, and martiall policie,  
 In vertuous thewes, and friendly constancie,  
 That would to God if it had been his will  
 They might haue turn'd to vs and liued still.

But what shall be shall be : there is no choyce,  
 Things needs must driue as destiny decreeth,  
 For which we ought in all our haps reioyce,  
 Because the eye eterne all things foreseeth  
 Which to no ill at any time agreeth,  
 For il's too ill to vs, be good to it,  
 So far his skilles exceed our reach of wit.

The wounded man which must abide the smart  
 Of stitching vp, or searing of his sore,  
 As thing too bad, reproues the Surgeons art  
 Which notwithstanding doth his health restore :  
 The child likewise to science plied sore,  
 Counts knowledge ill, his teacher to be wood,  
 Yet Surgerie and sciences be good.

But as the patients grieve and schollers paine,  
 Cause them deeme bad such things as sure be best,  
 So want of wisdom causeth vs complaine  
 Of euery hap, whereby we seeme opprest :  
 The poore do pine for pelfe, the rich for rest,  
 And when as losse or sickenesse vs assaile  
 We curse our fate, our fortune we bewaile.

Yet for our good, God worketh euery thing :  
 For through the death of these two noble Peeres  
 My brother liu'd and raig'n'd a quiet King,  
 Who had they liu'd perchance in course of yeares  
 Would haue deliuered *Henrie* from the breares,  
 Or holpe his sonne t'enioy the carefull Crowne,  
 Whereby our line should haue been quite put downe.



A carefull Crowne it may be iustly named,  
Not only for the cares thereto annex.  
To see the subiect well and duly framed,  
With which good care few Kings are greatly vex,  
But for the dred wherwith they are perplex,  
Of losing Lordship, liberty, or life :  
Which wofull wracks in kingdoms happen rise.

The which to shun while some too sore haue sought,  
They haue not sparde all persons to suspect :  
And to destroy such as they guilty thought,  
Though no apparance proued them infect,  
Take me for one of this wrong punisht sect,  
Imprisond first, accused without cause,  
And done to death, no processe had by lawes.

Wherein I note how vengeance doth acquite  
Like ill for ill, how vices vertue quell :  
For as my mariage loue did me excite  
Against the King my brother to rebell,  
So loue to haue his children prosper well,  
Prouoked him against both law and right,  
To murder me, his brother and his knight :

For by his Queene two Pincelike sonnes he had,  
Borne to be punisht for their parents sinne :  
Whose Fortunes calked made the father sad,  
Such wofull haps were found to be therin :  
Which to auouch, writ in a rotten skin  
A prophesie was found, which said a G,  
Of Edwards children should destruction be.

Me to be G, because my name was George  
My brother thought, and therefore did me hate,  
But woe be to the wicked heads that forge  
Such doubtfull dreames to breed vnkind debate :  
For God, a Gleue, a Gibbet, Grate, or Gate,  
A Gray, a Griffeth, or a Gregory,  
As well as George are written with a G.

Such doubtfull riddles are no propheties,  
 For propheties, in writing though obscure,  
 Are plaine in sense, the darke be very lies:  
 What God foresheweth is euident and pure,  
 Truth is no Harold nor no Sophist sure:  
 She noteth not mens names, their shields nor creasts,  
 Though she compare them vnto birds and beasts.

But whom she doth foreshew shall raigne by force,  
 She tearmes a Wolfe, a Dragon, or a Beare:  
 A wilfull Prince, a rainelesse raging horse:  
 A bold, a Lion: a Coward much in feare,  
 A Hare or Hart: a craftie, pricked eare:  
 A lecherous, a Bull, a Goat, a Foale:  
 An vnderminer, a Moldwarpe, or a Mole.

By knowen beasts thus truth doth plaine declare  
 VVhat men they be of whom she speakes before.  
 And who so can mens properties compare,  
 And marke what beast they do resemble more,  
 Shall soone discerne who is the griesly Bore.  
 For God by beasts expressest mens conditions,  
 And not their badges, Harolds superstitions.

And learned *Merline* whom God gauethe sprite  
 To know and vtter Princes acts to come,  
 Like to the Iewish Prophets, did recite  
 In shade of beasts their doings all and some,  
 Expressing plaine by maners of the dome,  
 That Kings and Lords such properties should haue  
 As haue the beasts whose name he to them gaue.

Which while the foolish did not well consider,  
 And seeing Princes gaue for difference  
 And knowledge of their issues mixt together,  
 All maner beasts for badges of pretence,  
 There tooke those badges to expresse the sence  
 Of *Merlines* mind, and those that gaue the same,  
 To be the Princes noted by their names,

the

D

And

And hereof sprang the false nam'd prophesies,  
That go by letters, ciphers, armes or signes:  
VVhich all be foolish, false, and craftie lies  
Deuis'd by ghesse, or guiles vntrue diuines:  
For when they saw that some of many lines  
Giue armes alike, they wist not which was he  
VVhom *Merline* meant the noted beaſt to be.

For all the brood of *Warwicks* gaue the Beare,  
The *Buckingshams* do likewise giue the Swan:  
But which Beare-bearer should the Lion teare  
They were as wise as *Goose* the ferry man:  
Yet in their skill they sealed not to scan,  
And to be deemed of the people wise,  
Set forth their gloses vpon prophesies.

And whom they doubted openly to name  
They darkely tearm'd or by some letter ment,  
For so they thought how ere the world did frame,  
To keepe themſelues from shame or being ſhent.  
For howſoeuer contrary it went,  
They might expound their meaning otherwise,  
As haps in things should newly ſtill ariſe.

And thus there grew of a miſtaken truth,  
An art ſo falſe as made the true ſuſpect:  
Whereof hath come much miſchiefe, more the ruth  
That errors ſhould our minds ſo much infect,  
True Prophets haue oft ſoulely been reiect:  
The falſe which breed both murder war and ſtrife  
Beleeu'd, to loſſe of many a good mans life.

And therefore *Baldwine* teach men to diſcerne,  
VVhich prophesies be falſe, and which be true:  
And for a ground this leſſon let them learne,  
That all be falſe which are deuifed new.  
The age of things are iudged by the hue.  
All riddles made by letters, names or armes,  
Are yong and falſe, far worſe then witches charmes.



I know thou must at this lore of mine,  
 How I no student should haue learned it :  
 And dost impute it to the fume of wine  
 That stirres the tongue, and sharpneth vp the wit.  
 But heark, a friend did teach me euery whit,  
     A man of mine, in all good knowledge rife,  
     For which he guiltlesse lost his learned life.

This man abode my seruant many a day,  
 And still in study set his whole delight :  
 Which taught me more then I could beare away  
 Of euery arte : and by his searching sight  
 Of things to come he would foreshew as right  
     As I rehearse the pageants that were past :  
     Such perfectnes God gaue him at the last.

He knew my brother *Richard* was the Bore,  
 Whose tusks should teare my brothers boies and me,  
 And gaue me warning therof long before.  
 But wit nor warning can in no degree  
 Let things to hap, which are ordaind to bee.  
     Witnesse the painted Lionesse, which slue  
     A Prince emprisoned, Lions to eschewe.

He told me eke my yoke-fellow should dy,  
 (Wherein would God he had been no diuine)  
 And she being dead I should woo earnestly  
 A spouse, wherat my brother would repine,  
 And find the means she should be none of mine.  
     For which such malice should among vs rise,  
     As saue my death no treaty should decise.

And as he said, so all things came to passe :  
 For when King *Henry* and his sonne were slaine,  
 And euery broile so thoroughly quenched was,  
 That then my brother quietly did raigne,  
 I, reconciled to his loue againe,  
     In prosperous health did lead a quiet life,  
     For siue yeares space with honours laden rife.

And

And to augment the fulnesse of my blisse,  
Two louely children by my wife I had :  
But froward hap whose maner euer is  
In chiefeſt ioy to make the happie ſad,  
Bemixt my ſweet with bitterneſſe too bad :  
For while I ſwam in ioyes on euery ſide,  
My louing wife, my chiefeſt Iewel dide,

Whoſe lack when ſole I had bewail'd a yeare,  
The Duke of Burgoines wife dame *Margaret*  
My louing ſiſter willing me to cheere,  
To wed againe did kindly me entreate  
And wiſh'd me matched with a maiden nete  
A ſtep-daughter of hers, Duke *Charles* his heire,  
A noble damſell, yong, diſcreete and faire.

To whoſe deſire becauſe I did incline,  
The King my brother doubting my degree  
Through Propheſies, againſt vs did repine :  
And at no hand would to our willes agree.  
For which ſuch rancour pierſt both him and mee,  
That face to face we fell at flat defiance,  
But were appeas'd by friends of our alliance :

Howbeit my mariage vtterly was daſht :  
VWherein becauſe my ſeruant ſaid his mind,  
A meane was ſought whereby he might be laſht,  
And, for they could no crime againſt him find,  
They forg'd a fault the peoples eyes to blind,  
And told he ſhould by forceries pretend  
To bring the King vnto a ſpeedie end.

Of all which points he was as innocent  
As is the babe that lacketh kindly breath :  
And yet condemned by the Kings aſſent,  
Moſt cruelly put to a ſhamefull death.  
This fir'd my heart, as ſoulder doth the heath :  
So that I could not but exclame and crie,  
Againſt ſo great and open iniurie.

For this I was commanded to the Tower,  
 The King my brother was so cruell harted:  
 And when my brother *Richard* saw the hower  
 Was come, for which his hart so sore had smarted,  
 He thought it best take time before it parted.  
 For he endeuour'd to attaine the Crowne,  
 From which my life must needs haue held him downe.

For though the King within a while had died,  
 As needs he must, he surfaited so oft,  
 I must haue had his children in my guide,  
 So *Richard* should beside the Crowne haue cost:  
 This made him ply the while the wax was soft,  
 To finde a meane to bring me to an end,  
 For realrape spareth neither kin nor friend.

And when he saw how reason can assuage  
 Through length of time my brother *Edward's* ire,  
 With forged tales he set him newe in rage,  
 Till at the last they did my death conspire.  
 And though my truth sore troubled their desire,  
 For all the world did know mine innocence,  
 Yet they agreed to charge me with offence.

And couertly within the Tower they calde  
 A quest, to giue such verdict as they should.  
 Who what with feare and what with fauour thrald,  
 Durst not pronounce but as my brethren would:  
 And though my false accusers neuer could  
 Proue ought they said, I guilelesse was condemned:  
 Such verdicts passe where iustice is contemned.

This feate atchieud yet could they not for shame  
 Cause me be kild by any common way,  
 But like a wolfe the tyrant *Richard* came,  
 (My brother, nay my butcher I may say)  
 Vnto the Tower when all men were away,  
 Saue such as were prouided for the feate:  
 Who in this wise did strangely me entreate.



## Duke of Clarence.

391

His purpose was with a prepared string  
To strangle me : but I bestird me so,  
That by no force they could me therto bring,  
Which caused him that purpose to forgo :  
Howbeit they bound me whether I would or no,  
And in a But of Malmesey standing by,  
New christned me because I should not cry.

Thus drown'd I was, yet for no due desert,  
Except the zeale of Iustice be a crime :  
False prophecies bewitcht King *Edwards* hart,  
My brother *Richard* to the Crowne would clime.  
Note these three causes in thy rufull rime,  
And boldly say they did procure my fall,  
And death of deaths most strange and hard of all.

And warne all Princes prophecies t'eschue  
That are too dark and doubtfull to be knowne :  
What God hath said, that cannot but ensue,  
Though all the world would haue it ouerthrowne,  
When men suppose by fetches of their owne  
To fly their fate, they further on the same  
Like quenching blasts which oft reuiue the flame.

Will Princes therefore not to thinke by murder  
They may auoid what prophecies behight,  
But by their meanes their mischiefes they may further,  
And cause Gods vengeance heauier to alight :  
Woe worth the wretch that striues with Gods foresight.  
They are not wise, but wickedly doe erre,  
Which thinke ill deedes due destinies may barre.

For if we thinke that prophecies be true,  
We must beleeeue it cannot but betide,  
Which God in them foresheiweth shall ensue :  
For his decrees vnchanged doe abide.  
Which to be true my brethren both haue tried,  
Whose wicked workes warne Princes to detest,  
That others harmes may keepe them better blest.

For this I was commanded to the Tower,  
 The King my brother was so cruell harted:  
 And when my brother *Richard* saw the hower  
 Was come, for which his hart so sore had smarted,  
 He thought it best take time before it parted.  
 For he endeuour'd to attaine the Crowne,  
 From which my life must needs haue held him downe.

For though the King within a while had died,  
 As needs he must, he surfaited so oft,  
 I must haue had his children in my guide,  
 So *Richard* should beside the Crowne haue coft:  
 This made him ply the while the wax was soft,  
 To finde a meane to bring me to an end,  
 For realmrage spareth neither kin nor frend.

And when he saw how reason can asswage  
 Through length of time my brother *Edwards* ire,  
 With forged tales he set him newe in rage,  
 Till at the last they did my death conspire.  
 And though my truth sore troubled their desire,  
 For all the world did know mine innocence,  
 Yet they agreed to charge me with offence.

And couertly within the Tower they calde  
 A quest, to giue such verdict as they should.  
 Who what with feare and what with fauour thrald,  
 Durst not pronounce but as my brethren would:  
 And though my false accusers neuer could  
 Proue ought they said, I guiltlesse was condemned:  
 Such verdicts passe where iustice is contemned.

This feate atchieud yet could they not for shame  
 Cause me be kild by any common way,  
 But like a wolfe the tyrant *Richard* came,  
 (My brother, nay my butcher I may say)  
 Vnto the Tower when all men were away,  
 Saue such as were prouided for the feate:  
 Who in this wise did strangely me entreate.

His purpose was with a prepared string  
To strangle me : but I bestir'd me so,  
That by no force they could me therto bring,  
Which caused him that purpose to forgo :  
Howbeit they bound me whether I would or no,  
And in a But of Malmesey standing by,  
New christned me because I should not cry.

Thus drownd I was, yet for no due desert,  
Except the zeale of Iustice be a crime :  
False prophecies bewicht King *Edwards* hart,  
My brother *Richard* to the Crowne would clime.  
Note these three causes in thy rufull rime,  
And boldly say they did procure my fall,  
And death of deaths most strange and hard of all.

And warne all Princes prophecies t'eschue  
That are too dark and doubtfull to be knowne :  
What God hath said, that cannot but ensue,  
Though all the world would haue it ouerthrowne,  
When men suppose by fetches of their owne  
To fly their fate, they further on the same  
Like quenching blasts which oft reuiue the flame.

Will Princes therefore not to thinke by murder  
They may auoid what prophecies behight,  
But by their meanes their mischiefes they may furder,  
And cause Gods vengeance heauier to alight :  
Woe worth the wretch that striues with Gods foresight.  
They are not wise, but wickedly doe erre,  
Which thinke ill deedes due destinies may barre.

For if we thinke that prophecies be true,  
We must beleue it cannot but betide,  
Which God in them foresheuweth shall ensue :  
For his decrees vnchanged doe abide.  
Which to be true my brethren both haue tried,  
Whose wicked workes warne Princes to detest,  
That others harmes may keepe them better blest.



# HOW KING EDWARD THE FOVRTH THROUGH HIS SVRFETING

and vntemperate life, suddenly di-  
ed in the middest of his prosperitie,

*the ninth of Aprill, Anno*

1483.



*I*feremini me i ye that be my friends,  
This world hath form'd me downe to fall :  
How may I endure when that euery thing ends ?  
What creature is borne to be eternall ?  
Now there is no more but pray for me all,  
Thus say I *Edward* that late was your King,  
And twentie two yeares ruled this Imperiall,  
Some vnto pleasure and some to no liking :  
Mercie I aske of my misdoing.  
What auaieth it friends to be my foe ?  
Sith I cannot resist, nor amend your complaining,  
*Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio.*

I sleepe now in mould as it is naturall,  
As earth vnto earth hath his reuerture :  
What ordained God to be terrestriall,  
Without recourse to the earth by nature ?  
Who to liue euer may himselfe assure ?  
What is it to trust to mutabilitie ?  
Sith that in this world nothing may endure.  
(For now am I gone that was late in prosperitie)  
To presume thereupon it is but vanitie.  
Not certaine, but as a cherie faire full of wo.  
Raigned not I of late in great prosperitie ?  
*Es ecce nunc in puluere dormio.*

Where

Where was in my life such an one as I,  
While Lady Fortune had with me continuance:  
Granted not she me to haue victorie.  
In England to raigne and to contribute France?  
She tooke me by the hand and led me a dance,  
And with her sugred lips on me she smiled,  
But what for dissembled countenance,  
I could not beware till I was beguiled.  
Now from this world she hath me exiled,  
When I was lothest hence for to go,  
And am in age (who saith) but a child,  
*Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.*

I had enough, I held me not content,  
Without remembrance that I should die:  
And moreouer to encroch readie was I bent,  
I knew not how long I should it occupie,  
I made the Tower strong I wist not why.  
I knew not to whom I purchased Tarterfoll.  
I mended Douer on the mountaine high,  
And London I prouoked to fortifie the wall.  
I made Notingham a place full royall.  
Windfore, Eltam, and many other mo,  
Yet at the last I went from them all,  
*Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.*

Where is now my conquest and victorie?  
Where is my riches and royall array?  
Where be my courfers and my horses hie?  
Where is my mirth, my solace, and my play?  
As vanitie to nought all is withered away:  
O Lady *Be* long for me may you call,  
For I am departed vntill domes day:  
But loue you that Lord that is Soueraigne of all.  
Where be my Castles and buildings royall?  
But Windfore alone now haue I no moe,  
And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,  
*Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.*

Why should a man be proud or presume high?  
 Saint *Bernard* thereof nobly doth treat,  
 Saying a man is but a sacke of stercorie,  
 And shall returne vnto wormes meat:  
 Why, what became of *Alexander* the great?  
 Or else of strong *Sampson*, who can tell?  
 Were not wormes ordain'd their flesh to freat?  
 And of *Salomon*, that was of wit the Well,  
*Absolon* preferred his haire for to sell,  
 Yet for his beautie wormes eat him also,  
 And I but late in honors did excell,  
*Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.*

I haue played my pageant, now am I past,  
 Ye wot well all I was of no great elde.  
 Thus all things concluded shall be at the last,  
 When death approcheth then lost is the field:  
 Then seeing the world me no longer vpheld,  
 (For nought would conserue me heere in this place;  
*In manus tuas Domine* my spirit vp I yeeld,  
 Humblie beseeching thee O God of thy grace.  
 O you courteous Commons your hearts embrace  
 Benignely now to remember me also,  
 For right well you know your King I was:  
*Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.*

## HOW SIR ANTHONY WODVILE

Lord *Rivers* and *Scales*, gouernour of Prince *EDWARD*,  
 was with his Nephew Lord *Richard Gray* and other  
*canselisse imprisoned, and cruelly murdered,*  
*Anno, 1483.*



Silly suiters letted by delays  
 To shew their Prince the meaning of their mind,  
 That long haue bought their brokers yeas and naves  
 And nere the nigher, do daily wait to find  
 The Princes grace, from waightie affaires vntwind:  
 Which time attain'd, by attending all the yeare,  
 The wearied Prince will then no suiters heare:

My



My case was such not many daies ago.  
For after bruite had blazed all abroad  
That *Baldwine* through the aide of other mo,  
Offame or shame fall'n Princes would vnload,  
Out from our graues we got without abode,  
And preased forward with the rufull rout,  
That fought to haue their doings boulted out.

But when I had long tended for my turne  
To tell my tale, as diuers other did :  
In hope I should no longer while sojourne  
But from my suits haue speedily been rid,  
When course and place both orderly had bid  
Me shew my mind, and I prepar'd to say,  
The hearers paus'd, arose, and went their way.

These doubtfull doings draue me to my dumpes,  
Vncertaine what should moue them so to do :  
I feared lest affections lothly lumpes  
Or inward grudge had driuen them thereto,  
Whose wicked stings all stories truth vndo,  
Oft causing good to be reported ill,  
Or drown'd in suds of *Lethes* muddie swill.

For hitherto flie writers wilie wits  
Which haue engrossed Princes chiefe affaires,  
Haue been like horses snaffled with the bits  
Of fancie, feare, or doubts full deepe despaires,  
Whose raines enchained to the chiefeest chaires,  
Haue so been strain'd of those that bare the stroke  
That truth was forst to chow or else to choke.

This caused such as lothed loud to lie,  
To passe with silence sundrie Princes liues.  
Lesse fault it is to leaue, then leade awrie,  
And better drown'd, then euer bound in giues :  
For fatall fraud this world so fondly driues,  
That whatsoeuer writers braines may brue  
Be it neuer so false, at length is tane for true.

What harme may hap by helpe of lying pens,  
 How written lies may leaudly be maintain'd,  
 The lothly rites, the diuellish idoll dens,  
 With guiltlesse blood of vertuous men bestain'd,  
 Is such a prooffe as all good hearts haue plain'd,  
     The taly grounds of stories throughly tries,  
     The death of Martyrs vengeance on it cries.

The freshest wits I know will soone be wearie,  
 In reading long what euer booke it bee,  
 Except it be vaine matter, strange, or merrie,  
 Well saust with lies, and glared all with glee,  
 VVith which because no graue truth may agree,  
     The closest stile for stories is the meetest,  
     In rusfull meanes the shortest forme is sweetest:

And seeth the plaints alreadie by thee pen'd,  
 Are brieve enough, the number also small,  
 The tediousnesse I thinke doth none offend,  
 Saue such as haue no lust to learne at all:  
 Regard none such: no matter what they brall.  
     Warne thou the warie lest they hap to stumble:  
     As for the carelesse, care not what they mumble.

My life is such as (if thou note it well)  
 May cause the wittie wealthie to beware.  
 For their sakes therefore plainly will I tell,  
 How false and cumbrous worldly honors are,  
 How cankred foes bring carelesse folke to care,  
     How tyrants suffered and not quell'd in time,  
     Do cut their throats that suffer them to clime.

Nor will I hide the chieftest point of all,  
 VVhich wisest Rulers least of all regard,  
 That was and will be cause of many a fall.  
 This cannot be too earnestly declar'd,  
 Because it is so seeld, and slackly hard.  
     Th' abuse and scorning of Gods ordinances,  
     Is chieftest cause of care and wofull chances.

Gods holy orders highly are abused  
 When men do change their ends for strange respects:  
 They scorned are, when they be cleane refused,  
 For that they cannot serue our fond affects:  
 The one our shame, the other our sinne detects,  
 It is a shame for Christians to abuse them,  
 But deadly sinne for scorers to refuse them.

I meane not this alonely of degrees  
 Ordained by God for peoples preservation,  
 But of his law, good orders, and decrees;  
 Prouided for his creatures conseruation;  
 And specially the state of procreation,  
 Wherein we here the number of them encrease,  
 Which shall in Heauen enioy eternall peace.

The only end why God ordained this,  
 Was for th' encreasing of that blessed number  
 For whom he hath preparad eternall blisse.  
 They that refuse it for the care or cumber  
 Being apt thereto are in a sinfull slumber:  
 No fond respect, no vaine deuised vowes  
 Can quit or bar what God in charge allowes.

It is not good for man to liue alone  
 Said God: and therefore made he him a make:  
 Sole life said *Christ* is granted few or none,  
 All seed-sheders are bound like wiues to take:  
 Yet not for lust, for lands, or riches sake,  
 But to beget and foster so their fruite  
 That Heauen and Earth be stored with the suite.

But as the state is damnably refused  
 Of many apt and able thereunto;  
 So is it likewise wickedly abused  
 Of all that vse it as they should not doe:  
 Wherein are guilty all the greedy who  
 For gaine, for friendship, lands, or honours wed,  
 And these pollute the vndefiled bed.

And



And therfore God through iustice cannot cease  
 To plague these faults with sundry sorts of whips :  
 As disagreement, healths or wealths decrease,  
 Or lothing sore the neuerliked lips.  
 Disdiane also with rigour some times nips  
 Presuming mates, vnequally that match :  
 Some bitter leauen sowers the musty batch.

We worldly folke account him very wise  
 That hath the wit most wealthily to wed:  
 By all meanes therefore alwaies we deuise  
 To see our yssue rich in spousals sped.  
 We buy and sell rich orphanes : babes scant bred  
 Must marry ere they know what mariage meanes,  
 Boyes marry old trots, old fooles wed yong queanes.

We call this wedding which in any wise  
 Can bee no mariage, but pollution plaine.  
 A new found trade of humane merchandise,  
 The diuels net, a filthy fleshly gaine:  
 Of kinde and nature an vnnaturall staine ;  
 A foule abuse of Gods most holy order,  
 And yet allow'd almost in euery border.

Would God I were the last that shall haue cause  
 Against this creeping canker to complaine,  
 That men would so regard their makers lawes,  
 That all would leaue the leaudnesse of their braine,  
 That holy orders holy might remaine,  
 That our respects in wedding should not choke  
 The end and fruite of Gods most holy yoke.

The Sage King *Solon* after that he saw  
 What mischiefes follow misfought mariages,  
 To barre all baits, established this law :  
 No friend nor father shall giue heritages,  
 Coine, cattell, stufte, or other carriages  
 With any maid for dowry or wedding sale,  
 By any meane, on paine of banning bale.

Had this good law in England been in force,  
My fire had not so cruelly been slaine,  
My brother had not causelesse lost his corps,  
Our mariage had not bred vs such disdain,  
My selfe had lack'd great part of grievous paine :  
    VVe wedded wiues for dignitie and lands,  
    And left our liues in enuies bloodie hands.

My father hight Sir *Richard Wodnile* : he  
Espoused Bedford Duchesse, and by her  
Had issue males my brother *John*, and me  
Call'd *Anthony* : King *Edward* did prefer  
Vs far aboute the state wherein we were :  
    He 'spous'd our sister *Elizabeth*,  
    Whom Sir *John Gray* made widow by his death.

How glad were we, thinke ycu, of this alliance ?  
So neerely coupled with so great a King.  
VWho durst with any of vs be at defiance  
Thus made of might the mightiest to wring ?  
But fie, what cares do highest honors bring ?  
    VWhat carelesnesse our selues or friends to know ?  
    VWhat spite and enuie both of high and low ?

Because the King had made our sister Queene,  
It was his honor to prefer her kin :  
And sith the readiest way (as wisest weene)  
VWas first by wedding wealthie heires to win,  
It pleas'd the Prince by like meane to begin :  
    To me he gaue the rich Lord *Scales* his heire,  
    A vertuous maid, in my mind very faire.

He ioyned to my brother *John*, the old  
Duches of Northfolke notable of fame.  
My nephew *Thomas* (who had in his hold  
The honor and right of Marquise Dorsets name)  
Espoused *Cicelie* a right wealthie dame,  
    Lord *Bonniles* heire : by whom he was possesst  
    In all the rights where through that house was blest.

The honours that my Sire attaind were diuers,  
 First Chamberlaine, then Constable he was:  
 I doe omit the gainfullest, Earle *Rimers*.  
 Thus glistred we to glory cleere as glasse.  
 Such miracles can Princes bring to passe  
 Among their lieges whom they mind to heaue  
 To honours false, who all their guests deceiue.

Honours are like that cruell King of Thrace,  
 With new come guests that fed his hungry horses:  
 Or like the tyrant *Busiris*, whose grace  
 Offred his Gods all strangers strangled corpes.  
 To forrenners so hard false honors force is,  
 That all her bourders, strangers either guests  
 She spoiles to feede her Gods and greedy beasts.

Her Gods be those whom God by law or lot,  
 Or kinde by birth doth place in highest roomes,  
 Her beasts be such as greedily haue got  
 Office or charge to guide the silly groomes.  
 These officers in law or charge are broomes,  
 Which sweep away the sweet from simple wretches,  
 And spoile th'enriched by their crafty fetches.

These plucke downe those whom Princes set aloft,  
 By wresting lawes, and false conspiracies:  
 Yea Kings themselues by these are spoiled oft.  
 When wilfull Princes carelesly despise  
 To heare th'oppressed peoples heauy cries,  
 Nor will correct their polling theeuers, then God  
 Doth make those reues the reckles Princes rod.

The second *Richard* is a prooffe of this,  
 Whom crafty Lawyers by their lawes deposed.  
 Another patern good King *Henry* is,  
 Whose right by them hath diuersly beene glosed,  
 Good while he grew, bad when he was vnrosed:  
 And as they fodred these and diuers other,  
 With like deceit they vsde the King my brother.

While



While he preuail'd they said he owed the Crowne,  
 All lawes and rights agreed with the same :  
 But when by drifts hee seemed to be downe,  
 All lawes and right extremely did him blame,  
 Nought saue vsurping traytour was his name.  
 So constantly the Iudges construe lawes,  
 That all agree still with the stronger cause.

These (as I said) and other like in charge  
 Are honours horses, whom shee feedes with gests,  
 For all whom Princes frankly doe enlarge  
 With dignities, these barke at in their breasts,  
 Their spite, their might, their falsehood neuer rests  
 Till they deuour them, sparing neither bloud,  
 Ne lim, ne life, and all to get their good.

The Earle of *Warwicke* was a prancing courser,  
 The hauty heart of his could beare no mate :  
 Our wealth through him waxt many a time the worser,  
 So cankardly he had our kin in hate.  
 He troubled oft the Kings vnsteady state,  
 And that because he would not be his ward  
 To wed and worke as he should list award.

He spited vs because we were preferd  
 By mariage to dignities so great,  
 But craftily his malice he deser'd  
 Till traytorously he found meanes to entreate  
 Our brother of Clarence to assist his feate :  
 Whom when he had by mariage to him bound,  
 Then wrought he straight our linage to confound.

Through slanderous brutes he brued many a broile  
 Throughout the Realme, against the King my brother,  
 And raised trayterous rebels thirsting spoile  
 To murder men : of whom among all other  
*Robin* of Kiddesdale many a soule did smother,  
 His rascall rable at my father wroth  
 Tooke fire and sonne, and quicke beheaded both.

This heynous act although the King detested,  
 Yet was he faine to pardon : for the rout  
 Of rebels all the Realme so sore infested,  
 That euery way assaild, he stood in doubt :  
 And though he were of courage high and stout,  
 Yet he assaid by faire meanes to asswage:  
 His enemies ire, reuel'd by rebels rage.

But *Warwicke* was not pacified thus,  
 His constant rancour causeles was extreme,  
 No meane could serue the quarell to discus,  
 Till he had driuen the King out of the Realme:  
 Nor would he then be waked from his dreame :  
 For when my brother was come and plac'd againe,  
 He stinted not till he was stoutly slaine.

Then grew the King and Realme to quiet rest,  
 Our stocke and friends still stying higher and higher :  
 The Queene with children fruitfully was blest :  
 I gouern'd them, it was the Kings desier.  
 This set their vncles furiously on fier,  
 That we the Queenes bloud were assign'd to gouern  
 The Prince, not they, the Kings owne bloud and brethren.

This caus'd the Duke of Clarence so to chafe,  
 That with the King he brainelesse fell at bate :  
 The Counsaile warily to keepe him safe  
 From raising tumults as he did of late,  
 Imprisoned him : where through his brothers hate  
 He was condemn'd, and murdered in such sort  
 As he himselfe hath truly made report.

Was none abhord these mischiefs more then I,  
 Yet could I not be therewith discontented,  
 Considering that his rancour toucht mee ny :  
 Els would my conscience neuer haue consented  
 To wish him harme, could he haue beene contented.  
 But feare of hurt, for sauegard of our state  
 Doth cause more mischiefe then desert or hate.

Such is the state that many wish to beare,  
That or we must with others bloud be staine,  
Or leade our liues continually in feare.  
You mounting mindes behold here what is gaind  
By coumbrous honour, painfully attaind :  
A damned soule for murthering them that hate you,  
Or doubtfull life, in danger lest they mate you.

The cause (I thinke) why some of high degree  
Do deadly hate all seekers to ascend,  
Is this: The clowne contented can not be  
With any state, till time he apprehend  
The highest top: for therto climbers tend:  
Which seldome is attaind without the wracke  
Of those betweene that stay and beare him back.

To saue themselues they therefore are compeld  
To hate such climbers, and with wit and power  
To compasse meanes where through they may be queld,  
Ere they ascend their honours to deuoure.  
This causd the Duke of Clarence frowne and lowre  
At me and other, whom the King promoted  
To dignities: wherein he madly doted.

For seeing we were his deare allied friends,  
Our furtherance should rather haue made him glad  
Then enmy-like to wish our wofull ends.  
We were the neereft kinsfolk that he had.  
We ioyed with him, his sorow made vs sad:  
But he esteem'd so much his painted sheath,  
That he disdaind the loue of all beneath.

But see how sharply God reuengeth sinne:  
As he maligned me and many other  
His faithfull friends, and kindest of his kin,  
So *Richard* Duke of Glocester his owne brother,  
Maligned him and beastly did him smother,  
A diuellish deed, a most vnkindly part,  
Yet iust reuenge for his vnnaturall hart.



Although this brother-queller, tyrant fell  
 Enuide our state as much and more then he:  
 Yet did his cloaking flattery so excell  
 To all our friends ward, chiefly vnto mee,  
 That he appear'd our trustie stay to bee:  
 For outwardly he wrought our state to furdur,  
 Where inwardly hee minded nought saue murder.

Thus in appearance who but I was blest?  
 The chiefest honours heaped on my head:  
 Belou'd of all, enioying quiet rest.  
 The forward Prince by me alone was led,  
 A noble impe, to all good vertues bred:  
 The King my Liege without my counsaile knowne  
 Agreed nought: though wisest were his owne.

But quiet blisse in no state lasteth long  
 Assailed still by mischief many waies:  
 Whose spoyling battrie glowing hote and strong,  
 No flowing wealth, no force nor wisdom staies,  
 Her smoakles powder beaten souldiers slaies.  
 By open force soule mischief oft preuailes,  
 By secret sleight, she seeld her purpose failes.

The King was bent too much to foolish pleasure,  
 In banqueting he had so great delight:  
 This made him grow in grossenesse out of measure,  
 Which, as it kindleth carnall appetite,  
 So quencheth it the liuelines of sprite.  
 Whereof ensue such sicknes and diseases  
 As none can cure saue death that all displeases.

Through this fault furdured by his brothers fraud  
 (Now God forgiue me if I iudge amisse)  
 Or through that beast his ribald or his baud  
 That larded still these sinfull lusts of his,  
 He sodainely forsooke all worldly blisse.  
 That loathed leach, that neuer welcome death,  
 Through *Spasmodic* humours stopped vp his breath.

That

That time lay I at Ludloe Wales his border,  
For with the Prince the King had sent me thither  
To stay the robberies, spoile, and foule disorder  
Of diuers outlawes gathered there together:  
Whose banding tended no man wist well whither,  
VVhen these by wisdome safely were suppressed,  
Came wofull newes, our soueraigne was deceased.

The griefe whereof when reason had asswaged,  
Because the Prince remained in my guide,  
For his defence great store of men I waged,  
Doubting the stormes which at such time betide.  
But while I there thus warely did prouide,  
Commandement came to send them home againe  
And bring the King thēce with his household traine.

This charge sent from the Counsell and the Queene  
Though much against my minde I beaſt obeyed:  
The diuell himſelfe wrought all the drift I weene,  
Because he would haue innocents betraied:  
For ere the King were halfe his way conuayed,  
A sort of traytors faſſly him betrapt  
I caught afore, and cloſe in priſon clapt.

The Duke of Gloceſter that incarnate deuill  
Confedred with the Duke of Buckingham,  
VVith eke Lord *Hastings*, haſty both to euill  
To mee the King in mourning habit came,  
(A cruell VVolfe though clothed like a Lambe)  
And at Northampton, where as then I baited,  
They toke their Inne as they on me had waited.

The King that night at Stonyſtratford lay,  
A towne too ſmall to harbour all his traine:  
This was the cauſe why he was gone away  
VVhile I with other did behind remaine.  
But will you ſee how faſſly friends can ſaine?  
Not *Synon* ſly, whoſe fraud beſt ſame rebukes,  
VVas halfe ſo ſuttle as theſe double Dukes.

First to mine Inne commeth in my brother false,  
 Embraceth me : well met good brother *Scales*,  
 And weepes withall : the other me enhalfe  
 With welcome cofin, now welcome out of Wales :  
 O happie day, for now all stormie gales  
 Of strife and rancour vtterly are swaged,  
 And we our owne to liue or die vnwaged.

This proferd seruice sauft with salutations  
 Immoderate, might cause me to suspect :  
 For commonly in all diffimulations  
 Th'excesse of glauering doth the guile detect :  
 Reason refuseth falsehood to direct :  
 The will therefore for feare of being spide  
 Exceedeth meane, because it wanteth guide.

This is the cause why such as faine to weepe  
 Do houle outright, or wailing crie ah, ah,  
 Tearing themselues, and straining sighes most deepe :  
 Why such dissemblers as would seeme to laugh  
 Breath not tihhee, but bray out, hah hah hah :  
 Why beggers faining brauery are the proud'st,  
 Why cowards bragging boldnesse, wrangle loud'st.

For commonly all that do counterfeare  
 In any thing, exceed the naturall meane,  
 And that for feare of failing in their feare.  
 But these conspirers couched all so cleane  
 Through close demeanour, that their wiles did weane  
 My heart from doubts, so many a false deuice  
 They forged fresh, to hide their enterprife.

They supt with me, propounding friendly talke  
 Of our affaires, still giuing me the prayse :  
 And euer among the cups to me ward walke :  
 I drinke to you good Cuz each traytour sayes.  
 Our banquet done, when they should go their waies  
 They took their leaue, oft wishing me good night,  
 As heartily as any creature might.



A noble heart they say is Lion like,  
It cannot couch, dissemble, crouch, nor faine.  
How villanous were these, and how vnlike?  
Of noble stocke the most ignoble staine.  
Their woluishe hearts, their trayterous foxly braine  
Or proue them base, of rascall race engendred,  
Or from hault lineage bastard like degendred.

Such polling heads as praise for prudent policie  
False practises, I wish were pact on poles :  
I meane the bastard law-brood, which can mollifie  
All kind of causes in their craftie noles.  
These vndermine all vertue, blind as Moles,  
They bolster wrong, they racke and straine the right,  
And prayse for law both malice, fraud, and might.

These quench the worthie flames of noble kind,  
Prouoking best borne to the basest vices :  
Through crafts they make the boldest courage blind,  
Disliking highly valiant enterprizes,  
And praying vilely villanous deuices.  
These make the Bore a Hog, the Bull an Oxe,  
The Swan a Goose, the Lion a Wolfe or Foxe.

The Lawyer *Catesby* and his craftie feeres  
A rout that nere did good in any reame,  
Are they that had transform'd these noble peeres :  
They turn'd their blood to melancholike fleumes,  
Their courage hault to cowardise extreame,  
Their force and manhood into fraud and malice,  
Their wit to wiles, stout *Hector* into *Paris*.

These glauerers gone, my selfe to rest I laid,  
And doubting nothing soundly fell a sleepe :  
But suddenly my seruants sore afraid  
Awaked me : and drawing sighes full deepe,  
Alas (quoth one) my Lord we are betrai'd.  
How so (quoth I) the Dukes are gone their waies,  
Th'haue bar'd the gates, and borne away the kaies.

While he thus spake, there came into my mind  
 This fearefull dreame, whereout I waked was :  
 I saw a riuer stopt with stormes of winde,  
 Where through a Swan, a Bull, and Bore did passe,  
 Franching the fish and frie, with teeth of brasse,  
 The riuer dri'd vp saue a little streame,  
 Which at the last did water all the Reame.

Me thought this streame did drowne the cruell Bore  
 In little space, it grew so deepe and brode :  
 But he had kill'd the Bull and Swan before.  
 Besides all this I saw an vglie Tode  
 Crale toward me, on which me thought I trode :  
 But what became of her, or what of mee  
 My sudden waking would not let me see.

These dreames considered with this sudden newes,  
 So diuers from their doings ouer night,  
 Did cause me not a little for to muse,  
 I blest me, rose in all the hast I might.  
 By this, *Aurora* spread abroad the light,  
 Which from the ends of *Phæbus* beames he tooke,  
 Who then the Bulles chiefe gallery forfooke.

When I had open'd the window to looke out,  
 There might I see the streets each where beset,  
 My Inne on each side compassed about:  
 With armed watchmen, all escapes to let :  
 Thus had these *Neroes* caught me in their net,  
 But to what end I could not thoroughly ghesse,  
 Such was my plainnes, such their doubleness.

My conscience was so cleare I could not doubt  
 Their deadly drift, which lesse apparant lay,  
 Because they caus'd their men returne the rout  
 That rode toward Stonystratford as they say,  
 Because the Dukes will first be there to day:  
 For this (thought I) they hinder me in iest,  
 For guiltlesse minds do easely deeme the best.

By this the Dukes were come into mine Inne,  
For they were lodged in another by.  
I got me to them, thinking it a sinne  
Within my chamber cowardly to lye.  
And merrily I ask'd my brother why  
He vs'd me so? he sterne in euill sadnes  
Cried out: I arrest thee traytour for thy badnes.

How so (quoth I) whence riseth your suspicion?  
Thou art a traytour (quoth he) I thee arrest.  
Arrest (quoth I) why where is your commission?  
He drew his weapon, so did all the rest,  
Crying: yeeld thee traytour. I so sore distrest  
Made no resistance: but was sent to ward,  
None saue their seruants signed to my gard.

This done they sped him to the King in post,  
And after humble reuerence to him done,  
They trayterously began to rule the roost,  
They pickt a quarell to my sisters son  
Lord *Richard Gray*: the King would not be won  
T'agree to them, yet they against all reason  
Arrested him, they said for hainous treason.

Sir *Thomas Vaughan* and Sir *Richard Hault*  
Two worthie Knights were likewise apprehended,  
These all were guiltie in one kind of fault,  
They would not like the practise then pretended:  
And seeing the King was herewith sore offended,  
Backe to Northampton they brought him againe,  
And thence discharged most part of his traine.

There loc Duke *Richard* made himselfe Protector  
Of King and Realme, by open proclamation,  
Though neither King nor Queene were his elector,  
Thus he presum'd by lawlesse vsurpation.  
But will you see his deepe diffimulation?  
He sent me a dish of dainties from his bord:  
That day, and with it, this false friendly word:

Commend



Commend me to him, all things shall be well,  
 I am his friend, bid him be of good cheere :  
 These newes I prayed the messenger go tell  
 My Nephew *Richard*, whom I lou'd full deere.  
 But what he ment by well, now shall you heere :  
     He thought it well to haue vs quickly mured,  
     Which not long after thorowly he fured.

For straight from thence we closely were conueied,  
 From iayle to iayle Northward, we wist not whither :  
 Where, after a while we had in sunder staied,  
 At last we met at Pomfret all together.  
 Sir *Richard Ratcliffe* bade vs welcome thither,  
     Who openly, all law and right contemned,  
     Beheaded vs before we were condemned.

My cosin *Richard* could not be content  
 To leaue his life, because he wist not why,  
 Good gentleman that neuer harme had ment,  
 Therefore he asked wherefore he should die :  
 The Priest his ghostly father did replie  
     With weeping eyes : I know one wofull cause ;  
     The Realme hath neither righteous Lords nor lawes.

Sir *Thomas Vaughan* chafing cried still :  
 This tyrant *Glocester* is the gracelesse G,  
 That will his brothers children beastly kill.  
 And, lest the people through his talke might see  
 The misciefes toward, and thereto not agree,  
     Our tormentour that false periured Knight  
     Bad stop our mouthes, with words of high despight.

Thus di'd we guiltlesse, processe heard we none,  
 No cause alleag'd, no Iudge, nor yet accuser,  
 No Quest empanel'd passed vs vpon.  
 That murdrer *Ratcliffe*, law and rights refuser,  
 Did all to flatter *Richard* his abuser.  
     Vnhappie both that euer they were borne,  
     Through guiltlesse blood that haue their soules forlorne.

In part I grant I well deserued this,  
Because I caus'd not speedie execution  
Be done on *Richard* for that murder of his,  
When first he wrought King *Henries* close confusion,  
Not for his brothers hatefull persecution.

These cruell murders painfull death deserued,  
Which had he suffred, many had been preserued.

Warne therefore all that charge or office beare,  
To see all murdrers speedily executed:  
And spare them not for fauour or for feare:  
By guiltlesse blood the earth remaines polluted.  
For lacke of Iustice kingdomes are transmuted.  
They that saue murdrers from deserued paine,  
Shall through those murdrers miserably be slaine.

## HOW THE LORD HASTINGS WAS BETRAYED BY TRVSTING TOO MVCH

to his euill Counseller *Catesby*, and villanously murdered  
in the Tower of London, by *Richard* Duke of

*Glocester*, the 13. of Iune, Anno,  
1483.



Am that *Hastings* whose too hastie death,  
They blame that know wherefore I lost my breath,  
With others fearing lest my headlesse name  
Be wrong'd, by partiall brute of flattering Fame.  
Hearing O *Baldwine* that thou mean'st to pen,

The liues and falles of English Noblemen,  
My selfe heere present, do present to thee  
My life, my fall, and forced destinie.

Ne feare to staine thy credit by my tale:  
In *Lathes* floud, long since, in *Stigian* vale,  
Selfe loue I drown'd. What time hath fin'd for true,  
And ceaseth not, (though stale) still to renue:  
Recount I will: whereof take this for prooffe,  
That blase I will my praise, and my reprooffe.  
We naked ghosts are but the very man  
Nor of our selues more then we ought, we scan.

The

The Heauens high, and Earthly vale belowe,  
 Yet ring his Fame, whose deedes so great did grow.  
 Edward the fourth ye know vnnam'd I meane,  
 Whose noble nature so to me did leane,  
 That I his staffe was, I his onely ioy,  
 And euen what *Pandare* was to him of Troy:  
 VWhich mou'd him first, to make me Chamberlaine,  
 To serue his sweets, to my most sower paine.

VWherein, to iustly prais'd for secretnesse  
 (For now my guilt with shriking I confesse)  
 To him too true too vnttrue to the Queene,  
 Such hate I wan, as lasted long betweene  
 Our families: Shores wife was my Nice cheat,  
 The holy whore, and eke the wily peat.  
 I fed his lust with louely peeces so,  
 That Gods sharp wrath I purchast, my iust wo.

See here the difference of a noble minde.  
 Some vertue raiseth, some by vice haue climde.  
 The first, though onely of themselues begon,  
 Yet circlewise into themselues do ron.  
 VWithin themselues their force vnited so,  
 Both endlesse is, and stronger gainst their foe.  
 For, when end'th it that neuer hath begon?  
 Or how may that, that hath no end, b'vndone?

Th'other as by wicked meanes they grue,  
 And raigned by flatterie, so soone they rue.  
 First tumbling step fro honours old, is vice.  
 VWhich once stept downe, some linger, none arise  
 To former type: But they catch vertues spray,  
 VWhich raiseth them that climbe by lawfull way.  
 Beware to rise by seruing princely lust.  
 Surely to stand, one meane is rising iust.

VWhich learne by me, whom let it helpe t'excuse,  
 That ruthfull now my selfe I do accuse,  
 And that my Prince I euer pleas'd with such,



As harmed none, and him contented much.  
In vice some fauour, or lesse hate let win,  
That I ne wried to worser end my fin.  
But vsde my fauour to the helpe of such,  
As death in later warre to liue did grutch.

For as on durt (though durtie) shin' th the Sunne :  
So, euen amidst my vice, my vertue shoane.  
My selfe I spared with his cheate to staine,  
For loue or reuerence so I could refraine.  
*Gisippus* wife erst *Titus* would desire  
With friendships breach : I quencht that brutish fire.  
Manly it is, to loth the pleasing lust.  
Small vant to flie, that of constraint thou must.

These faults except, if so my life thou scan,  
Lo! none I hurt but furdred euery man.  
My Chamber England was, my staffe the law :  
Whereby saunce rigour, all I held in awe.  
So kind to all, and so belou'd of all,  
As, (what ensued vpon my bloodie fall  
Though I ne felt) yet surely this I thinke,  
Full many a trickling teare their mouthes did drinke.

Disdaine not Princes easie accesse, meeke cheare.  
We know then Angels statelier port ye beare  
Of God himselfe : too massie a charge for sprits.  
But then, my Lords, consider, he delights  
To vaile his grace to vs poore earthly wants,  
To simplest shrubs, and to the dunghill plants.  
Expresse him then, in might, and mercies meane:  
So shall ye win, as now ye rule the Reame.

But all too long I feare I do delay  
The many meanes, whereby I did bewray  
My zealous will, to earne my Princes grace.  
Lest thou defer, to thinke me kind percase.  
As nought may last, so Fortunes changing cheare  
With pouting lookes gan lower on my fire,

And

And on her wheele, aduanc't high in his roime  
The Warwick Earle, admir'd through Christendome.

Besides the tempting prowesse of the foe.  
My Princes brother did him then forgoe.  
The cause was lik'd, I was his link'd allie.  
Yet nor the cause, nor brothers treacherie,  
Nor enmies force, nor band of mingled blood :  
Made *Hastings* beare any other mind then good.  
But tane, and scap'd from *Warwicks* griping pawes,  
With me he fled through Fortunes froward flawes.

To London come, at large we might haue seemed,  
Had not we then the Realme a prison deemed.  
Each bush, a bar, each spray, a banner splayed,  
Each house, a fort, our passage to haue stayed.  
To Lin we leape, where while w' await the tide,  
My secret friends in secret I suppli'd,  
In mouth to further *Henrie* sixt their King,  
And vse my best meanes *Edward* in to bring.

The restlesse tide, to bar the emptie bay,  
With waltring waues roames wambling forth. Away  
The merrie Mariner haies. The bragging boy,  
To masts high top vp hies. In signe of ioy  
The wauering flag is vanst. The surging seas  
Their swelling cease : to calmest euen peace  
Sinkes downe their pride. With drunkenesse 'gainst all care  
The Seamen arm'd, await their noble fare.

On bord we come. The massie anchors wai'd,  
One English ship, two hulks of Holland, aid  
In such a pinch. So small though was the traine,  
Such his constraint, that now, that one with paine  
Command he might, who late might many moe :  
Then ghastly Greekes erst brought to Tenedo.  
So nought is ours that we by hap may lose,  
What nearest seemes, is farthest off in woes,

As banished wights, such ioyes we might haue made.  
Eas'd of aye threatning death that late we drade.  
But once our countries fight (not care) exempt,  
No harbour shewing, that might our feare relent,  
No couert caue, no shrub to shroud our liues.  
No hollow wood, no flight that oft depriues  
The mightie his prey, no sanctuarie left  
For exil'd Prince, that shrouds each slaue for theft :

In prison pent whose woodie walles to passe  
Of no lesse perill then the dying was :  
With th' Ocean moated battred with the waues,  
(As chain'd at oares the wretched galley slaues,  
At mercie sit of sea and enemies shot,  
And shun with death that they with flight may not)  
But greenish waues, and heauie lowring skies  
All comfort else forclosed our exiled eies :

Lo lo from highest top the slauiish boy  
Sent vp, with sight of land our hearts to ioy :  
Descries at hand a flecte of Easterlings  
As then hot enemies of the British Kings.  
The Mouse may sometime helpe the Lion in need,  
The bittle Bee once spilt the Aegles breed.  
O Princes seeke no foes. In your distresse,  
The earth, the seas, conspire your heauinesse.

Our foe descried by flight we shun in hast  
And laid with canuas now the bending mast,  
The ship was rackt to trie her sailing then,  
As Squirels climbe the troupes of trustie men.  
The steersman seekes a readier course to run,  
The fouldier stirs, the Gunner hies to gun.  
The Flemmings sweate, the English ship disdaines  
To wait behind to beare the Flemmings traines.

Forth flieth the Barke, as from the violent Goone  
The pellet breakes all staies, and stops eftsoone.  
And swift she swindg'th, as oft in Sunnie day,



The Dolphin fleetes in seas, in merrie May.  
 As we for liues, so th'easterlings for gaine,  
 Thwack on the sailes, and after make amaine.  
 Though heauie they were, and of burthen great:  
 A King to master yet, what Swine nold sweat?

So mid the vale the Greyhound seeing start  
 The fearefull Hare, pursueth before she flect,  
 And where she turn'th he turn'th her, there to beare.  
 The one prey pricketh, th'other safeties scare.  
 So were we chas'd, so fled we 'fore our foes.  
 Bet flight then fight in so vneuen close.  
 I end. Some thinke perhaps, too long he staieith  
 In perill present shewing his fixed faith.

This ventred I, this dread I did sustaine,  
 To trie my truth, my life I did disdaine.  
 But, loe! like triall 'gainst his ciuill foe,  
 Faiths worst is triall, which reserues to woe.  
 I passe our scape, and sharpe returning home,  
 Where we were welcom'd by our wonted fone.  
 To battell maine descends the Empires right,  
 At Barnet ioyne the hosts in bloodie fight.

There ioynd three battels ranged in such array,  
 As might for terror, *Alexander* fray.  
 What should I stay to tell the long discourse?  
 Who wan the Palme? who bare away the worse?  
 Sufficeth say by my reserued band,  
 Our enemies fled, we had the vpper hand.  
 My iron armie held her steadie place,  
 My Prince to shield, his feared foe to chase.

The like successe befell in Tewkesbury field.  
 My furious force, their force perforc'd to yeeld  
 My Princes foe: and render to my King  
 Her only sonne, lest he more bate might bring.  
 Thus hast a mirrour of a Subiects mind,  
 Such as perhaps is rare againe to find.

The caruing cuts, that cleaue the trusty Steele,  
My faith, and due allegiance, could not feele.

But out alas, what praise may I recount,  
That is not stain'd with spot, that doth surmount  
My greatest vaunt? bloody for VVarre, to see  
A Tiger was I, all for peace vnmeete,  
A souldiers hands must oft be died with goare,  
Left starke with rest, they finewd waxe and hoare.  
Peace could I win by VVarre, but peace not vse.  
Few daies liue he, who VVarlike peace doth chuse.

VWhen Crofts a Knight presented Henries Heire  
To this our Prince, in furious moode enquire  
Of him he gan, what folly or phrensy vaine,  
With Arms forst him t'inuade his Realme againe?  
Whom answering, that he claim'd his fathers right:  
With Gauntlet smit, commanded from his sight,  
*Glocester, Clarence, I and Dorset* slewe:  
The guilt whereof we shortly all did rue.

*Clarence*, as *Cyrus*, drown'd in bloud like Wine,  
*Dorset* I furthered to his speedy pine.  
Of me, my selfe am speaking president,  
Nor easier fate the bristled Boare is lent.  
Our blouds haue paid the vengeance of our guilt,  
His bones, shall broile for bloud which he hath spilt.  
O deadly murther, that attaint' th our fame,  
O wicked Traytours wanting worthy name.

Who as mischiously of men deserue,  
As they merit well, who doe mens liues preferue.  
If those therefore we reckon heauenly wights,  
These may we well deeme Feendes, and damned Sprits,  
And while on earth they walke, disguised deuils,  
Sworne foes of vertue, factours for all euils,  
Whose bloody hands torment their goared harts,  
Through bloudsheds horror, in sound sleepe he starts.

O happy world were the Lions men,  
 All Lions should at least be spared then.  
 No suerty now, no lasting league is bloud.  
 A meacocke is he, who dreads to see bloud shed.  
 Old is the Practise of such bloody strife,  
 While ij. weare Armies. ij. the Issues of first Wife,  
 With armed hart and hand, the one bloody brother,  
 With cruell chafe pursueth, and murthereth th' other.

Which who abhorreth not? yet who ceaseth to sue?  
 The bloody Caines their bloody fire renew.  
 The horror yet is like in common fraies.  
 For in ech murther, brother brother slaies.  
 Traytours to nature, countrey kin and kinde.  
 Whom no band serueth in brothers loue to bind.  
 O simple age, when slaunders slaughter was.  
 The tongues smal euil, how doth this mischief passe?

Hopest thou to cloake thy couert mischief wrought?  
 Thy conscience, Caitif, shal proclaime thy thought,  
 A vision, Chaucer sheweth discloasd thy crime.  
 The Foxe descrie the crows and chattering pieu,  
 And shal thy fellow felons, not bewray  
 The guilelesse death, whom guiltie hands do slay?  
 Vnpunished scaped for hainous crime some one,  
 But vnaduenged, in minde or body none.

Vengeance on minde, the freating furies take,  
 The sinful corps, like earthquake agues shake,  
 Their frowning lookes, their troubled minds bewray,  
 In hast they runne, and mids their race they staie,  
 As giddeed Roe. Amids their speech they whist,  
 At meate they muse. No where they may persist  
 But some feare netleth them. Ay hang they so.  
 So neuer wanteth the wicked murtherer wo.

An infant rent with Lions ramping pawes?  
 Why slaunders I Lions? They feare the sacred lawes  
 Of royall bloud. Ay me more brute then beast.

With



With infants sides, (*Lycaons pie*) to feast.  
O tyrant Tigers, O insatiate wolues,  
O English courtesie, monstrous mowes and gulfes.  
Onely because our Prince displeas'd we saw  
With him, we slue him straight before all law.

Before our Prince commanded once his death,  
Our bloudie swords on him we did vnsheath,  
Preuenting law, and euen our Princes hest,  
We hid our weapons in the younglings brest.  
VVhom not desire of raigne did driue to field,  
But mothers pride, who longd the Realme to wield.  
But straight my death shall shew my worthie meed,  
If first to one other murther I proceed.

VVhile *Edward* liued, dissembled discord lurked  
In double hearts, yet so his reuerence worked.  
But when succeeding tender feeble age,  
Gauē open gap to tyrants rushing rage :  
I holpe the Boare, and Bucke, to captiuatē  
*Lord Rivers, Gray, sir Thomas Vaughan and Hawte.*  
If land would helpe the sea, well earnd that ground  
It selfe, to be with conquering waues surround.

Their speedie death by priuie dome procured,  
At Pomfret : tho my life short while endured.  
My selfe I slue, when them I damned to death,  
At once my throate I riuēd, and rest them breath.  
For that selfe day, before or neere the hower  
That withred *Atropos* nipt the springing flower  
VVith violent hand, of their forth running life :  
My head and body, in Tower twinde like knife.

By this my paterne all ye peeres beware.  
Oft hangth he himselfe who others weent to snare :  
Spare to be each others butcher. Feare the Kite,  
VVho soareth aloft, (while frog and mouse do fight  
In ciuil combat, grappling void of feare  
Of forreine foe) at once al both to beare.

Which plainer by my pitied plaint to see,  
A while anew your listning lend to mee.

Too true it is two fundrie assemblies kept,  
At Crosbies place, and Baynards Castle set:  
The Dukes at Crosbies, but at Baynards we.  
The one to crowne a king, the other to be.  
Suspicious is secession of foule frends,  
When eithers drift to th'others mischief tends,  
Ifear'd the end, my *Catesbies* being there  
Discharg'd all doubts. Him held I most entire.

Whose great preferment by my meanes, I thought  
Some spurre, to pay the thankfulness hee ought.  
The trust he ought me, made me trust him so,  
That priuie he was both to my weale and wo.  
My hearts one halfe, my chest of confidence,  
Mine only trust, my ioy dwelt in his presence.  
I lou'd him *Baldwine*, as the apple of mine eye;  
I loath'd my life when *Catesby* would me die.

Flie from thy chanel Thames, forsake thy streames,  
Leaue the Adamant Iron: *Phæbus* lay thy beames:  
Cease heauenly Sphears at last your weary warke,  
Betray your charge, returne to *Chaos* darke.  
At least, some ruthlesse Tiger hang her whelp,  
My *Catesby* so with some excuse to help.  
And me to comfort, that I alone, ne seeme  
Of all dame natures workes left in extreeme.

A Golden treasure is the tried frend.  
But who may Gold from Counterfaits defend?  
Trust not too soone, nor yet too soone mistrust:  
With th'one thy selfe, with th'other thy friend thou hurt'st.  
VWho twin'th betwixt, and steareth the golden meane,  
Nor rashly loueth, nor mistrusteth in vaine.  
In friendship soueraigne it is as Mithridate,  
Thy friend to loue as one whom thou maist hate.

Of tickle credit ne had bin the mischiese,  
What needed *Virbins* miracle doubled life?  
Credulity surnamed first the *Aegean* Seas.  
Mistrust, doth reason in the trustiest raise.  
Suspicious *Romulus*, stain'd his Walls first reard  
With brothers bloud, whom for light leape he feard.  
So not in brotherhood ielousie may be borne,  
The ielous Cuckold weares the Infamous Horne.

A beast may preach by triall, not foresight.  
Could I haue shund light credit, nere had light  
The dreaded death, vpon my guilty head.  
But Fooles aye wont to learne by after read.  
Had *Catesby* kept vnstaind the truth he plight,  
Yet had yet enioied me, and I yet the light:  
All *Derbies* doubts I cleared with his name.  
I knew, no harme could hap me without his blame.

But see the fruites of tickle light beleefe.  
The ambitious Dukes corrupt the Traitor theefe,  
To grope mee, if allured I would assent,  
To bin a Partner of their cursed intent.  
Whereto, when as by no meanes friendship vail'd,  
By Tyrant force behold they me assail'd,  
And summond shortly a Counsell in the Tower,  
Of Iune the fifteenth, at appointed hower.

Alas, are Counsels wried to catch the good?  
No place is now exempt from sheading bloud,  
Sith counsels, that were carefull to preserue  
The guilelesse good, are meanes to make them starte,  
VVhat may not mischiese of Mad man abuse?  
Religious cloake some one to vice doth chuse,  
And maketh God Protectour of his crime.  
O monstrous world, well ought we wish thy fine.

The fatall skies, roll on the blackest day,  
VVhen doubled bloudshed, my bloud must repay.  
Others none forceth, To me fir *Thomas Haward*



As spurre is buckled, to prouoke me froward.  
*Derbie* who feared the parted sittings yore,  
 Whether, much more he knew by experience hoare,  
 Or better minded, clearelier truth could see :  
 At midnight darke this message sends to mee.

*Hastings* away, in sleepe the gods foreshow  
 By dreadfull dreame, fell fates vnto vs two.  
 Me thought a Bore with tuske so raced our throate,  
 That both our shoulders of the blood did smoake.  
 Arise to horse, straight homeward let vs hie :  
 And seeth our foe we cannot match, O flie.  
 Of Chanteclere you learne dreames sooth to know,  
 Thence wisemen construe, more then the cock doth crow.

While thus he spake, I held within mine arme  
*Shores* wife, the tender piece, to keepe me warme.  
 Fie on adulterie, fie on lecherous lust.  
 Marke in me ye Nobles all, Gods iudgements iust.  
 A Pander, Murderer, and Adulterer thus,  
 Only such death I die, as I ne blush.  
 Now lest my dame might thinke appall'd my hart  
 With eager mood vp in my bed I start.

And, is thy Lord (quoth I) a Sorcerer?  
 A wiseman now become? a dreame reader?  
 What though so *Chanteclere* crowed? I reck it not?  
 On my part pleadeth as well dame *Partelot*.  
 Vniudg'd hang'th yet the case betwixt them tway.  
 Nay was his dreame cause of his hap I say.  
 Shall dreaming doubts from Prince my seruing slack?  
 Nay, then might *Hastings* life and liuing lacke.

He parteth. I sleepe, my mind surcharg'd with sinne,  
 As *Phæbus* beames by mistie cloud kept in,  
 Ne could misgiue, ne dreame of my mishap :  
 As blocke, I tumbled to mine enemies trap.  
 Securitie causelesse through my fained frend,  
 Rest me foresight of my approaching end.

## *The Lord Hastings.*

423

So *Catesby* clawed me, as when the Cat doth play,  
Dallying with Mouse whom straight she meanes to slay.

The morow come, the latest light to me,  
On Palfrey mounted, to the Tower I hie,  
Accompanied with that *Haward* my mortall foe,  
To slaughter led, thou God didst suffer so.  
(O deepe dissemblers, honoring with your cheare,  
Whom in hid heart you trayterously teare)  
Neuer had Realme so open signes of wrack,  
As I had shewed me of my heauie hap.

The vision first of *Stanley* late descried:  
Then mirth so extreame, that neare for ioy I died.  
Were it, that Swanlike I foresong my death,  
Or merrie mind foresaw the losse of breath  
That long it coueted, from this earths annoy,  
But euen as siker as th'end of woe is ioy,  
And glorious light to obscure night doth tend:  
So extreame mirth, in extreame inone doth end.

For why, extreames are haps rackt out of course,  
By violent might far swinged forth perforce.  
Which as they are piercing'ft while they violent'ft moue,  
For that they are neare to cause that doth them shoue:  
So soonest fall from that their highest extreame,  
To th'other contrarie that doth want of meane.  
So laughed he erst, who laughed out his breath:  
So laughed I, when I laugh'd my selfe to death.

The pleasing'ft meanes bode not the luckiest ends.  
Not aye, found treasure to like pleasure tends.  
Mirth meanes not mirth all time, thrice happie hire  
Of wit, to shun the excesse that all desire.  
But this I passe. I hie to other like.  
My palfrey in the plainest pauerd streete,  
Thrice bowed his bones, thrice kneeled on the flower  
Thrice shun'd (as *Balam's* asse) the dreaded Tower.

F f 4

What?

What? should I thinke he had sense of after haps?  
 As beasts foreshew the drought or rainie drops,  
 As humours in them want or else abound,  
 By influence from the heauens, or change of ground?  
 Or do we interpret by successe each signe?  
 And as we fancie of each hap diuine?  
 And make that cause, that kin is to th' effect?  
 Not hauing ought of consequence respect?

*Bucephalus* kneeling only to his Lord,  
 Shewed only he was Monarch of the world.  
 Why may not then the steed foreshew by fall,  
 What casuall hap the sitter happen shall?  
*Darius* horse by braying brought a Realme.  
 And what letteth, why he ne is (as the asse) Gods meane  
 By speaking signe, to shew his hap to come,  
 Who is deafe hearer of his speaking dome?

But forward yet. In Tower-street I stai'd,  
 Where (could I haue seene) loe *Haward* all bewrai'd:  
 For as I commond with a Priest I met:  
 Away my Lord, quoth he, your time is ne yet  
 To take a Priest. Lo, Sinon might be seene,  
 Had not the Troians hares foolish forthright eyen,  
 But since the time was come that I should die,  
 Some grace it was to die with wimpled eye.

Nay was this all. For euen at Tower-wharfe,  
 Neere to those walles within the which I starfe,  
 Where erst, in sorow soust, and deepe distresse,  
 I imparted all my pining pensiueneffe  
 With *Hastings*: (so my Purseuant men call)  
 Euen there, the same to meete it did me fall.  
 Who gan to me most dolefully renue,  
 The wofull conference had erst in that lieu.

*Hastings* (quoth I) according now they fare,  
 At Pomfret this day dying, who caus'd that care.  
 My selfe haue all the world at my will,

With



With pleasures cloyed, engorged with the fill.  
God grant it so, quoth he: why doubtest thou tho  
Quoth I? and all in chafe, to him gan shew  
In ample wise, our drift with tedious tale:  
And entred so the Tower to my bale.

What should we thinke of signes? They are but haps,  
How may they then, be signes of afterclaps?  
Doth euery chance foreshew or cause some other?  
Or ending at it selfe, extend'th no further?  
As th'ouerflowing floud some mount doth choake,  
But to his aide some other floud it yoake:  
So, if with signes thy finnes once ioyne, beware.  
Else whereto chances tend, do neuer care.

Had not my sinne deserued my death as wreake,  
What might my mirth haue hurt? or horses becke?  
Or *Hawards* bitter scoffe? or *Hastings* talke?  
What meane then foole Astrologers to calke?  
That twinckling starres sling downe the fixed fate?  
And all is guided by the starrie state?  
Perdy a certaine charge assign'd they haue  
To shine, and times diuide, not fate to graue.

But grant they somewhat giue it at one instant  
Of euery babe the birth in heauen so scand,  
That they that restlesse roll, and neuer stay,  
Should in his life beare yet so violent sway:  
That, not his actions only next to birth,  
But all his life and death he swayd therewith?  
How may one motion make so fundrie affects?  
Or one impression tend to such respects?

Some rule there is yet. Else, why were defer'd  
Till now, these plagues, so long ere now deseru'd?  
If for they are trifles, they ne seeme of care:  
But toyes with God the stately scepters are.  
Yet in them too plaine doth appeare foreset,  
The certaine rule and fatall limits set,  
Yes

Yet thinke we not, this sure foresetting fate,  
But Gods fast prouidence for each princely state.

And hath he erst restrain'd his prouidence?  
Or is he nigard of his free dispence?  
Or is he vncertaine foreset drifts to driue?  
That not dame Chance but he all goods may giue?  
A heathen god they hold whom Fortune keepe,  
To deale them haps while god they weene asleepe:  
Mocke-gods they are and many gods induce,  
Who fortune faine to father their abuse.

How so it be, it might haue warned me,  
But, what I could not, that in me see ye,  
Who run in race, the honor like to win,  
Whose fairest forme nought may deforme but sin,  
Alas, when most I did defie all dread,  
By single haire deaths sword hung ouer my head,  
For hearke the end and listen now my fall:  
This is the last, and this the fruit of all.

To Counsell chamber come, a while we staid  
For him without whom nought was done or said:  
At last he came, and courteously excused,  
That he so long our patience had abused.  
And pleasantly began to paint his cheere,  
And said: My Lord of Elic, would we had heere  
Some of the strawberries, whereof you haue store:  
The last delighted me so as nothing more.

Would, what so you wish, I might as well command,  
My Lord (quoth he) as those. And out of hand  
His seruant sendeth to Ely place for them.  
Out goeth from vs the restless diuell againe:  
Belike (I thinke) scarce yet perswaded full,  
To worke the mischief that did mad his scull.  
At last determin'd, of his bloodie thought  
And force ordain'd, to worke the wile he sought:

**Frowning**

Frowning he enters, with so changed cheare,  
As for milde May had chopped foule Ianuere :  
And lowring on me with the goggle eye,  
The whetted tuske, and fur'wed forehead hie,  
His crooked shoulder bristlelike set vp,  
With frothie iawes, whose fume he chaw'd and sup'd,  
With angrie lookes that flamed as the fire :  
Thus gan at last to grunt the grimmest fire.

What merit they, whom me, the kingdomes stay,  
Contriuied haue counsell trayterously to slay?  
Abashed all fate. I thought I might be bold,  
For conscience clearenesse and acquaintance old,  
Their hire is plaine, quoth I. Be death the least  
To whoso seeketh your grace so to molest.  
Withouten stay : the Queene and the whore *Shores* wife,  
By witchcraft (quoth he) seeke to waste my life.

Lo heere the withered and bewitched arme,  
That thus is spent by those two Sorceresse charme :  
And bared his arme and shewed his swinish skin.  
Such cloakes they vse, that seeke to cloud their sin,  
But out alas, it serueth not for the raine,  
To all the house the colour was too plaine :  
Nature had giuen him many a maimed marke  
And it amongst to note her monstrous warke.

My doubtfull heart distracted this replie.  
For th'one I cared not. Th'other nipt so nie  
That whist I could not : but forthwith brake forth.  
If so it be, of death they are doubtlesse worth.  
If, traytour quoth he? plai'st thou with ifs and ands?  
Ile on thy bodie auow it with these hands.  
And therewithall he mightly bounced the bord.  
In rush'd his bil-men, one himselfe bestird,

Laying at Lord *Stanley*, whose braine he had surely cleft,  
Had he not downe beneath the table crept.  
But *Ely*, *Yorke*, and I were taken straight,

Imprisoned



Imprisoned they : I should no longer wait,  
 But charged was to shriue me, and shift with hast.  
 My Lord must dine, and now midday was past.  
 The Bores first dish, not the bores head should be.  
 But *Hastings* head the borish beast would see.

VWhy stay I his dinner ? vnto the chappel ioineth  
 A greenish hil, that body and soule oft twineth.  
 There on a blocke my head was stricken off,  
 As *Baptists* head, for *Herod* bloody gnoffe.  
 Thus liu'd I *Baldwine*, thus dide I, thus I fel,  
 This is the summe, which al at large to tel  
 VVould volumes fil : whence yet these lessons note  
 Ye noble Lords, to learne and ken by rote.

By filthie rising feare your names to staine ;  
 If not for vertues loue, for dread of paine.  
 VVhom so the mindes vnquiet state vpheaues,  
 Be it for loue or feare : when fancie reaues  
 Reason her right, by mocking of the wit,  
 If once the cause of this affection flit,  
 Reason preuailing on the vnbridled thought :  
 Downe falth he who by fancie climbe aloft.

So hath the riser foule no staie from fall,  
 No not of those that raisd him first of all.  
 His suretie stands in mainteining the cause  
 That heau'd him first, which rest by reasons sawes,  
 Not onely falth he to his former state,  
 But liueth for euer in his princes hate.  
 And marke my Lords, God for adulterie sleath,  
 Though ye it thinke too sweete a sinne for death.

Serue trulie your Prince and feare not rebels might,  
 On Princes halues the mightie God doth fight.  
 O much more then forswear a forrein foe,  
 Who seeketh your realme and country to vndo.  
 Murder detest, haue hands vnstaind with blood.  
 Aie with your succour do protect the good.

Chace treason where trust should be wed to your friend  
Your heart and power, to your liues last end.

Flie tickle credit, shun alike distrust.  
Too true it is, and credit it you must:  
The iealous nature wahteth no stormie strife,  
The simple soule aye leadeth a sower life.  
Beware of flatterers, friends in outward show:  
Best is of such to make your open foe.  
What all men seeke, that all men seeke to faine,  
Some such to be, some such to seeme, them paine.

Marke Gods iust iudgements, punishing sin by sinne,  
And slipperie state wherein aloft we swimme.  
The prouerbe, all day vp if we ne fall,  
Agreeth well to vs high heaued worldlings all.  
From common sort vprais'd, in honors weed  
We shine: while Fortune false (whom none erst feed  
To stand with stay and forswear ticklenesse:)  
Sowfeth vs in mire of durtie brittlenesse.

And learne ye Princes by my wronged sprite,  
Not to misconster what is meant aright,  
The winged words too oft preuent the wit,  
When silence ceaseth afore the lips to sit.  
Alas, what may the words yeeld worthie death?  
The words worst is, the speakers stinking breath.  
Words are but winde, why cost they then so much  
The guiltie kicke, when they too smartly touch.

Forth irreturnable flieth the spoken word,  
Be it in scoffe, in earnest, or in bourd.  
Without returne, and vnreceiu'd, it hangs,  
And at the takers mercie, or rigour stands,  
Which if he sowerly wrest with wrathfull cheare,  
The shiuering word turnes to the speakers feare.  
If friendly courtesie do the word expound,  
To the speakers comfort sweetly it doth redound.

Euen as the vapour which the fire repels,  
 Turnes not to earth, but in mid aire dwels.  
 Where while it hangeth, if *Boreas* frostie flawes  
 With rigour rattle it : not to raine it thawes,  
 But thunder, lightnings, ratling haile or snow  
 Sends downe to earth, whence first it rose below;  
 But if faire *Phæbus* with his countenance sweete  
 Resolue it, downe the dew, or Manna sleete.

(The Manna dew, that in the Easterne lands,  
 Excell' th the labour of the bees small hands.)  
 Else for her Memnon gray *Auroras* teares,  
 On the earth it stilleth, the partener of her feares.  
 Or sendeth sweet showers to glad their mother earth,  
 Whence first they tooke their first inconstant birth.  
 To so great griefes, ill taken words do grow:  
 Of words well taken, such delights do flow.

This learned, thus be heere at length an end,  
 What since ensued, to thee I will commend.  
 Now farewell *Baldwine*, shield my torne name,  
 From slanderous trumpe of blasting blacke defame.  
 But ere I part, hereof thou record beare:  
 I claime no part of vertues reckoned heere.  
 My vice my selfe, but God my vertues take.  
 So hence depart I, as I entred nak'd.

Thus ended *Hastings* both his life and tale,  
 Containing all his worldly blisse and bale.  
 Happie he liued, too happie but for sinne,  
 Happie he died whom right his death did bring.  
 Thus euer happie. For there is no meane  
 Twixt blissefull liues and mortall deaths extreame.  
 Yet feared not his foes to stain his name,  
 And by these slanders to procure his shame.

In rustie armour as in extreame shift,  
 They clad themselues, to cloake their diuellish drift.  
 And forthwith for substantiall citizens sent,

Declaring



Declaring to them, *Hastings* forged intent  
Was to haue slaine the Duke: and to haue seised  
The Kings yong person, slaying whom he had pleas'd.  
But God of Iustice had withturn'd that fare,  
Which where it ought, light on his proper pate.

Then practised they by proclamation spread,  
Nought to forget, that mought defame him dead.  
Which was so curious, and so clerkely pend,  
So long withall: that when some did attend  
His death so yong: they saw that long before  
The shroud was shaped, then babe to die was bore.  
So wonteth God to blind the worldly wise,  
That not to see, that all the world espies.

One hearing it cried out: A goodly cast,  
And well contriued, foule cast away for hast:  
Whereto another gan in scoffe reple,  
First pend it was by enspiring prophecie.  
So can God rip vp secret mischiefes wrought,  
To the confusion of the workers thought.  
My Lords, the tub, that dround the Clarence Duke,  
Dround not his death, nor yet his deaths rebuke.

Your politique secrets gard with trustie loyaltie:  
So shall they lurke in most assured secrecie,  
By *Hastings* death, and after fame ye learne,  
The earth for murder crieth out vengeance sterne.  
Flie from his faults, and spare to hurt his fame.  
The eager hounds forbear their slaine game,  
Dead, dead, auant Curs from the conquered chase.  
Ill might he liue who loueth the dead to race.

Thus liued this Lord, thus died he, thus he slept.  
Mids forward race when first to rest he slept,  
Enuious death that bounceth as well with mace  
At *Kesars* courts, as at the poorest gates:  
When nature seem'd too slow, by this sloape meane,  
Conueighed him sooner to his liues extreame.

Happie in preuenting woes that after happ'd,  
In slumber sweete his liuing lights he lapp'd.

Whose hastie death, if it do any grieue:  
Know he, he liu'd to die, and did to liue.  
Vntimely neuer comes the liues last met.  
In cradle death may rightly claime his det.  
Straight after birth due is the fatall beere.  
By deaths permission the aged linger heere.  
Euen in the swathbands out commission goeth  
To loose thy breath, that yet but yongly bloweth.

Happie, thrice happie, who so loos'th his breath,  
That life he gaineth by his godly death.  
As *Hastings* heere. Whom time and truth agree,  
To engraue by fame in strong eternitie.  
Who spareth not speaking, with danger of his blood?  
Yet loe this noble Lord did thinke it good  
To cleare the innocent not to spare to speake,  
Although his shoulders with his blood should reake.

Worthie to liue, who liu'd not for himselfe  
But prised his fame more then this worldly pelfe.  
Whose name and line, if any yet preferue,  
We wish they liue like honor to deserue.  
Whether thou seeke by martiall prowesse praise,  
Or *Pallas* policie high thy name to raise,  
Or trustie seruice honor to attaine;  
*Hastings* foreled: tracke heere his bloodie traine.

FINIS.

Master D.

THE

# THE COMPLAINT OF HENRIE DVKE of Buckingham.



Ho trusts too much to honors higheſt throne,  
And warily watch not ſlie dame Fortunes ſnares:  
Or who in Court will beare the ſwing alone,  
And wiſely weigh not how to weild the care,  
Behold he me, and by my death beware:

Whom flattering Fortune faſely ſo beguilde,  
That loe ſhe ſlew, where erſt full ſmooth ſhee ſmilde.

And *Sackuill* ſith in purpoſe now thou haſt  
The woſull fall of Princes to deſcriue,  
Whom Fortune both vplift and eke downe caſt,  
To ſhew thereby th'vnſuretie in this life,  
Marke well my fall, which I ſhall ſhew beliue,  
And paint it forth, that all eſtates may know:  
Haue they the warning, and be mine the woe.

For noble blood made me both Prince and Peere,  
Yea peereleſſe too, had reaſon purchaſt place,  
And God with gifts endow'd me largely heere.  
But what auails his gifts where failes his grace?  
My mothers ſire ſprung of a kingly race,  
And call'd waſ *Edmund Duke of Sommerſet*,  
Bereft of life ere time by nature ſet.

Whoſe faithfull heart to *Henric ſixt* ſo wrought  
That he him nere in weale, or woe forſooke,  
Till laſtly he at Tewkesbury field was cought  
Where with an axe his violent death he tooke:  
He neuer could King *Edwards* partie brooke,  
Till by his death he voucht that quarrell good,  
In which his Sire, and Grand-fire ſpilt their blood.



And such was erst my fathers cruell chance,  
 Of Stafford Earle by name that *Hunfrey* hight  
 Who euer prest did *Henries* part aduance,  
 And neuer ceast till at Saint Albones fight  
 He lost his life, as then did many a Knight:  
 Where eke my Grandfire, Duke of Buckingham  
 Was wounded fore, and hardly scapt vntane.

But what may boote to stay the Sisters three,  
 When *Atropos* perforce will cut the thred?  
 The dolefull day was come when you might see  
 Northampton field with armed men orebred,  
 Where fate would algates haue my Grandfire dead:  
 So rushing forth amidst the fiercest fight,  
 He liu'd, and di'd there in his Masters right.

In place of whom as it befell my lot,  
 Like on a stage, so stept I in straightway,  
 Enioying there but wofully God wot,  
 As he that had a slender part to play:  
 To teach thereby, in earth no state may stay,  
 But as our parts abridge, or length our age,  
 So passe we all while others fill the stage.

For of my selfe the dreerie fate to plaine,  
 I was sometime a Prince withouten peere,  
 When *Edward* first began his rusfull raigne,  
 Ay me, then I began that hatefull yeare,  
 To compasse that which I haue bought so deare:  
 I bare the swinge, I and that wretched wight,  
 The Duke of Glocester that *Richard* hight.

For when the fates had rest that Roiall Prince  
*Edward* the fourth, chiefe mirrour of that name,  
 The Duke, and I fast ioined euer since,  
 In faithfull loue, our secret driftes to frame:  
 What he thought best, to me so seem'd the same,  
 My selfe not bent so much for to aspire,  
 As to fulfill that greedy Dukes desire.

VVhose

Whose restless minde sore thirsting after rule,  
When that he saw his nephewes both to bin  
Through tender yeares as yet vnfit to rule,  
And rather ruled by their Mothers kin,  
There sought he first his mischiefe to begin,  
To pluck from them their Mothers friends assinde,  
For well he wist they would withstand his minde.

To follow which he ran so headlong swift,  
With eagre thirst of his desired draught,  
To seeke their deaths that sought to dash his drift,  
Of whom the chiefe the Queenes allies he thought,  
That bent thereto with mounts of mischiefe fraught,  
He knew their liues would be so sore his let,  
That in their deaths his onely help he set.

And I most cursed caitiffe that I was,  
Seeing the state vnstedfast how it stood,  
His chiefe complice to bring the same to passe,  
Vnhappie wretch consented to their blood:  
Yee Kings, and Peeres that swim in worldly good,  
In seeking bloud the end aduert you plaine,  
And see if bloud ay aske not bloud againe.

Consider *Cyrus* in your cruell thought,  
A matchlesse Prince in riches, and in might,  
And weigh in minde the bloody deedes he wrought,  
In sheading which he set his whole delight:  
But see the guerdon lotted to this wight,  
He whose huge power no man might ouerthrow,  
*Tamiris* Queene with great despite hath flow.

His head dismembred from his mangled corps,  
Her selfe she cast into a vessell fraught  
VVith clottered bloud of them that felt her force.  
And with these words a iust reward she taught:  
*Drinke now thy fill of thy desired draught.*  
Loe marke the fine that did this Prince befall:  
Marke not this one, but marke the end of all.

Behold *Cambises*, and his fatall day,  
 Where murders mischiefe mirrour like is left :  
 While he his brother *Mergus* cast to slay,  
 A dreadfull thing, his wits were him bereft.  
 A sword he caught, wherewith he pierced eft  
 His bodie gor'd, which he of life benoomes :  
 So iust is God in all his dreadfull doomes.

O bloodie *Brutus* rightly didst thou rue,  
 And thou O *Cassius*, iustly came thy fall,  
 That with the sword wherewith thou *Cesar* slue  
 Murdredst thy selfe, and rest thy life withall.  
 A Mirrour let him be vnto you all  
 That murdrers be, of murder to your meed :  
 For murder cries out vengeance on your seed.

Loe *Beffus* he that arm'd with murdrers knife,  
 And traytrours heart, against his royall King,  
 With bloodie hands bereft his masters life,  
 Aduert the fine his foule offence did bring :  
 And lothing murder as most lothly thing,  
 Behold in him the iust deserued fall,  
 That euer hath, and shall betide them all.

What booted him his false vsurped raigne ?  
 Whereto by murder he did so ascend,  
 When like a wretch led in an iron chaine,  
 He was presented by his chiefeft friend,  
 Vnto the foes of him whom he had slaine :  
 That euen they should auenge so foule a gilt,  
 That rather sought to haue his blood yspilt.

Take heed ye Princes and ye Prelats all  
 Of this outrage, which though it sleepe a while  
 And not disclos'd, as it doth feld befall,  
 Yet God that suffereth silence to beguile  
 Such guilts, wherewith both earth and aire ye file,  
 At last descries them to your foule disgrace,  
 You see th' examples set before your face.

And



And deeply graue within your stony harts,  
The dreerie dole that mightie *Macedo*,  
With tears vnfolded wrapt in deadly smart,  
VVhen he the death of *Clitus* sorowed so,  
VVhomerft he murdred with the deadly blow  
Raught in his rage vpon his friend so deare,  
For which behold loe how his pangs appeare.

The launced speare he writhes out of the wound,  
From which the purple blood spins in his face :  
His heinous guilt when he returned found,  
He throwes himselfe vpon the corps alas,  
And in his armes how oft doth he imbrace  
His murdred friend? and kissing him in vaine,  
Forth flow the flouds of salt repentant raine.

His friends amaz'd at such a murder done,  
In fearefull flocks begin to shrink away :  
And he therat with heapes of griefe fordone,  
Hateth himselfe, wishing his latter day.  
Now he likewise perceiued in like stay,  
As is the wilde beast in the desert bred,  
Both dreading others and him selfe adred :

He calles for death, and loathing longer life,  
Bent to his bane, refuseth kindly food :  
And plung'd in depth of death and dolours strife,  
Had queld himselfe, had not his friends withstood.  
Loe he that thus hath shed the guiltlesse blood,  
Though he were King and Kesar ouer all,  
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withall.

This Prince whose Peere was neuer vnder sunne,  
Whose glistening fame the earth did ouerglide,  
Which with his power welny the world had wonne,  
His bloody hands himselfe could not abide,  
But folly bent with famine to haue dide :  
The worthy Prince deemed in his regard,  
That death for death could be but iust reward.

Yet we that were so drowned in the depth  
 Of deepe desire, to drinke the guiltlesse bloud,  
 Like to the Wolfe, with greedy lookes that lepth  
 Into the snare, to feed on deadly food :  
 So we delighted in the state we stood,  
     Blinded so far in all our blinded traine,  
     That blind we saw not our destruction plaine.

We spared none whose life could ought forlet  
 Our wicked purpose to his passe to come.  
 Foure worthy Knights we headed at Pomfret,  
 Guiltlesse (God wot) withouten law or dome.  
 My heart euen bleedes to tell you all and some,  
     And how Lord *Hastings* when he feared least,  
     Dispiteously was murdred and opprest.

These rocks vpraught, that threatned most our wreck,  
 We seemd to saile much surer in the streame :  
 And Fortune faring as she were at becke  
 Laid in our lap the rule of all the Realme.  
 The Nephues straight deposde were by the Eame.  
     And we aduansd to that we bought full deere,  
     He crowned King, and I his chiefeest Peere.

Thus hauing won our long desired pray,  
 To make him King that he might make me chiefe,  
 Downe throw we straight his silly Nephues tway,  
 From Princes pompe, to wofull prisoners life :  
 In hope that now stint was all further strife.  
     Sith he was King, and I chiefe stroke did beare,  
     Who ioied but we, yet who more cause to feare?

The guiltles bloud which we vniustly shed,  
 The roiall babes deuested from their throne,  
 And we like traytours raigning in their stead,  
 These heauy burdens passed vs vpon,  
 Tormenting vs so by our selues alone,  
     Much like the felon that pursu'd by night,  
     Starts at ech bush, as his foe were in fight.

Now

## Duke of Buckingham.

439

Now doubting state, now dreading losse of life,  
In feare of wrack at euery blast of winde,  
Now start in dreames through dread of murders knife,  
As though euen then reuengement were assinde,  
With restless thought so is the guilty minde  
Turmoild, and neuer feeleth ease or stay,  
But liues in feare of that which followes aye.

Well gaue that Iudge his doome vpon the death  
Of *Titus Celius* that in bed was slaine :  
When euery wight the cruell murder laieth  
To his two sonnes that in his chamber laine,  
The Iudge, that by the prooffe perceiueth plaine,  
That they were found fast sleeping in their bed,  
Hath deemd them guiltles of this bloud yshed.

He thought it could not be, that they which brake  
The lawes of God and man in such outrage,  
Could so forth with themselues to sleepe betake :  
He rather thought the horror and the rage  
Of such an heinous guilt could neuer swage,  
Nor neuer suffer them to sleepe or rest,  
Or dreadles breath one breth out of their brest.

So gnawes the griefe of conscience euermore,  
And in the heart it is so deepe ygraue,  
That they may neither sleepe nor rest therefore,  
Ne thinke one thought but on the dread they haue.  
Still to the death foretossed with the waue  
Of restless woe, in terrour and despeare,  
They lead a life continually in feare.

Like to the Deere that stricken with the dart,  
Withdrawes himselfe into some secret place,  
And feeling greene the wound about his hart,  
Startles with pangs till he fall on the grasse,  
And in great feare lies gasping there a space,  
Forth braying sighes, as though ech pang had brought  
The present death, which he doth dread so oft :



So we deepe wounded with the bloodie thought,  
 And gnawing worme that grieu'd our conscience so,  
 Neuer tooke ease, but as our heart out brought  
 The stayned sighes in witnes of our woe,  
 Such restless cares our fault did well beknow:  
     Wherewith of our deserued fall the feares  
     In euery place rang death within our cares.

And as ill graine is neuer well kept,  
 So fared it by vs within a while:  
 That which so long with such vnrest we reapt,  
 In dread and danger by all wit and wile,  
 Loe see the fine, when once it felt the whele  
     Of slipper Fortune, stay it might no stowne,  
     The whele whurles vp, but fraight it whurleth downe.

For hauing rule and riches in our hand,  
 Who durst gaine say the thing that we auer'd?  
 Will was wisdom, our lust for law did stand,  
 In sort so strange, that who was not afeard,  
 When he the sound but of King *Richard* heard?  
     So hatefull waxt the hearing of his name,  
     That you may deeme the residue of the same.

But what auail'd the terrour and the feare,  
 Wherewith he kept his lieges vnder awe?  
 It rather wan him hatred euery where,  
 And fained faces forc'd by feare of law:  
 That but while Fortune doth with fauour blaw,  
     Flatter through feare: for in their heart lurkes aye  
     A secret hate that hopeth for a day.

Recordeth *Dionysius* the King,  
 That with his rigour so his Realme opprest,  
 As that he thought by cruell feare to bring  
 His subiects vnder, as him liked best:  
 But loe the dread wherewith him selfe was strest,  
     And you shall see the fine of forced feare,  
     Most Mirrour like in this proud Prince appeare.

All were his head with crowne of gold yspread,  
And in his hand the royall scepter set,  
And he with princely purple richly clad;  
Yet was his heart with wretched cares orefret,  
And inwardly with deadly feare beset,  
Of those whom he by rigour kept in awe,  
And fore opprest with might of tyrants law.

Against whose feare, no heapes of gold and glie,  
No strength of guard, nor all his hired powre,  
Ne proud high towres that preased to the skie,  
His cruell heart of safetie could assure:  
But dreading them whom he should deeme most sure,  
Himselfe his beard with burning brand would feare,  
Of death deseru'd so vexed him the feare.

This might suffice to represent the fine  
Of tyrants force, their feares, and their vnrest:  
But heare this one, although my heart repine  
To let the sound once sinke within my brest:  
Of fell *Phereus* that aboute the rest,  
Such crueltie vpon his people wrought,  
As (oh alas) I tremble with the thought.

Some he encased in the coats of Beares,  
Among wilde beasts deuoured so to be:  
And some for prey vnto the hunters speares,  
Like sauage beasts withouten ruth to die.  
Sometime t'encrease his horrid crueltie,  
The quicke with face to face engraued hee,  
Each others death that each might living see.

Loe what more cruell horror might be found,  
To purchase feare, if feare could stay his raigne?  
It booted not, it rather strake the wound:  
Of feare in him to feare the like againe.  
And so he did full oft, and not in vaine,  
As in his life his cares could witnesse well,  
But most of all his wretched end doth tell.

His owne deare wife whom as his life he loued,  
 He durst not trust, nor proch vnto her bed,  
 But causing first his slaue with naked sword  
 To go before, himselfe with trembling dread  
 Straight followeth fast, and whurling in his head  
 His rolling eyne, he searched heere and there  
 The danger deepe that he so fore did feare.

For not in vaine it ran still in his brest,  
 Some wretched hap should hale him to his end.  
 And therefore alway by his pillow prest  
 Had he a sword, and with that sword he wend,  
 In vaine (God wot) all perils to defend.  
 For loe his wife foreirking of his raigne,  
 Sleeping in bed this cruell wretch hath flaine.

What should I more now seeke to say in this,  
 Or one iot further linger forth my tale?  
 With cruell *Nero*, or with *Phalaris*,  
*Caligula*, *Domitian*, and all  
 The cruell rout? or of their wretched fall?  
 I can no more, but in my name aduert  
 All earthly powres beware of tyrants heart.

And as our state endured but a throw,  
 So, best in vs the stay of such a state  
 May best appeare to hang on ouerthrow,  
 And better teach tyrants deserued hate,  
 Then any tyrants death tofore or late.  
 So cruell seem'd this *Richard* third to me,  
 That loe my selfe now loth'd his crueltie.

For when alas, I saw the tyrant King  
 Content not only from his nephewes twaine  
 To riue worlds blisse, but also all worlds being,  
 Sauns earthly guilt ycausing both be flaine,  
 My heart agriued that such a wretch should raigne,  
 Whose bloodie breast so sauag'd out of kind,  
 That *Phalaris* had nere so foule a mind,



Nay could I brooke him once within my brest,  
But with the thought my teeth would gnash withall:  
For though I erst were his by sworne behest,  
Yet when I saw mischiefe on mischiefe fall,  
So deepe in blood, to murder Prince and all,  
Aye then thought I, alas, and welaway,  
And to my selfe thus mourning would I say:

If neither loue, kindred, nay knot of blood,  
His owne allegiance to his Prince of due,  
Nor yet the state of trust wherein he stood,  
The worlds defame, nor nought could forme him true,  
Those guiltlesse babes, could they not make him rue?  
Nor could their youth, nor innocence withall  
Moue him from reauing them their life and all?

Alas it could not moue him any iot,  
Nay make him once to rue or wet his eye,  
Stir'd him no more then that that stirreth not:  
But as the rocke or stone that will not plie,  
So was his heart made hard with crueltie,  
To murder them: alas I weepe in thought,  
To thinke on that which this fell wretch hath wrought.

That now when he had done the thing he sought,  
And as he would, complisht and compast all,  
And saw and knew the treason he had wrought  
To God and man, to slay his Prince and all,  
Then seem'd he first to doubt and dread vs all,  
And me in chiefe, whose death all meanes he might,  
He sought to worke by malice and by might.

Such heapes of harmes vpharbar'd in his brest,  
With enuious heart my honor to deface,  
And knowing he that I which wotted best  
His wretched drifts, and all his wretched case,  
If euer sprang within me sparke of grace,  
Must needs abhorre him and his hatefull race:  
Now more and more gan cast me out of grace.

Which

Which sudden change when I by secret chance  
 Had well perceiu'd, by prooffe of enuious frowne,  
 And saw the lot that did me to aduance  
 Him to a King that sought to cast me downe,  
 Too late it was to linger any stowne :  
     Sith present choice lay cast before mine eye,  
     To worke his death, or I my selfe to die.

And as the Knight in field among his foes,  
 Beset with swords, must slay or there be slaine :  
 So I alas lapt in a thousand woes,  
 Beholding death on euery side so plaine,  
 I rather chose by some sly secret traine  
     To worke his death, and I to liue therby,  
     Then he to liue, and I of force to dye.

Which heauy choice so hastened me to chose,  
 That I in part agrieu'd at his disdaine,  
 In part to wreake the dolefull death of those  
 Two tender babes, his silly nephewes twaine,  
 By him, alas, commanded to be slaine,  
     With painted cheere humbly before his face,  
     Straight tooke my leaue, and rode to Brecknocke place.

And there as close and couert as I might,  
 My purposde practise to his passe to bring,  
 In secret drifts I lingred day and night,  
 All how I might depose this cruell King,  
 That seemd to all so much desirde a thing,  
     As therto trusting I emprisde the same :  
     But too much trusting brought me to my bane.

For while I now had Fortune at my becke,  
 Mistrusting I no earth'y thing at all,  
 Vnwares alas, least looking for a checke,  
 She mated me in turning of a ball :  
 When least I feard, then neereft was my fall,  
     And when whole Hosts were prest to stroy my sone,  
     She changed her cheare, and left me post alone.

I had vprais'd a mightie band of men,  
And marched forth in order of array,  
Leading my power amid the Forrest Dene,  
Against the tyrant banner to display:  
But loe my souldiers basely shranke away.  
For such is Fortune when she list to frowne,  
Who seemes most sure, him soonest whurles she downe.

O let no Prince put trust in Commontie,  
Nor hope in faith of giddie peoples mind,  
But let all noble men take heed by me,  
That by the prooffe too well the paine do find:  
Loe, where is truth or trust? or what could bind  
The vaine people, but they will swerue and sway,  
As chance brings change, to driue and draw that way.

Rome, thou that once aduanced vp so hie,  
Thy stay, Patron, and flowre of excellence,  
Hast now throwne him to depth of miserie,  
Exiled him that was thy whole defence,  
Nay count'st it not an horrible offence,  
To reuen him of honor and of fame,  
That wan it thee when thou hadst lost the same.

Behold *Camillus*, he that erst reuiued  
The state of Rome, that dying he did find,  
Of his owne state is now alas depriued,  
Banisht by them whom he did thus debt-bind:  
That cruell folke, vnthankfull and vnkind,  
Declared well their false vnconstancie,  
And Fortune eke her mutabilitie.

And thou *Scipio*, a Mirrour maist thou be  
To all nobles, that they learne not too late,  
How they once trust th'vnstable Commontie.  
Thou that recur'd the torne dismembred state,  
Euen when the Conquerour was at the gate,  
Art now exil'd, as though thou not deserued  
To rest in her, whom thou hadst so preserved.

Ingratefull



Ingratefull Rome hast shew'd thy crueltie  
 On him, by whom thou liuest yet in fame,  
 But not thy deed, nor his desert shall die,  
 But his owne words shall witnesse aye the same:  
 For loe his graue doth thee most iustly blame.  
 And with disdaine in marble saies to thee:  
 Vnkind countrey, my bones shalt thou not see.

What more vnworthie then this his exile?  
 More iust then this the wofull plaint he wrote?  
 Or who could shew a plainer prooffe the while,  
 Of most false faith, then they that thus forgot  
 His great deserts? that so deserued not.  
 His cinders yet loe, doth he them denie,  
 That him deni'd amongst them for to die.

*Milciades*, ô happie hadst thou ben,  
 And well rewarded of thy countrey men,  
 If in the field when thou hadst forst to flie,  
 By thy prowesse, three hundred thousand men,  
 Content they had been to exile thee then:  
 And not cast thee in depth of prison so,  
 Laden with gyues, to end thy life in wo.

Alas how hard and steellie hearts had they,  
 That not contented therè to haue thee die,  
 With settred gyues in prison where thou lay,  
 Increast so far in hatefull crueltie,  
 That buriall to thy corps, they eke denie:  
 Ne will they grant the same till thy sonne haue  
 Put on thy gyues, to purchase thee a graue.

Loe *Hannibal* as long as fixed fate,  
 And brittle Fortune had ordained so:  
 Who euermore aduanst his countrey state  
 Then thou that liu'dst for her and for no mo?  
 But when the stormie waues began to grow,  
 Without respect of thy deserts erewhile,  
 Art by thy countrey throwne into exile,

Vnfriendly

Vnfriendly Fortune shall I thee now blame?  
Or shall I fault the fates that so ordaine?  
Or art thou *loue* the causer of the same?  
Or crueltie her selfe doth she constrain?  
Or on whom else alas shall I complaine?  
O trustlesse world I can accusen none,  
But fickle faith of Commontie alone.

The *Polypus* nor the *Cameleon* strange,  
That turne themselues to euery hue they see,  
Are not so full of vaine and fickle change,  
As is this false vnstedfast Commontie,  
Loe I alas with mine aduersitie  
Haue tri'd it true, for they are fled and gone,  
And of an host there is not left me one.

That I alas in this calamitie  
Alone was left, and to my selfe might plaine  
This treason, and this wretched cowardie,  
And eke with teares beweepeen and complaine  
My hatefull hap, still looking to be flaine:  
Wandering in woe, and to the heauens on hie  
Cleaping for vengeance of this treacherie.

And as the Turtle that hath lust her mate,  
Whom griping sorow doth so sore attaint,  
With dolefull voice and sound that she doth make,  
Mourning her losse, fillles all the groue with plaint:  
So I alas forsaken, and forfaint,  
With restless foot the wood roame vp and downe,  
Which of my dole all shiuering doth resowne.

And being thus alone, and all forsake,  
Amid the thicke, forwandred in despair,  
As one dismaid, nay wist what way to take,  
Vntill at last gan to my mind repaire,  
A man of mine cal'd *Humphrey Banastaire*:  
Wherewith me feeling much recomforted,  
In hope of succour to his house I fled,

Who

Who being one whom erst I had vp brought  
 Euen from his youth, and lou'd and liked best,  
 To gentrie state aduancing him from nought,  
 And had in secret trust about the rest,  
 Of speciall trust now being thus distrest,  
 Full secretly to him I me conuei'd,  
 Not doubting there but I should find some aide.

But out alas on cruell treacherie,  
 When that this caytife once an inkling heard,  
 How that King *Richard* had proclaim'd, that he  
 Which me delcrid should haue for his reward  
 A thousand pounds, and farther be prefer'd,  
 His truth so turn'd to treason, all distain'd,  
 That faith quite fled, and I by trust was train'd.

For by this wretch I being straight betrayed,  
 To one *John Mutton*, Sheriffe of Shropshire then,  
 All suddenly was taken, and conuayed  
 To Salisbury, with rout of harnest men,  
 Vnto King *Richard* there encamped then,  
 Fast by the Citie with a mightie host:  
 Withouten doome where head and life I lost.

And with these words, as if the axe euen there  
 Dismembred had his head and corps apart,  
 Dead fell he downe: and we in wofull feare  
 Stood mazed when he would to life reuert:  
 But deadly griefes still grew about his heart,  
 That still he lay, sometime reui'd with paine,  
 And with a sigh becomming dead againe.

Midnight was come, when euery viall thing  
 With sweet sound sleepe their wearie limbes did rest,  
 The beasts were still, the little birds that sing,  
 Now sweetly slept, besides their mothers breast:  
 The old and all were shrowded in their nest,  
 The waters calme, the cruell seas did cease,  
 The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.

The



## Duke of Buckingham.

449

The golden stars were whirld amid their race,  
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,  
When each thing nestled in his resting place,  
Forgot daies paine with pleasure of the night:  
The Hare had not the greedy Hounds in fight,  
The fearfull Deere, of death stood not in doubt,  
The Partridge drept not of the Falcons foote.

The vgly Beare now minded not the stake,  
Nor how the cruell mastiues doe him teare,  
The Stag lay still vnroused from the brake,  
The fomy Boare feared not the hunters speare:  
All things were still in desert, bush and breare.  
With quiet heart now from their trauailes ceast,  
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

When *Buckingham* amid his plaint opprest,  
With surging sorrowes and with pinching paines  
In sort thus fown'd, and with a sigh he ceast,  
To tellen forth the trechery and the traines  
Of *Banastaire*, which him so sore distraines,  
That from a sigh he falls into a sounde,  
And from a sound li'th raging on the ground.

So twiching were the pangs that he assaid,  
And he so sore with ruthfull rage distraught,  
To thinke vpon the wretch that him betraid,  
Whom erst he made a gentleman of naught,  
That more and more agriued with this thought,  
He stormes out fighes, and with redoubled fore,  
Struck with the furies, rageth more and more.

Whoso hath seene the Bull chased with darts,  
And with deepe wounds foregald and gored so,  
Till he oppressed with the deadly smartes,  
Fall in a rage, and run vpon his foe:  
Let him I say behold the raging woe  
Of *Buckingham*, that in these gripes of griefe,  
Rageth gainst him that hath betraid his life.

H h

With

With bloud red eie he stareth here and there,  
 Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as clout :  
 When loe my lims were trembling all for feare,  
 And I amazde stood still in dread and doubt,  
 While I mought see him throw his armes about :  
 And gainst the ground himselfe plunge with such force,  
 As if the life forthwith should leaue the corps.

With smoke of sighs sometime I might behold  
 The place all dimd, like to the morning mist :  
 And straight againe the teares how they down rold  
 Alongst his cheekes, as if the riuers hift :  
 Whose flowing streames ne were no sooner whist,  
 But to the stars such dreadfull shouts he sent,  
 As if the throne of mighty *Ioue* should rent.

And I the while with sprits welny bereft,  
 Beheld the plight and pangs that did him straine,  
 And how the bloud his deadly colour left,  
 And straight returnd with flaming red againe :  
 When suddenly amid his raging paine  
 He gaue a sigh, and with that sigh hee said,  
 Oh *Banastaire*, and fraight againe he staid.

Dead lay his corps, as dead as any stone,  
 Till swelling sighs storming within his breast  
 Vpraisd his head, that downward fell anon,  
 With lookes vpcast, and sighs that neuer ceast :  
 Forth streamd the teares records of his vnrest,  
 When he with shrikes thus groueling on the ground,  
 Ybraied these words with shrill and dolefull sound:

Heauen and earth, and ye eternall lamps,  
 That in the heauens wrapt, will vs to rest,  
 Thou bright *Phæbe*, that clearest the nights dampes,  
 Witnesse the plaints that in these pangs opprest,  
 I wofull wretch vnlade out of my breast.  
 And let me yeeld my last words ere I part,  
 You, you, I call to record of my smart.

And

And thou *Alecto* feede mee with thy food,  
Let fall thy serpents from thy shaky heare,  
For such reliefe well fits mee in this mood,  
To feede my plaint with horreur and with feare,  
While rage afresh thy venoind worme areare:  
And thou *Sibylla* when thou seeest mee faint,  
Addresse thy selfe the guide of my complaint.

And thou O *Ioue*, that with the deepe fordoome  
Dost rule the earth, and raigne aboue the skies,  
That wreakest wrongs, and giu'st the dreadful doome  
Against the wretch that doth thy name despise,  
Receiue these words, and wreake them in such wise,  
As heauen and earth may witnesse and behold,  
Thy heapes of wrath vpon this wretch vnfold.

Thou *Banastaire*, gainst thee I clepe and call  
Vnto the Gods, that they iust vengeance take  
On thee, thy bloud, thy stained stocke and all.  
O *Ioue* to thee aboue the rest I make  
My humble plaint, guide me, that what I speake,  
May be thy will vpon this wretch to fall,  
On thee *Banastaire*, wretch of wretches all.

O would to God the cruell, dismal day,  
That gaue me light first to behold thy face,  
With foule eclipse had rest my sight away:  
Th'vnhappy hower, the time, and eke the day,  
The Sunne and Moone, the Stars, and all that was  
In their aspects helping in ought to thee,  
The earth and aire, and all accursed be.

And thou caitiffe, that like a monster swarued  
From kind and kindnes, hast thy master lorne,  
Whom neither trueth, nor trust wherein thou serued,  
Ne his deserts could moue, nor thy faith sworne,  
How shall I curse, but wish that thou vnborne  
Had beene, or that the earth had rent in tway,  
And swallowed thee in cradle as thou laie.



To this did I euen from thy tender youth  
 Vouchsafe to bring thee vp? did I herefore  
 Belecue the oth of thy vndoubted truth?  
 Aduance thee vp, and trust thee euermore?  
 By trusting thee that I should die therfore?  
 O wretch, and worse then wretch, what shall I say?  
 But clepe and curse gainst thee and thine for aye.

Hated be thou, disdained of euery wight,  
 And pointed at where euer that thou goe:  
 A traiterous wretch, vnworthy of the light  
 Be thou esteemd: and to encrease thy woe,  
 The sound be hatefull of thy name also:  
 And in this sort with shame and sharp reproch,  
 Lead thou thy life, till greater griefe approach.

Dole and despaire, let those be thy delight,  
 Wrapped in woes that cannot be vnfold,  
 To waile the day, and weepe the weary night,  
 With rainy eie and fighes cannot be told,  
 And let no wight thy woe seeke to withhold:  
 But count thee worthy (wretch) of sorowes store,  
 That suffering much, oughtst still to suffer more.

Deserue thou death, yea be thou deemd to die  
 A shamefull death, to end thy shamefull life,  
 A sight longed for, ioifull to euery eye,  
 When thou shalt be arraigned as a theefe,  
 Standing at bar, and pleading for thy life,  
 With trembling tongue in dread and dolours rage,  
 Lade with white lockes, and fourscore yeares of age.

Yet shall not death deliuer thee so soone  
 Out of thy woes, so happy shalt not be:  
 But to th' eternall *Ioue* this is my boone,  
 That thou maist liue thine eldest sonne to see  
 Rest of his wits, and in a foule Bores sty  
 To end his daies, in rage and death distrest,  
 A worthy tombe where one of thine should rest.

Yet after this yet pray I more, thou may  
Thy second sonne see drowned in a dike,  
And in such sort to close his latter day,  
As heard or scene erst hath not been the like:  
Ystrangled in a puddle not so deepe  
As halfe a foot, that such hard losse of life,  
So cruelly chanst, may be the greater grieve.

And not yet shall thy dolefull sorrowes cease,  
*Ioue* shall not so withhold his wrath from thee,  
But that thy plagues may more and more encrease,  
Thou shalt still liue, that thou thy selfe maist see  
Thy daughter stricken with the leprosie:  
That she that erst was all thy whole delight,  
Thou now maist loath to haue her come in sight.

And after that, let shame and sorrowes grieve  
Feed forth thy yeares continually in woe,  
That thou maist liue in death, and die in life,  
And in this sort forwaild and wearied so,  
At last thy ghost to part thy bodie fro:  
This pray I *Ioue*, and with this latter breath,  
Vengeance I aske vpon my cruell death.

This said, he flung his retchlesse armes abroad,  
And groueling flat vpon the ground he lay,  
Which with his teeth he all to gnasht and gnaw'd:  
Deepe grones he fet, as he that would away.  
But loe in vaine he did the death assay,  
Although I thinke was neuer man that knew  
Such deadly paines, where death did not ensue.

So stroue he thus a while as with the death,  
Now pale as lead, and cold as any stone,  
Now still as calme, now storming forth a breath  
Of smokie sighes, as breath and all were gone.  
But euery thing hath end: so he anon  
Came to himselfe, when with a sigh outbrayed,  
With woefull cheere, these woefull words he said.

Ah where am I, what thing, or whence is this?

Who rest my wits? or how do I thus lie?

My limbes do quake, my thought agast is.

Why sigh I so? or whereunto do I,

Thus groule on the ground? and by and by

Vprais'd he stood, and with a sigh hath stai'd,

When to himselfe returned, thus he said:

Sufficeth now this plaint and this regrete,

Whereof my heart his bottome hath vnfraught:

And of my death let Peeres and Princes wete

The worlds vntrust, that they thereby be taught.

And in her wealth, sith that such change is wrought,

Hope not too much, but in the mids of all

Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

So long as Fortune would permit the same,

I liu'd in rule and riches with the best:

And past my time in honor and in fame,

That of mishap no feare was in my breast:

But false Fortune whom I suspected least,

Did turne the wheele, and with a dolefull fall

Hath me bereft of honor, life, and all.

Loe what auailles in riches fouds that flowes?

Though she so smil'd, as all the world were his.

Euen Kings and Kefars bidden Fortunes throwes,

And simple fort must beare it as it is.

Take heed by me that blith'd in balefull blisse:

My rule, my riches, royall blood and all,

When Fortune frown'd the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps that happens vnto such,

Whose wretched state erst neuer fell no change,

Agreeue them not in any part so much,

As their distresse to whom it is so strange,

That all their liues nay passed pleasures range:

Their sudden woe that aye weild wealth at will,

Al gates their hearts more piercingly must thrill.



For of my birth, my blood was of the best,  
 First borne an Earle, then Duke by due descent :  
 To swing the sway in Court among the rest,  
 Dame fortune me her rule most largely lent :  
 And kind with courage so my corps had blent,  
 That loe on whom but me did she most smile ?  
 And whom but me loe, did she most beguile ?

Now hast thou heard the whole of my vnhap,  
 My chance, my change, the cause of all my care :  
 In wealth and woe, how Fortune did me wrap,  
 With world at will, to win me to her snare.  
 Bid Kings, bid Kefars, bid all states beware,  
 And tell them this from me that tri'd it true :  
 Who recklesse rules, right soone may hap to rue.

FINIS.

T. Saxuill.

---

## HOW COLLINGBOVRNE WAS CRVELLY EXECVTED FOR making a Rime.

**B**Eware, take heed, take heed, I say, beware,  
 You Poets you, that purpose to rehearce  
 By any art what tyrants doings are.  
*Erynnis* rage is growne so fell and fearece,  
 That vitious acts may not be toucht in verse :  
 The *Muses* freedome, granted them of eld,  
 Is bar'd, she reasons treasons hie are held.

Be rough in rime, and then they say you raile,  
 As *Iuuenal* was, but that doth make no matter :  
 With *Jeremie* you shall be had to iaile,  
 Or forc'd with *Martial*, *Cesars* faults to flatter.  
 Clerkes must be taught to claw, and not to clatter :  
 Free *Helicon* and franke *Parnassus* hilles,  
 Are hellie haunts, and ranke pernicious illes.

H h 4

Touch

Touch couertly in termes, and then you taunt,  
 Though praised Poets alway did the like,  
 Controll vs not, else traytour vile auant,  
 What passe we what the learned do mislike?  
 Our sinnes we see, wherein to swarme we seeke.  
 We passe not what the people say or thinke:  
 Their shittle hate makes none but cowards shrinke.

We know (say they) the course of Fortunes wheele,  
 How constantly it whirleth still about,  
 Arrearing now, while elder headlong reele,  
 How all the riders alway hang in doubt.  
 But what for that? we count him but a lout  
 That stickes to mount, and basely like a beast  
 Liues temperatly, for feare of blockam feast.

Indeed we would of all be deemed gods  
 What ere we do: and therefore partly hate  
 Rude Preachers, that dare threaten plagues and rods,  
 And blase the blots whereby we stainc our state:  
 But nought we passe what any such do prate;  
 Of course and office they must say their pleasure,  
 And we of course must heare, and mend at leasure.

But when these pelting Poets in their rimes  
 Shall taunt, or iest, or paint our wicked workes,  
 And cause the people know and curse our crimes,  
 This vgly fault, no tyrant liues but irkes.  
 Wherefore we loath such taunters worse then Turkes,  
 Whose meaning is to make vs know our misse,  
 And so to mend: but they but dote in this.

We know our faults as well as any other,  
 We also doubt the dangers from them due:  
 Yet still we trust so right to rule the rother,  
 That scape we shall the scourges that ensue.  
 We thinke we know more shifts then other knew.  
 In vaine therefore for vs are counsels writ:  
 We know our faults, and will not mend a whit.

These are the feats of the vnhappie sort;  
That prease for honors, wealth, and pleasures vaine:  
Cease therefore *Baldvine*, cease I thee exhort,  
Withdraw thy pen, for nothing shalt thou gaine  
Saue hate, with losse of paper, inke, and paine.  
Few hate their faults, all hate of them to heare,  
And faultiest, from fault would seeme most cleare.

Th'intent I know is honest, plaine, and good,  
To warne the wise, to fray the fond from ill:  
But wicked worldlings are so witleffe wood;  
That to the worst they all things construe still:  
With rigour oft they recompence good will:  
They racke the words till time their sinewes burst;  
In dolefull senses straying still the worst.

A painfull prooffe taught me the truth of this,  
Through tyrants rage, and Fortunes cruell tourne:  
They mured me, for meetring things amisse.  
For wot'st thou what? I am that *Collingbourne*  
Which made the rime; whereof I may well mourne.  
The Cat, the Rat, and Louell our Dog,  
Do rule all England vnder a Hog.

Whereof the meaning was so plaine and true,  
That euery foole peceiued it at furst:  
Most liked it, for most that most things knew,  
In hugger mugger muttred what they durst.  
The tyrant Prince of most was held accurst,  
Both for his owne, and for his counsels faults,  
Of whom were three the naughtiest of all naughts.

*Catesby* was one, whom I did call a Cat,  
A craftie Lawyer, catching all he could.  
The second *Ratcliffe*, whom I nam'd a Rat,  
A cruell beast to gnaw on whom he should.  
Lord *Louell* barkt and bit whom *Richard* would,  
Whom I therefore did rightly tearme our Dog,  
Wherewith to rime I call'd the King a Hog.



Till he the Crowne had caught, he gaue the Bore,  
 In which estate would God he had deceased,  
 Then had the Realme not ruined so sore,  
 His nephewes raigne should not so soone haue ceased,  
 The noble blood had not been so decreased.

His Rat, his Cat, and Bloodhound had not noied  
 Such liegemen true, as after they destroyed.

Their lawlesse acts good subiects did lament,  
 And so did I, and therefore made the rimes,  
 To shew my wit how well I could inuent,  
 To warne withall the carelesse of their crimes.  
 I thought the freedome of the ancient times  
 Stood still in force : *Ridentem dicere verum*  
*Quis vetat?* Nay, nay. *Veritas est pessuma rerum.*

Belike no tyrants were in *Horace* daies,  
 And therefore Poets freely blamed vice,  
 Witnesse their *Satyrs* sharpe, and tragicke plaies,  
 With chiefeft Princes chiefly had in price.  
 They name no man, they mixe their gall with spice,  
 No more do I, I name no man outright,  
 But riddlewise, I meane them as I might.

When brute had brought this to their guiltie eares,  
 Whose right surnames were noted in the rime,  
 They all conspired like most greedie Beares,  
 To charge me straight with this most grieuous crime:  
 And damued me the gallow tree to clime,  
 And strangled then, in quarters to be cut,  
 Which should on high ore London gates be put.

This iudgement giuen so vehement and fore,  
 Made me exclaime against their tyranny :  
 Wherewith incenst, to make my paine the more,  
 They practised a shamefull villanie:  
 They cut me downe aliue, and cruellie  
 Ript vp my panch and bulke, to make me smart,  
 And lingred long ere they tooke out my hart.

Heere tyrant *Richard* plai'd the eager Hog,  
 His grashing tuskes my tender gristles shore:  
 His bloodhound *Lonell* plai'd the hungrie Dog,  
 His woluiſh teeth my guiltleſſe carkaffe tore:  
 His Rat and Cat did what they might, and more,  
     Cat *Cateſby* claw'd my guts to make me ſmart,  
     The Rat *Ratcliffe* gnawed me to the hart.

If Iewes had kill'd the iuſteſt King aliue,  
 If Turkes had burnt vp Churches, gods and all,  
 What greater paine could cruell hearts contriue,  
 Then that I ſuffered for this treſpaſſe ſmall?  
 I was no Prince nor Peere, but yet my fall  
     Is worthie to be thought vpon for this,  
     To ſee how cankard tyrants malice is.

To teach alſo all ſubiects to take heed  
 They meddle not with Magiſtrates affaires,  
 But pray to God to mend them if it need:  
 To warne alſo all Poets that be ſtrayers,  
 To keepe them cloſe in compaſſe of their chayers,  
     And when they touch that they would wiſh amended,  
     To ſauce them ſo, that few need be offended.

And ſo to mixe their ſharpe rebukes with mirth,  
 That they may pierce, not cauſing any paine,  
 Saue ſuch as followeth euery kindly birth,  
 Requited ſtraight with gladneſſe of the gaine.  
 A Poet muſt be pleaſant, not too plaine,  
     Faults to controule, ne yet to flatter vice,  
     But ſound and ſweet, in all things ware and wiſe.

The Greekes do paint a Poets office whole  
 In *Pegaſus*, their fained horſe with wings,  
 Whom ſhaped ſo *Meduſaes* blood did foale,  
 Who with his feet ſtrake out the *Muſes* ſprings,  
 From flintie rockes to *Helicon* that clings.  
     And then flue vp into the ſtarrie ſkie,  
     And there abides among the gods on hie.

For he that shall a perfect Poet be,  
 Must first be bred out of *Medusæ's* blood:  
 He must be chaste and vertuous as was she.  
 Who to her powre the Ocean God withstood,  
 To th'end also his doome be iust and good,  
 He must (as she) looke rightly with one eye  
 Truth to regard, and write nothing awrie.

In courage eke he must be like a horse,  
 He may not feare to register the right.  
 What though some frowne? thereof he may not force,  
 No bit nor reine his tender iawes may twight,  
 He must be armde with strength of wit and sprite,  
 To dash the rocks, darke causes and obscure,  
 Till he attaine the springs of truth most pure.

His hooues also must pliant be and strong,  
 To rieu the rocks of lust and errors blind,  
 In brainlesse heads, that alway wander wrong:  
 These must he bruse with reasons plaine and kind,  
 Till springs of grace doe gush out of the mind:  
 For till affections from the fond be driven,  
 In vaine is truth told, or good counsell giuen.

Like *Pegasus* a Poet must haue wings,  
 To flie to heauen, or where him liketh best:  
 He must haue knowledge of eternall things,  
 Almighty *Ioue* must harbour in his brest:  
 With worldly cares he may not be oppressd,  
 The wings of wit and skill must heaue him hier,  
 With great delight to satissie desier.

He must also be lusty, free, and swift,  
 To trauaile far, to view the trades of men,  
 Great knowledge oft is gotten by this shift:  
 Things that import he must be quicke to pen,  
 Reprouing vices sharply now and then.  
 He must be swift when touched tyrants chase,  
 To gallop thence, to keepe his carkas safe.



If I had well these qualities considered,  
 Especially that which I touched last,  
 With speedie flight my feet should haue deliuered  
 My feeble bodie from most boistrous blast,  
 They should haue caught me, ere I had bin cast.  
 But too much trusting to a tyrants grace,  
 I neuer shrunke, nor changed port or place.

I thought the Poets ancient liberties  
 For pleas had been allowed at the bar :  
 I had forgot how newfound tyrannies  
 With truth and freedome were at open war,  
 That lust was law, that might did make and mar,  
 That among tyrants t'is and euer was,  
*Sic volo, sic iubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.*

Where lust is law it booteth not to pleade,  
 No priuiledge nor liberties auaille.  
 But with the learn'd, whom law and wisdome leade,  
 Although through rashnesse Poets hap to raile,  
 A plea of dotage may all quarels quaille :  
 Their old licence their writings to expound,  
 Doth quit them cleare from faults by *Momus* found.

This freedome old ought not to be debar'd  
 From any wight that speaketh ought, or writeth :  
 The Authors meaning should of right be heard,  
 He knoweth best to what end he enditeth :  
 Words sometime beare more then the heart behiteth.  
 Admit therefore the Authors exposition,  
 If plaine, for truth : if forc'd, for his submission.

In case of slander, lawes require no more,  
 Saue to amend that seemed not well said :  
 Or to vnsway the slanders said afore,  
 And aske forgiuenesse for the hastie braid :  
 To Heretikes no greater paine is laid,  
 Then to recant their errors or retract :  
 And worse then these can be no writers act.

Yes

Yes (quoth the Cat) thy railing words be treason,  
And treason is far worse then heresie.

Then must it follow by this awkeward reason,  
That Kings be more then God in maiestie,  
And soules be lesse then bodies in degree.

For heretikes both soules and God offend,  
Traytours but seeke to bring mans life to end.

I speake not this t'abase the hainous fault,  
Of trayterous acts abhor'd by God and man,  
But to make plaine their iudgement to be naught,  
That heresie for lesser sinne do ban.

I curse them both as deepe as any can,  
And alway did : yet through my foolish rime,  
They stayned me with that most hatefull crime.

I neuer meant the King or Counsell harme,  
Vnlesse to wish them safetie were offence.  
Against their power I neuer lifted arme,  
Nor pen, nor tongue, for any ill pretence.  
The rime I made, though rude, was sound in sence,  
For they therein whom I so fondly named,  
So ruled all, that they were foule defamed.

This was no treason, but the very troth,  
They ruled all, none could deny the same :  
What was the cause then why they were so wroth?  
What, is it treason in a riming frame  
To clip, to stretch, to adde, or change a name?  
And this referu'd, there is no rime nor reason,  
That any craft can clout to seeme a treason.

For where I meant the King by name of Hog,  
I only alluded to his badge the Bore :  
To *Lowels* name I added more our Dog,  
Because most dogs haue borne that name of yore.  
These metaphors I vs'd with other more,  
As Cat, and Rat, the halfe names of the rest,  
To hide the sence that they so wrongly wrest.

I pray you now what treason find you heere?  
Enough: you rub'd the guiltie on the gaule,  
Both sense and names do note them very neere.  
I grant that was the chiefe cause of my faule,  
Yet can you find therein no treason at all:

There is no word against the Prince or State,  
No harme to them whom all the Realme did hate.

But sith the guiltie alwaies are suspicious  
And dread the ruine that must sue by reason,  
They cannot chuse but count their counsell vicious  
That note their faults, and therefore call it treason.  
All grace and goodnesse with the leaud is geason.  
This is the cause why they good things do wrest,  
Whereas the good take ill things to the best.

And therefore *Baldwine* boldly to the good  
Rebuke their fault, so shalt thou purchase thanks:  
As for the bad, thou shalt but moue their mood,  
Though pleasantly thou touch their naughty pranks.  
Warne Poets all, no wise to passe the bankes  
Of *Helicon*, but keepe within the bound:  
So shall their freedome to no harme redound.

---

THE WILFVLL FALL  
OF THE BLACK-SMITH, AND THE  
foolish end of the Lord *Awdeley*, in Iune,  
*Anno Dom. 1496.*



Ho is more bold then is the Bayard blind?  
Where is more craft then in the clouted shone?  
Who catch more harme then do the bold in mind?  
Where is more guile then where mistrust is none?  
No plaisters helpe before the grieve be knowne,  
So seemes by me who could no wisdome leare,  
Vntill such time I bought my wit too deare.

Who



Who being boystrous, stout, and brainlesse bold,  
 Puft vp with pride, with fire and furies fret,  
 Incenst with tales so rude and plainly told,  
 Wherein deceit with double knot was knit,  
 I trapped was as filly fish in net,  
     Who swift in swimming, carelesse of deceit,  
     Is caught in gin wherein is laid no bait.

Such force and vertue hath this dolefull plaint,  
 Set forth with fighes and teares of Crocodile,  
 Who seemes in fight as simple as a Saint,  
 Hath laid a baite the warelesse to beguile,  
 And as they weepe they worke deceit the while,  
     Whose rufull cheere the rulers so relent,  
     To worke in haste that they at last repent.

Take heed therefore yee Rulers of the Land,  
 Be blind in sight, and stop your other eare :  
 In sentence slow, till skill the truth hath scand,  
 In all your doomes both loue and hate forbear,  
 So shall your iudgement iust and right appeare.  
     It was a southfast sentence long agoe,  
     That hastie men shall neuer lacke much woe.

Is it not truth? *Baldwine* what saiest thou?  
 Say on thy mind : I pray thee muse no more :  
 Me thinke thou star'st and look'st I wot not how,  
 As though thou neuer saw'st a man before :  
 Belike thou muselt why I teach this lore,  
     Else what I am, that heere so boldie dare,  
     Among the prease of Princes to compare.

Though I be bold I pray thee blame not mee,  
 Like as men sow, such corne needs must they reape,  
 And nature planted so in each degree,  
 That Crabs like Crabs will kindly crawl and creepe :  
 The futtle Fox vnlike the filly sheepe.  
     It is according to my education,  
     Forward to prease in rout and congregation.

Behold

Behold my coate burnt with the sparkes of fire,  
My leather apron filld with horfe shoore nailes,  
Behold my hammer and my pinfers here,  
Behold my lookes, a marke that seldome failes:  
My cheekes declare I was not fed with quailles,  
My face, my cloathes, my tooles with all my fashion,  
Declare full well a Prince of rude creation.

A Prince I said, a Prince I say againe,  
Though not by birth, by crafty vsurpation.  
Who doubts but some men princehood do obtaine,  
By open force, and wrongfull domination?  
Yet while they rule are had in reputation.  
Euen so by me, the while I wrought my feate,  
I was a Prince, at least in my conceite.

I dare the bolder take on me the name,  
Because of him whom here I leade in hand,  
*Tychet Lord Awdley* one of birth and fame,  
Which with his strength and power seru'd in my band,  
I was a Prince while that I was so mand :  
His Butterfly still vnderneath my shield  
Displaied was, from Welles to Blackheath field.

But now behold he doth bewaile the same :  
Thus after wits their rashnes do deprauē.  
Behold dismaide he dare not speake for shame,  
He lookes like one that late came from the graue,  
Or one that came forth of *Trophonius* caue,  
For that in wit he had so litle pith,  
As he a Lord to serue a traytour Smith.

Such is the courage of the noble hart,  
Which doth despise the vile and baser sort,  
He may not touch that fauours of the cart,  
Him listeth not with each Iack lout to sport,  
He lets him passe for pairing of his port :  
The iolly Eagles catch not litle fies,  
The courtly filkes match seeld with homely fies.

But surely *Baldvine* if I were allow'd  
 To say the troth, I could somewhat declare:  
 But clerkes will say, this Smith doth waxe too proud,  
 Thus in precepts of wisdom to compare.  
 But Smiths must speake that Clerkes for feare ne dare.  
 It is a thing that all men may lament,  
 When Clerkes keepe close the truth lest they be shent.

The Hostler, Barbar, Miller and the Smith,  
 Heare of the sawes of such as wisdom ken,  
 And learne some wit, although they want the pith,  
 That Clerkes pretend: and yet both now and then,  
 The greatest Clerkes proue not the wisest men:  
 It is not right that men forbid should bee  
 To speake the truth, all were he bond or free.

And for because I vs'd to fret and some,  
 Not passing greatly whom I should displease,  
 I dare be bold a while to play the moine,  
 Out of my sacke some others faults to lease,  
 And let mine owne behind my backe to pease.  
 For he that hath his owne before his eie,  
 Shall not so quicke anothers fault espie.

I say was neuer no such wofull case,  
 As is when honor doth it selfe abuse:  
 The noble man that vertue doth embrace,  
 Represseth pride, and humblenes doth vse,  
 By wisdom workes, and rashnesse doth refuse.  
 His wanton will and lust that bridle can,  
 Indeed is gentle both to God and man.

But where the Nobles want both wit and grace,  
 Regard no rede, care not but for their lust,  
 Oppresse the poore, set will in reasons place,  
 And in their words and doomes be found vniust,  
 Wealth goeth to wracke till all lie in the dust:  
 There Fortune frownes, and spite begins to grow,  
 Till high, and low, and all be ouerthrow.

Then



Then sith that vertue hath so good reward,  
And after vice so duely waiteth shame,  
How hap'th that Princes haue no more regard,  
Their tender youth with vertue to inflame?  
For lacke whereof their wit and will is lame,  
Infect with folly, prone to lust and pride,  
Not knowing how themselves or theirs to guide.

Whereby it hapneth to the wanton wight,  
As to a ship vpon the stormie seas,  
Which lacking sterne to guide it selfe aright,  
From shore to shore the winde and tide to tease,  
Finding no place to rest or take his ease,  
Till at the last it sinke vpon the sand:  
So fare they all that haue no vertues scand.

The plowman first his land doth dresse and tourne,  
And makes it apt or ere the seed he sow,  
Whereby he is full like to reape good corne,  
Where otherwise no seed but weed would grow:  
By which ensample men may easely know,  
When youth haue wealth before they can well vse it,  
It is no wonder though they do abuse it.

How can he rule well in a commonwealth,  
Which knoweth not himselfe in rule to frame?  
How should he rule himselfe in ghostly health,  
Which neuer learn'd one lesson for the same?  
If such catch harme their parents are too blame:  
For needs must they be blind, and blindly led,  
Where no good lesson can be taught or read.

Some thinke their youth discreet and wisely taught,  
That brag, and boast, and weare their feather braue,  
Can roist and rout, both loure and looke aloft,  
Can sweare and stare, and call their fellowes knaue,  
Can pill and poll, and catch before they craue,  
Can card and dice, both cog and foist at fare,  
Play on ynthrifitie, till their purse be bare.

Some teach their youth to pipe, to sing and dance,  
 To hauke, to hunt, to choose and kill their game,  
 To wind their horne, and with their horse to prauce,  
 To play at tenis, set the lute in frame,  
 Run at the ring, and vse such other game :  
 Which feats although they be not all vnfit,  
 Yet cannot they the marke of vertue hit.

For noble youth, there is nothing so meete  
 As learning is, to know the good from ill :  
 To know the tongues and perfectly endite;  
 And of the lawes to haue a perfect skill,  
 Things to reforme as right and iustice will :  
 For honour is ordeined for no cause,  
 But to see right maintained by the lawes.

It spites my heart to heare when noble men  
 Cannot disclose their secrets to their frend;  
 In sauegard sure, with paper, inke, and pen,  
 But first they must a secretary find,  
 To whom they shew the bottome of their mind:  
 And be he false or true, a blab or close,  
 To him they must their counsaile needs disclose.

And where they rule that haue of law no skill,  
 There is no boote, they needes must seeke for ayd :  
 Then rul'd are they, and rule as others will,  
 As he that on a stage his part hath plaid :  
 But he was taught, nought hath he done or said.  
 Such youth therfore seek science of the sage,  
 As thinke to rule when that ye come to age.

Where youth is brought vp in feare and obedience,  
 Kept from ill company, bridled of their lust,  
 Do serue God duly and know their allegiance,  
 Learne godly weale which time nor age can rust :  
 There Prince, people, and Peers needes prosper must.  
 For happy are the folke, and blessed is that land,  
 Where truth and vertue both haue got the ouer hand.

I speake this *Baldvine* of this rufull Lord,  
Whom I perforce do heere present to thee,  
He faints so sore he may not speake a word:  
I pleade his cause without reward or fee,  
And am enforc'd to speake for him and mee:  
If in his youth he had been wisely taught,  
He should not now his wit so deare haue bought.

For what is he that hath but halfe a wit,  
But may well know that rebels cannot speed?  
Marke well my tale, and take good heed to it,  
Recount it well, and take it for good reed,  
Proue it vntrue I will not trust my creed:  
Was neuer rebell heretofore or since,  
That could or shall preuaile against his Prince.

For ere the subiect purpose to rebell,  
Within himselfe let him consider well,  
Foresee the danger, and beare in his braine,  
How hard it is his purpose to obtaine:  
For if he once be entred to the breares,  
He hath a raging wolfe fast by the eares.

And when he entred is to rule the rout,  
Although he would, he can no way get out:  
He may be sure none will to him resort,  
But such as are the vile and rascall sort:  
All honest men, as well the most as lest,  
To taste of treason vtterly detest.

Then let him waigh how long he can be sure,  
Where faith nor friendship may no while endure:  
He whom he trusteth most, to gaine a groate  
Will fall him from, and seeke to cut his throate:  
Among the knaues and slaues where vice is rooted,  
There is no other friendship to be looked.

With foolish men so falschood is in price,  
That faith is sinne, and vertue counted vice.  
And where the quarell is so vile and bad,



What hope of aid then is there to be had?  
 Thinkes he that men will run at this or that,  
 To do a thing they know not how or what?

Nor yet what danger may thereof betide,  
 VVhere wisdom would they should at home abide,  
 Rather then seeke, and know not what to find.  
 VVise men will first debate this in their mind:  
 Full sure they are if that they go to wrecke,  
 Without all grace they lose both head and necke.

They lose their lands and goods, their child and wife  
 VVith griefe and shame shall leade a wofull life:  
 If he be slaine in field he dieth accurst,  
 VVhich of all wreckes we should account the worst:  
 And he that dieth defending his liege Lord,  
 Is blest and blest againe by Gods owne word.

And where the souldiers wages is vnpaid,  
 There is the Captaine slenderly obey'd:  
 And where the souldier's out of feare and dread,  
 He will be lacke when that there is most need,  
 And priuately he seekes his ease and leasure,  
 And will be rul'd but at his will and pleasure.

And where some draw forth, other do draw backe,  
 There in the end must needs be woe and wracke:  
 To hope for aid of Lords it is but vaine,  
 Whose foretaught wit of treason knoweth the paine:  
 They know what powre a Prince hath in his hand,  
 And what it is with rebels for to stand.

They know by treason honor is defaced,  
 Their offspring and their progenie disgraced.  
 They know to praise is not so worthie a thing,  
 As to be true and faithfull to their King.  
 Aboue cognisance or armes, or pedigree a far,  
 An vnspotted coat is like a blasing star:

Therefore

Therefore the rebell is accurst and mad,  
That hopes for that which rebell neuer had :  
Who trusting still to tales doth hang in hope,  
Till at the last he hang fast by the rope.  
For though that tales be told that hope might feed,  
Such foolish hope hath still vnhappy speed.

Is is a custome neuer will be broken,  
In broiles the bag of lies is euer open :  
Such lying newes men daily will inuent,  
As can the hearers fancie best content :  
And as the newes do run and neuer cease,  
So more and more they daily do encrease.

And as they 'ncrease, they multiplie as fast,  
That ten is ten hundred, ten thousand at the last.  
And though the rebell had once got the field,  
Thinke he thereby to make his Prince to yeeld?  
A Princes power within his owne region,  
Is not so soone brought to confusion.

For Kings through God are strong and stoutly harted,  
That they of subiects will not be subuerted :  
If Kings would yeeld, yet God would them restraine,  
Of whom the Prince hath grace and power to raigne :  
Who straitly chargeth vs aboue all thing,  
That no man should resist against his King.

Who that resisteth his dread soueraigne Lord,  
Doth damne his soule, by Gods owne very word,  
A Christian subiect should with honor due,  
Obey his Soueraigne though he were a Iew :  
Whereby assur'd when subiects do rebell,  
Gods wrath is kindled, and threatneth fire and hell.

It is soone knowne when Gods fierce wrath is kindled,  
How they shall speed with whom he is offended :  
If God giue victorie to whom he liketh best,  
Why looke they for it whom God doth most detest?  
For treason is hatefull, and abhor'd in Gods sight,  
Example of *Judas* that most wicked wight:

Which is the chiefe cause no treason preuailes,  
 For ill must he speed whom Gods wrath assailes.  
 Let traytours and rebels looke to speed then,  
 VWhen Gods mightie power is subiect to men.  
 Much might be said that goeth more neere the pith,  
 But this sufficeth for a rurall Smith.

*Baldwine* when thou hear'st reason in this case,  
 Belike thou think'st I was not very wise,  
 And that I was accurst, or else wanted grace,  
 Which knowing the end of my fond enterprise,  
 VVould thus presume against my Prince to rise :  
 But as there is a cause that moueth euery woe,  
 Somewhat there was whereof this sore did grow :

And to be plaine and simple in this case,  
 The cause why I such matter tooke in hand,  
 VVas nothing else but pride and lacke of grace,  
 Vaine hope of helpe, and tales both false and fond :  
 By meane whereof I did my Prince withstand,  
 Deni'd the taxe assent by conuocation,  
 To maintaine warre against the Scottish nation.

VWhereat the Cornish men did much repine,  
 For they of gold and siluer were full bare,  
 And liued hardly, digging in the mine,  
 They said they had no money for to spare :  
 Can first to grudge, and then to sweare and stare,  
 Forgot their due obeyfance, and rashly fell to rauing,  
 And said they would not beare such polling and such shawing.

They first accus'd the King as author of their grieve,  
 And then the Bishop *Morton*, and Sir *Reinold Bray* :  
 For they then were about the King most chiefe,  
 Because they thought the whole fault in them lay :  
 They did protest to rid them of the way.  
 Such thanke haue they that rule aboue a Prince,  
 They beare the blame of other mens offence.

When



VWhen I perceiu'd the Commons in a rore,  
Then I and *Flamoke* both agreed together,  
To whom the people resorted more and more,  
Lamenting and crying, helpe vs now or neuer,  
Breake bondage now, then are we free for euer :  
VWhereat inflam'd in hope to purchase fame,  
To be their captaines tooke on vs the name.

Then might you heare the people make a shout,  
God saue the captaines, and send vs all good speed :  
Then he that fainted counted was a lout,  
The ruffians ran to sow seditious seed :  
To call for company there was no need,  
For euery man his brother did entice,  
To be partaker of his wicked vice.

Then all such newes as made for our auaille,  
Was brought to me, but such as sounded ill,  
VWas none so bold to speake or yet bewaile :  
Each one so wedded was vnto his will,  
That forth they cri'd with bowes, with sword, and bill.  
And what the rufier spake the lout tooke for a verdict,  
For there the best was worst, worst best regarded.

For when men rebell, there still the viler sort  
Conspire together, and will haue all the sway :  
And be it well or ill, they beare the port,  
As they will do, the rest must needs obay.  
They prattle and prate as doth the Poppingay :  
They crie vnto the rest to keepe th' array,  
Whiles they may range and rob for spoile and pray.

And when we had prepared euery thing,  
VVe went to Tawnton with all our prouision,  
And there we slew the Prouost of Penryn,  
For that he there did sit in high Commission :  
He was not wise, nor yet of great discretion,  
That durst approach his enemies in their rage,  
VWhen wit nor reason could their ire asswage.

From thence we went to Wels, and were receiued  
 Of this Lord *Awdely* as our chiefe captaine,  
 He had the name, but yet he was deceiued,  
 For I indeed did rule the clubbish traine,  
 My cartly Knights true honour did disdaine :  
     For like doth loue his like, t'will be none other,  
     A chorle will loue a chorle, before he will his brother.

From Wels and Winchester, to Blackheath field,  
 And there encamped looking for more aid,  
 But when none came, we thought our selues beguild.  
 Such Cornishmen as knew they were betraid,  
 From vs by night away together straid :  
     There might we learne how vaine it is to trust  
     Our fained friends, in quarels so vniust.

But we that thought our power was strong ;  
 Were bent to try what euer should betide.  
 We were the bolder, for the King so long  
 Deferred fight : which so increast our pride,  
 That sure we thought the King himselve did hide  
     Within the City, and with courage hault,  
     We did intend the City to assault.

But he contrary to our expectation,  
 Was fully bent to let vs run our race,  
 Till we were farthest from our habitation,  
 Where that of aid or succour was no place,  
 And then be plagu'd as it should please his grace :  
     All doubtfull plaints, how euer they did found,  
     To our best vaile we alway did expound.

When that the King saw time, with courage bold  
 He sent a power to circumuent vs all :  
 Where we enclosed as simple sheepe in folde,  
 Were slaughtered all as beasts in butchers stall :  
 The King himselve, what euer might befall,  
     VVas strongly arm'd within Saint Georges field,  
     And there abode till that he heard vs yeeld.

Then

Then downe we kneeld, and cride to saue our life;  
It was too late our folly to bewaile:  
There were we spoild of armour, coate, and knife:  
And we which thought the City to assaile,  
Were led as prisoners naked as my naile.  
Of vs two thousand they had slaine before,  
And we of them three hundred and no more.

My Lord and we the Captaines of the West,  
Took Inne at Newgate, fast in fetters tide,  
Where after doome we had but litle rest.  
My Lord through London was drawne on a slide,  
To Tower hill, where with an axe he dide,  
Clad in his armour painted all in paper,  
Torne and reuers'd in spite of his behauer.

With *Flamoke* I and other of our bent,  
As traytours at Tiburne our iudgement did obay:  
The people lookt I should my fault lament,  
To whom I spake, that for my fond assaie,  
I should haue fame that neuer should decay:  
Wherby ye may perceiue vaine glory doth enflame  
As well the meaner sort, as men of greater name.

But as the fickle patient, sometime hath desire,  
To tast the things that Physick hath denide,  
And hath both paine and sorrow for his hire:  
The same to mee right well may be applide,  
Which while I raught for fame on shame did slide,  
And seeking fame, brought forth my bitter bane,  
As he that fierd the temple of *Diane*.

I tell thee *Baldwine*, I muse oft, to see  
How euery man for wealth and honour gapeth,  
How euery man would climbe aboue the skie,  
How euery man th'assured meane so hateth,  
How froward Fortune oft their purpose mateth:  
And if they hap their purpose to obtaine,  
Their wealth is woe, their honour care and paine.



VVe see the seruant happier then his Lord,  
 VVe see him liue when that his Lord is dead,  
 He sleepeth sound, is merry at his bord,  
 No sorow in his heart doth vex his head:  
 Happie is he that pouertie can wed.

VVhat gaine the mightie men when they be dead,  
 By all the spoile, and blood that they haue shed?

The loftie towre where honor hath his seat,  
 Is high on rockes more slipper then the ice,  
 VVhere still the whirling winde doth roare and beat,  
 VVhere sudden qualmes and perils still arise,  
 And is beset with many sundrie vice,  
 So strange to men when first they come thereat,  
 They be amas'd, and do they wot not what.

He that preuailes, and to the towre can clime,  
 VVith toile and care must needs abridge his daies:  
 And he that slides may curse the houre and time  
 He did attempt to giue so fond assaies,  
 And all his life to grieve and shame obaies.  
 Thus slide he downe, or to the top ascend,  
 Assure himselfe repentance is the end.

*Baldwine* therefore do thou record my name,  
 For president to such as credit lies,  
 Or thirst to suck the sugred cup of fame,  
 Or do attempt against their Prince to rise:  
 And charge them all to keepe within their fise.  
 VVho doth assay to wrest beyond his strength,  
 Let him be sure he shall repent at length.

At my request admonish thou all men,  
 To spend the talent well which God hath lent,  
 He that hath one, let him not toile for ten,  
 For one's too much, vnlesse it be well spent:  
 I haue had prooffe, therefore I now repent,  
 Thrice happie are those men, yea blest is hee,  
 VVho can contented serue in his degree.

*M. Canis.*

HOW

# HOW THE VALIANT KNIGHT SIR NICHOLAS

*Burdet, Chiefe Butler of Normandie, was  
slaine at Pontoise, Anno Dom.*

1441.

**F**irst in Kings affaires we counted were of trust,  
To fight in waged warres, as Captaines gainst the foes,  
And might therefore alieue receiue the guerdon iust,  
Which aye his Maiestie employ'd on those:  
Why should we so keepe silence now, and not disclose  
Our noble acts to those remaine alieue,  
To encourage them the like exploits to achieve?

For if when as we warr'd, for Prince and publike weale,  
We might to each for both haue time and place to speake,  
Then why not now, if we to both appeale?  
Sith both well know our dealings were not weake.  
We claime as right, in truth our minds to breake,  
The rather eke we thinke to speake we franchiz'd are,  
Because we seru'd for peace and di'd in Princes warre.

Which granted so, and held deserued due,  
I may full well on stage supplie the place a while,  
Till I haue plainly laid before your view  
That I haue cause, as these, to plaine of Fortunes guile,  
Which smirking though at first, she seeme to smooth and smile,  
(If Fortune be) who deem'd themselues in skies to dwell,  
She thirleth downe to dread the gulfes of gastly hell.

But heere I let a while the Ladie Fortune stay,  
To tell what time I liu'd, and what our warres were then,  
The great exploits we did, and where our armies lay,  
Eke of the praise of some right honorable men,  
Which things with eyes I saw, call'd now to mind agen.  
What I performed present in the fight,  
I will in order and my fall recite.

In youth I seru'd that roiall *Henry* fift the King,  
 Whose praise for martiall feats eternall fame reteines,  
 When he the Normanes stout did in subiection bring,  
 My selfe was vnder then his ensignes taking paines.  
 With loial hart I fought, pursu'd my Prince his gaines,  
 There dealt I so that time my fame to raise,  
 French writers yet my name and manhood praise.

And erst as *Burdets* diuers warlike wights  
 (In Warwicke shire their lands in Arrow ar)  
 Were for good seruice done made worthy Knights,  
 Whose noble acts be yet recounted far:  
 Euen so my selfe well fram'd to peace or war,  
 Of these the heire by due discent I came,  
*Sir Nicholas Burdet Knight*, which had to name.

That time the noble *Iohn* of *Bedford* Duke bare sway,  
 And feared was in France for courage stout and fell,  
 He lou'd me for my fight and person, (though I say)  
 And with reuenues me rewarded yearely well.  
 I plaid the faithfull subiects part, the truth to tell,  
 And was accounted loiall, constant still,  
 Of stomack, worship great, and warlike skill.

But then (O greefe to tell) ere long this peerelesse King,  
 When he restored had his right vnto the Crowne  
 The Duchie all of Normandy, eke subiect bring  
 The Frenchemen all, and set Lieutenants in each towne  
 High Regent made of France, then Fortune gan to frowne,  
 He then departed life, too soone alas:  
 Some men suppose his grace empoisond was.

Thou Fortune slie, what meanst thou thus, these prancks to play?  
 False Fortune blere ey'd blind, vnsteady startling still,  
 What meanst thou turning thus thy flattering face away,  
 Inconstant where thou bearest most good will?  
 Is it thy nature then? or ist thy wonted skill?  
 It cost thee nought, they say it comes by kind,  
 As thou art bisme, so are thine actions blind.



I nothing doubt then thou thy selfe shalt fall.  
I trust to see the time when thou shalt be forgot.  
For why thy pride, and pompe and power must vanish all,  
Thy name shall die for aye, and perish quite I wot.  
And when thou shalt be counted but a sot,  
The noble wights which liu'd and dide in worthy fame,  
In heauen and earth shall find an euerlasting name.

But words of course are these of Fortune had,  
When vnto Princes haps chance good or ill:  
God sends to euery sort these tempests sad,  
VVhen from his word they swarue and heauenly will.  
Men must endeouour then to please his goodnesse still,  
And then come life or death, come ioy, come smart,  
No Fortunes frowne can daunt the doughty hart.

The famous King so dead, his son but nine months old  
*Henry* the sixt, of England was proclaimed King:  
And then the Frenchmen waxt more stout and bold,  
His youth occasion gaue them to conspire the thing,  
Which might them all from due subiection bring.  
On which the Counsell cald a Parliament:  
Of French that might the treasons high preuent.

VTherein the Duke of Bedford my good Lord and friend  
VVas Regent made the Prince his deputy in France:  
The Duke of Glocester Protectour was, to th'end  
To rule in cases such at home might hap to chance:  
They chose to gard the Prince in honour to aduance  
*Henry Beuford* Bishop of VVinchester,  
And *Thomas* the noble Duke of Excester.

But here before those things could well be settled sure,  
(As great affaires of Kingdomes longer time doe take)  
The Frenchmen did by treason, force, and coine procure  
Some townes which English were in France their faith forsake.  
A long discourse it were of all recitall make:  
But of my chance that time, recite will I,  
VVhich seru'd in warres my Prince in Normandy.

Before

Before the Mount S. *Michael* as in siege I lay,  
 In confines of the Normans and the Britons land,  
 From townesmen famisht nigh we vitailles kept away,  
 And made them oft in danger of dis-Mounting stand :  
 But it being strong and also stoutly man'd,  
   Euen by our losses they gate heart of grasse,  
 And we declining saw what Fortune was.

Yet nerethelesse we thought by famine make them yeeld,  
 Eke they by fight or succours hopte the siege to raise,  
 T'accomplish which they rusht on sudden out to feeld,  
 As bent to die or win the wanted food with praise :  
 And we as readie were for them at all assaies.  
   These eager impes whom food want feaz'd to fight amaine,  
 VVe forc'd them die, fall, flie, to take their fort againe.

VWhere I in chafe pursu'd them euen to the towne,  
 Tane prisioner was, a while for ransome lay :  
 But then the worthie Duke the Regent of renowne,  
 Did for me quite disburse the price requir'd to pay.  
 The siege we rais'd, from thence we went our way,  
   And I redeemed bare this blanke in mind,  
 Till of requite I might occasion find.

VWhich thus ere long befell, to this a while giue eare :  
 VWhen *Arthur* Earle of Richmond to S. *Iaques* came  
*De Beuuron* where my selfe and other Captaines were,  
 VWhich had repared well and fortifi'd the same,  
 VVe made him flie, to his immortall shame :  
   Euen thus to him and fortie thousand moe,  
 Fiue hundred English gaue the ouerthroe.

Long while he batterie laid against the wall,  
 Thereby to make a breach for them to enter in :  
 But well perceiuing still his shot to profit small,  
 And that we weigh'd not of his power a pin,  
 On euery side afresh he did th'assault begin :  
   Yet we so bare them off, and beate them downe,  
 They durst not seaze or enter on the towne.

But

But wearied with the siege and fault they pausd a while,  
 Consulting what were best, and so did we likewise :  
 They found the seate, they thought should surely vs beguile,  
 And in an euening came t'accomplish th'enterprise.  
 A sharp assault they gaue. Alarme my mates we rise :  
 On both the sides they scald, the fort to gaine:  
 But from the scales and walkes we flang them downe amaine.

It was my charge that time to keepe a bulwarke bace,  
 Where Britons came along to enter by a strait :  
 T'was in a bottome low, a pond was by the place,  
 By which they needes must passe vp to a posterne gate.  
 I meant to make them fish the poole without a bait,  
 Protesting ere they there should get the wall  
 We would as English die, or giue our foes the fall.

The trumpets sound tan tara, tan tan tara right, (thow,  
 The guns were shot founce-founce-founce, fomp-fum, fow-pow-  
 The droms went downe-dun downe, the fluits fit-fite-fit-fite,  
 The weapons clish-clash and the captaines now-now now.  
 With billes we beat the downe, with shafts we shot them throw.  
 The gory ground did groane, the smoky shot and cries  
 Dimd all the aire, and thundred through the skies.

*S. Denise* cride the French, and Britons *glabe-labee*,  
*S. George* the English cride, fight-fight-fight, kill-kill-kill :  
 Fight-fight (quoth I) come on, they flee, they flee, they flee.  
 And there withall we vse a point of warlike skill,  
 We cauld the men within to cry vnto vs still  
 Fight *Suffolke* now, fight-fight and *Salsbury* :  
 Fight fight you noble Earles, the Britons flee they flee.

With that amazed all the Britons gan recoile,  
 Some drowned in the pond, wherin they ran for seare,  
 And I pursu'd the flight, to wrecke my captiue foile,  
 We paid them in the chase disordred as they were,  
 Seuen hundred flew, tooke fifty prisners there,  
 Gained eightene standers, and one banner more :  
 Yet I and mine not fully were fower score.



Of this exploit when th' Earle of Richmond heard,  
 Which gaue an hot assault on th' other side the towne,  
 No lesse was he displeasde, amazed, then affeard,  
 To heare the names of those two Earles of high renowne,  
 His guilty courage quaild, his heart was danted downe,  
 He causde the trumpets sound retrait away :  
 To scale our walles he durst no longer stay.

At midnight he dislodgd, from siege he made depart  
 The Constable of France (late Earle of Richmond) fled,  
 And toward Fougiers sped, with such as tooke his part,  
 For haste perhaps with feare lest he should lose his head.  
 They left two hundred pipes of flowre and bisket bread,  
 Greate gunnes foureteene, three hundred pipes of wine,  
 Two hundred frailes of figs and raisons fine.

Fiue hundred barrels they of herring left beside,  
 Of powder for our gunnes full forty barrels more,  
 They fled without their tents, the dasterds durst not bide,  
 For feare they could not stay, to take away their store.  
 Haue you oft heard the like, of cowards such before?  
 Those forty thousand, Britons, French, and Scots,  
 Foure score them foiled, made them flee like sots.

When this, that noble man, the Duke of Bedford heard,  
 How I did quit my selfe, and seru'd my Prince so well,  
 He me procured of the King as great reward  
 As my deserts could wish, and more the truth to tell,  
 Chiefe Butlership of Normandy vnto me fell,  
 Reuenues eke in Normandy of lands,  
 A thousand crownes came yearly to my hands.

I after this was sent to make inrode  
 Vpon the coast of Britaine, for to bate their pride,  
 A band of horsemen tooke without abode,  
 The Duke of Sommerfet made me their guide,  
 To many townes about their bounds we ride :  
 Set them on fire, or made them ransom pay,  
 Tooke store of prisners, wrought them much decay.

Returned

Returned victours safe to Normandy,  
With good successe, for why the cause was good:  
And of our Prince were guerdond gratefully  
With laud and gifts, as for our seruice stood.  
This makes the Captaines venture life and blood,  
And souldiers serue with heart in what they may,  
Which are assur'd of honour, praise, and pay.

Yee worthy wights alieue, which loue your Countreis weale,  
And for your Princes port such warres doe vndertake,  
Learne so for Countrey yours with forraine foes to deale,  
See that of manhood good, so great accounts ye make.  
It nothing vailes in peace, to sweare, stir, face or crake :  
In warres he winnes the fame of noble wight  
Who warlike deales, for Prince and publique right.

Yf you so pointed be, to serue your Prince in war,  
As erst was I, and must before the muster take,  
Retaine such souldiers as well made, strong, seemely ar,  
Brought vp to labour hard, of such account doe make :  
These able are at neede to stand and keepe the stake,  
When facing foisters fit for Tiburne fraies  
Are food-sick faint, or hart-sicke run their waies.

At whom a man may find a number euery day,  
Which weare their weapons still, as all the world were war,  
And keepe a coile to beare the best of blades away,  
VVith bucklers braue at backs, to shew what men they are.  
In peace at home they sweare, stare, foist, roist, fight, and iar :  
But when abroad they feare of warres the smart,  
Some better souldiers proue from driuing cart.

In warres to serue (as we) and weapons haue  
VVhen warlike stormes do rage befeemes a warlike man :  
In pleasant peace who sets himselfe to banding braue,  
And facing fares at home, abroad doe nothing can,  
(Though nere so much he boast) fie on him coward than :  
For not in gauntlet, sword, targ, oathes, haire, staring eyes :  
But in the breast, good courage, vertue lies.

But here perhas(you say) I fall a note too low,  
 Beneath the persons of these worthy Peeres and me.  
 Tis true indeed, and yet such fruite hereof may grow:  
 As eke the meane hereby, his iarring out may see.  
 Without good meane, the song can neuer sweetly gree.  
 Leauē out the meane, or let him keepe no tune:  
 And you shall sing when Easter falles in Iune.

Euen so, if meaner sorts doe iangle here and iar  
 To languish vnder *Mars*, but fill good peace with fight,  
 As discord foule in musicke, fit they for the war:  
 They neuer can atchieue the victory aright.  
 Lead such as square or seare, then farewell all, good night.  
 A sheepe is euen as good to starting stand and bea:  
 As he that iangles, wrangles, rangles, runnes awea.

Then whoso deales for warre, must wisely make his mart,  
 And choose such souldiers stout will stiffe in warfare stand.  
 If he not recke what ruffian roisters take his part,  
 He weeldes vnwisely then the mace of *Mars* in hand.  
 He must be able eke, to deeme for sea and land  
 What men may serue, to best aduantage make,  
 And them instruct fine warlike points to take.

With skilfull knowledge freight he must be void of seare,  
 Of wisdom so discrete, so sober, graue and sage,  
 To deeme, perceiue, abide, aduentures both to beare  
 As may in all exploits of fight with Fortune wage:  
 He must haue art in vre, and vse not rule by rage:  
 Wise dealing sets the souldiers sure in ray,  
 Wilde ouer rashnesse casteth all away:

The cause, ground, place and time, the order of their fights,  
 The valour of his foes, and what is their intent,  
 The weather faire or foule, occasion of the nights,  
 What witty wiles and polices may them preuent,  
 And how the time or store of th' enemies hath been spent:  
 All these (I say) must well be waide before,  
 By him that sets in warres of credit store.



In all which points that noble Duke his grace did passe,  
 I meane the Regent good, for chusing, vsing men,  
 By nature fram'd thereto, he wondrous skilfull was,  
 And friendly vsed all, instructing now and then  
 Not only Captaines stout, that were his countrie men,  
 But also sundrie souldiers as occasion came,  
 And taught them how to warres themselues to frame.

His princely grace and gesture yet me thinkes I see,  
 And how he bare himselfe, to deale for warre or peace:  
 In warre full *Mars*-like, hardie, sterne, and bold was he:  
 And meek and prudent, merciful, when stormes of wars did cease:  
 Whom pitie mou'd as much inflicted paines to release,  
 As euer wight in whom the broiles of warre  
 Or force of fights, had entred in so far.

VVhich if againe to rue the losse of such a friend,  
 In sight with plaints, of teares the fountaines out might flow  
 So all lamenting Muses would me wailings lend,  
 The dolours of my heart in sight again to show:  
 I would deplore his death, and Englands cause of woe,  
 With such sad mourning tunes, and such sobs, sighes, and teares  
 As were not seene for one, this ten times twentie yeares.

For why this noble Prince, when we had needed most,  
 To set the states of France and England in a stay,  
 That feared was of foes in euery forren coast,  
 Too soone (alas) this Duke was taken hence away.  
 In France he di'd, helasse lament his losse we may,  
 That Regent regall, rule of publique right.  
 Lo how my hurts afresh beweepe this wanted wight.

" With that his wounds (me thought) gan freshly bleed,  
 " And he waxt faint and fell, and my salt teares  
 " Ran downe my rusfull cheekes, with trickling speed,  
 " (For who could chuse that such cause sees and heares?)  
 " O worthie Knight (quoth I) whose loyall faith appears:  
 " Cease wailes, rise vp, instruct my quivering pen,  
 " To tell the rest of Fortunes doublings then.

I haue (quoth he) not Fortunes flatterie to accuse,  
 Nor Fate nor Destinie, nor any fancie faind :  
 I haue no cause t'affirme that these could ought misuse  
 This noble Prince, whose life & acts such fame and honour gaind,  
 But our deserts, our sinnes, and our offences staine  
     This noble Ile and vs, our sinnes (I say)  
     Offending God, he tooke this Prince away.

Helasse how loth can I returne, and leaue this pearle in Roane  
 My Lord *John* Duke of Bedford, there his corps yet lies  
 Enclosd with costly tombe, wrought curiously of stone,  
 By North the altar high (delighting many Martiall eyes)  
 Within our Ladie Church, where fame him lifts to skies,  
     By daily view his name renoum'd exalted is,  
     And soule, I trust, full sweetly sweames in blisse.

Needs must I enterline my talke a while with this :  
 And then I will returne to tell you how I sped.  
 When once the French men saw this noble Duke to misse,  
 Which English armies all gainst foes with fortunes led  
 They liu'd at large, rebeld against their soueraigne head,  
     Forsooke their oathes, allegiance all denide,  
     And English men with all their force deside.

While he did liue, they durst not so to deale,  
 They durst not dare with th'English oft to fraie,  
 They found it was not for their owne of publique weale,  
 To rise against their Lord the Regent in arraie.  
 Soone after he was dead, departed hence away  
     Both French and Normanes close to win did close,  
     And we diuided were, our rights abroad to lose.

The feend (I thinke) deuise a way to make the breach,  
 By enuie bred in breasts of two right noble Peeres,  
 Which mischiefe hatcht in England, then may teach  
 All noble men that liue, hence many hundred yeares,  
 Beware of Enuie blacke, how far she deares.

Euen their examples tell, how true our Christ doth say :  
 Each realme, towne, house, in ciuil strife, shall desolate decay:  
     Perdie

Perdie the Duke of Yorke was Regent made of France,  
At which the Duke of Sommerfet did much repine,  
He thought they rather ought him so t' aduance  
King *Henries* kin, for honour of his Princely line :  
But marke the grape which grew on this vngracious vine,  
I will not say it after stroid their lines and houses nie,  
But this I say, we daily saw dishonour came thereby.

For though the hauty Duke were worthy it to haue,  
As well for courage good as vertues honour due :  
Yet sith to'th Duke of Yorke th' election first it gaue,  
And he the saddle mist, what needed he to rue ?  
When tumults great and sturres in France yet daily grew,  
He nild the Regent hence dispatcht in many daies :  
That losse might win him hurt, or long dispraise.

Wild wengand on such ire, wherby the realme doth lose,  
What gaine haue they, which heaue at honour so ?  
At home disdaine and greefe, abroad they friend their foes.  
I must be plaine in that which wrought my webs of woe,  
My webs (quoth I ?) would God they had wrought no moe.  
It was the cause of many a bleeding English brest,  
And to the French, their end of woefull warres addrest.

I dare auouch if they had firme in friendship bode,  
And soothly as beseemd ioin'd frendly hand with hands,  
They had not felt defame in any forraine rode,  
Nor had not so beene sent, with losse from Gallia strands :  
They might possession kept, still of their conquerd lands,  
And able been to tride themselves so true,  
As might haue made their enemies still to rue.

For while the Duke of Sommerfet made here so great delaies,  
That into France the succours small and slackly came,  
Not only Paris then was lost, within few daies,  
That famous flowre of France, of far renowned fame,  
The French (I say) not onely gat and kept the same,  
But by this meanes, in France we daily felt such smart,  
As might with pitie pierce an adamantine hart,



O great mishap, the noble Duke of Bedford once being dead,  
 Our wealth went backe, by discords foule despite we lost  
 Not only townes in France, and Captaines armies led,  
 But many souldiers eke with labour, spence and cost :  
 And though full oft we made the French men smell of the rost,  
 Yet in the end we gaine of fight the fame,  
 And they by craft and treason gate the game.

What resteth more, it were, perdie, too long to tell,  
 Of battels great and broiles which happened daily still,  
 The stories eke declare aduentures which befell :  
 Although (God wot) the writers wanted points of skill,  
 Of whom to speake a while, digresse againe I will,  
 And partly shew what one he ought to be,  
 Which takes on him to write an Historie.

A Chronicler should well in diuers tongues be seene,  
 And eke in all the arts he ought to haue a sight,  
 Whereby he might the truth of diuers actions deeme,  
 And both supplie the wants, correct that is not right :  
 He should haue eloquence, and full and fitly write,  
 Not mangle stories, snatching heere and there :  
 Nor glose to make a volume great appeare.

He should be of such countenance and wit,  
 As should giue witnesse to the Histories he writes,  
 He should be able well his reasons so to knit,  
 As should continue well the matter he recites :  
 He should not praise, dispraise, for fauour or despites,  
 But should so place each thing in order due,  
 As might approue the stories to be true.

But this may haps the time may seeke at length redresse,  
 And then such stories now and noble acts as die,  
 May come againe to light (at least defaced lesse)  
 If from the Britaines first antiquities they trie.  
 In great defects if they the truth supplie,  
 Then shall the readers fuller stories find,  
 And haue whereby to recreate the mind.

But :

But now returne I must, and briefly heere declare  
Before my death, what fundrie haps we had.  
In warres right variously the states of Captaines fare,  
Now well, now woe, now ioyfull, now right sad.  
But who well ends, though all his haps were bad,  
Let him erst sinke or swim, lose, win, be slaine, die, fall,  
If he die well, h'is thrice and foure times blest of all.

In France eight leagues from Paris, Pontoise stands,  
(Tweene that and Roane) which we had won before :  
And so we held it English safely in our hands.  
For to our Prince the men allegiance swore,  
And they remain'd obedient euermore,  
Till from their neckes to reauue the English yoke,  
They might find meanes by whom to strike the stroke.

When these saw Paris lost, and cities moe beside,  
And what in France and Normandie reuolts had done,  
They thought no longer subiect to abide,  
But sought occasion how they might by French be won.  
As of our losse reports did daily to them run,  
So with King *Charles* th'agreed when to betray the towne,  
And force the English flee, or yeeld, or beate them downe.

For why, the powre of France could not with mightie host  
Performe to win by force from vs th'assaulted towne,  
Them scaling often from the walles we toft.  
On euery side full fast we flang the French men downe.  
Our noble acts before had gotten such renowne,  
And Fortune erst had past with vs so farre,  
They had small hope to win our forts by warre.

Wherefore King *Charles* assai'd the secret fault,  
Not by his force of French, but by his golden fee,  
Corrupting diuers Burgeses to make the fault,  
Whereby an entrie should to his oppugning bee :  
And they (as erst is said) were willing to agree,  
Like periur'd theeues conspir'd by secret fine deuice,  
Gaued Pontoise vp, and tooke the promist price.

But

But in Nouember next when it was sharpe and cold,  
 And daily frost had dri'd and parched hard the ground,  
 We were in hope againe to get of Pontoise hold,  
 Which erst the townesmen sold, for gaine of many a pound  
 The snow fell fast, lay thicke, and couered well the ground,  
 And ditches were so hard about the towne before,  
 That on the ice by euery side we safely might get ore.

The Lord *Iohn Clifford* was chiefe Captaine then,  
 Which with vs Captaines did this policie deuise,  
 That we in clothing white and souldiers euery man,  
 Should in our armour finely vs disguise:  
 The next night so we should to the assault arise,  
 And passe the frozen ditch vnto the wall,  
 With ladders scale, and kill the watchmen all.

We so prepar'd our selues as time occasion gaue,  
 And drest in white coats trim, it ioi'd our hearts to see  
 How fine we past the ditch, what good successe we haue:  
 How on the walles we find the watch nigh frozen bee:  
 As noble Greekes on Troy, on Pontoise season'd wee,  
 We slew the watch, we beat the souldiers downe,  
 Some prisners tooke, and tooke withall the towne.

Of stately Captaines French, was *Iohn de Villers* one  
 Within the taken towne, and *Narrabon* a Knight  
 Burgunion: yet they fled, away they gate them gone:  
 They durst not bide against the blanched boyes to fight.  
 We paid the periur'd knaues the Burgeesses that night,  
 And gat as much of honor and renowne  
 As they gat shame and losse, which bought and sold the towne.

Marke well the French mens foiles in all our worthie warre  
 In these two regall *Henries* times, and you shall see  
 How we surpass the French in valour farre:  
 And bend for Prince and Realme so valiant for to bee:  
 Which if ye shall, and deale in seruice as did wee,  
 I nothing doubt renowne and fame shall say,  
 That noble England beares for warres the palme away.

But



But When King *Charles* had heard how *Pontoise* men had sped,  
His armie straight assembled he therefore againe,  
Wherewith to win this towne afresh th'assault he led,  
He piners set to trench and vndermine amaine,  
Made bastiles for defence, yet all this toile was vaine.  
For batterie of our walles he spent his powder still,  
Made freshly French assaults, but did no ill.

The noble Duke of Yorke discharged late before,  
When now the Earle of Warwicke chanst at Roane to die,  
Being Regent chosen once againe of France, as yore,  
(Th'Earle of Warwicke Regent was two yeares perdie)  
Arriu'd in France, to rouse the French King he did hie,  
(Which lay besieging *Pontoise*, as I said)  
VVith him to fight, and eke to bring vs aide.

The French King fled, for haste he left his store behind :  
VVhen he was once assur'd the Duke of Yorke drue neare,  
He durst not stay to bide the time or place assign'd  
To fight our Regent with, but fled away for feare.  
By these assaies you see what men in France they were,  
Discourag'd oft, slaine, put to flight and fall :  
By fight, force, fight, and names of numbers small.

There when the Duke had fortifi'd our *Pontoise* towne,  
Then he pursu'd the French King erst that fled,  
To *Poyssy*, where he lay with Lords of French renowne.  
Before which towne, the Duke his noble armie led :  
The French King durst not out of *Poyssy* put his head :  
And yet there came to skirmish out French gentlemen,  
Of which some slaine, foure tane, the rest retir'd agen.

The Duke to bid him battell did pretend,  
If he could there encounter with him tho :  
But forth againe he durst not come nor send,  
For feare he should receiue the foile and ouerthro.  
On which the Duke dislodg'd, departing *Poyssy* fro,  
To Maunt, and Roane, from thence his grace did hie,  
T'appease the broiles of strife in Normandie.

But

But then the French King calling vnto mind his losse,  
 His charges in the siege, his bastiles trenches made,  
 How erst we did them thence, sans bag and baggage tosse,  
 Eke how from siege he durst not stay the store to lade,  
 And how their Fortunes oft, in fight went retrograde,  
 How neighbours ill to Paris, we of Pontoise were :  
 He cast aside his French and fainting feare.

The rather yet, for why, Parisiens aye did raile,  
 They said he wanted courage good, he durst not fight,  
 He lackt no souldiers good, his feeble heart did faile :  
*Le Roy* (quoth they) *du France, les Anglois point nenmit :*  
*Le Roy ne ose pas pour Pontoise faire poursuit :*  
*Le Roy est Louard, sans cueur : car peu de gens,*  
*Fait nostre Roy & pais faire grande dispens.*

On this King *Charles* return'd with mightie host,  
 To vindicate this great reproch and shame :  
 And vnto Pontoise gaue assault in post  
 Full hotly, when we feared least the same.  
 Whereon, to fight against him all our force we frame,  
 But number great at th'entrie got such hand,  
 We could not forth againe their force aband,

VVith trumpets sounding, tan tan-tar'aloud  
 The larum bell we rung, our selues to trie dispose,  
 To make them pay the price of our distresse we vow'd,  
 Before we would possession got, of Pontoise lose :  
 In euery street we met the strength of all our foes,  
 And made them passe by deadly dint away,  
 VVhich ventured first our English mates to slay.

VVhy now my friends, for England fight, I cri'd :  
 If euer English hearts your noble breasts posselt,  
 I promise you to make them flinch, if I may bide :  
 Mates follow me. Amongst my foes I rusht before the rest :  
 O heere come on (quoth I) now fight we for the best.  
 And therewithall I vs'd such courage, force and might :  
 As made my foes to fall, and souldiers fitly fight.

If we do leese (quoth I) the French men shall not gaine :  
 So if we win, tis worth the while to keepe array.  
 If ye stand stifly to't, wee make them peaze the paine,  
 And leade with losse of liuely limbes the laud away.  
 Although they fiercely fight, in hope vs all to slay :  
 Loc fixe to one they fall, and dead they lie :  
 We English men, in triumph fight, and honor die.

With bloodie broiles of warre, the haplesse towne did smoke,  
 The children saw their fathers deare, to bleed their last :  
 The wiues bewailed much the fatall stroke,  
 Which forst their husbands bleed, fall, die so fast :  
 Helas the women cri'd, the wofull streets that past :  
 (When so they saw the channels bloodie streame)  
 What plague is this, that pesters so our Reame ?

Is no remorse of life, but kill, kill, kill ? (helasse)  
 Kill, kill the English crie, and valiantly they fight :  
 What hap had we to see these mischiefes come to passe ?  
*Helas le sang de nous amis, la mort helas :*  
 The maidens crie, the widowes waile, and aged mourne,  
 With wringing hands vplift, and wish themselves vnborne.

Of vs one thousand English men within the towne,  
 Sustain'd the force, the powre and puissance of their King :  
 And of the French that fought, we beate three thousand downe,  
 We slew no lesse, for all the number he did bring.  
 If this vntrue shall seeme, discredit mine to ring,  
 A French Historian writing for themselves shall say :  
 Three thousand French men there, were slaine that day.

Four hundred English men that time were slaine in fight,  
 My selfe was one, with losse they wan the towne perdie :  
 But if I might haue liu'd t'haue tri'd our right,  
 With one for euery feuen, by ods as we did die :  
 I doubt not (so the rest, would done their parts as I.)  
 But that King *Charles*, his Lords, nor all his men,  
 Should scarce haue tane the towne of Pontoise then.

What



VVhat need I more debate of these things here,  
 In England was the fault, though we did feele the smart.  
 VVhile they at home, at bate and strife for honors were,  
 They lost abroad of Normandie the greater part.  
 To thinke on this torments againe my wounded hart,  
 That Lords at home, should striue about the name,  
 And lose abroad their countries weale and fame.

Let English Peeres abandon such contentious strife,  
 It hurts the publike weale, decayes the State :  
 It reaues the yeares too soone of longer life :  
 It frets the brest with rust of baend debate :  
 It giues the checke to him that giues the mate :  
 Then thus I end, that wight of all is blest  
 VVhich liues in loue with God, his Prince and countrie best.

So *Higins* if thou write, how this my fall befell ;  
 Place it in *Balduines* Mirrour with the rest.  
 From crazed scull sith heere my mind I tell :  
 Sith bleeding heart these rufull rimes exprest :  
 This mangled tale bescemes my person best.  
 Do so (quoth he) and let it passe euen thus :  
*Vsui* (quoth I) *post funera virtus.*

*Iohn Higins.*

---

HOW SHORES WIFE, KING EDWARD  
 THE FOVRTHS CONCVBINE, WAS  
 by King *Richard* despoiled of all her goods, and forced  
 to doe open penance.



Mong the rest, by Fortune ouerthrowne,  
 I am not least, that most may waile her fate :  
 My fame and brute, abroad the world is blowne,  
 VVho can forget, a thing thus done so late?  
 My great mischance, my fall, and heauie state,  
 Is such a marke, whereat each tongue doth shoot,  
 That my good name, is pluckt vp by the root.

This

This wandring world, bewitched me with wiles,  
And won my wits, with wanton sugred ioyes :  
In Fortunes frekes, who trusts her when she smiles,  
Shall find her false, and full of fickle toyes,  
Her triumphes all, but fill our eares with noise,  
Her flattring gifts, are pleasures mixt with paine,  
Yea, all her words, are thunders threatning raine.

The fond desire, that we in glorie set,  
Doth thirle our hearts, to hope in slipper hap :  
A blast of pompe, is all the fruit we get,  
And vnder that, lies hid a sudden clap.  
In seeking rest, vnwares we fall in trap,  
In groping flowres, with nettles stung we are,  
In labring long, we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceit, with painted face for sho,  
Oh poisoned bait, that makes vs eager still,  
Oh fained friend, deceiuing people so,  
Oh world, of thee, we cannot speake too ill :  
Yet fooles we are, that bend so to thy skill.  
The plague and scourge, that thousands daily feele,  
Should warne the wise, to shun thy whirling wheele.

But who can stop, the streame that runnes full swift ?  
Or quench the fire, that is crept in the straw ?  
The thirstie drinkes, there is no other shift,  
Perforce is such, that need obeyes no law.  
Thus bound we are, in worldly yokes to draw,  
And cannot stay, nor turne againe in time,  
Nor learne of those, that sought too high to clime.

My selfe for prooffe, loe heere I now appeare,  
In womans weed, with weeping watred eyes,  
That bought her youth, and her delights full deare,  
Whose loud reproch, doth sound vnto the skies,  
And bids my corse, out of the graue to rise,  
As one that may, no longer hide her face,  
But needs must come, and shew her pitious case.

The

The sheete of shame, wherein I shrowded was,  
 Did moue me oft, to plaine before this day,  
 And in mine eares did ring the trumpe of brasse,  
 Which is defame, that doth each thing bewray.  
 Yea though full dead, and low in earth I lay,  
 I heard the voice, of me what people said,  
 But then to speake, alas I was afraid.

And now a time, for me I see prepar'd,  
 I heare the liues, and falles of many wights:  
 My tale therefore, the better may be hard,  
 For at the torch, the little candle lights.  
 Where pageants be, small things fill out the fights.  
 Wherefore giue eare, good *Churchyard* do thy best,  
 My tragedie, to place among the rest.

Because the truth, shall witnes well with thee,  
 I will rehearse, in order as it fell,  
 My life, my death, my dolefull destinie,  
 My wealth, my woe, my doing euery deale,  
 My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwell:  
 A whole discourse, by me *Shores* wife by name,  
 Now shalt thou heare, as thou hadst seene the same.

Of noble blood, I cannot boast my birth,  
 For I was made out of the meaneft mold,  
 Mine heritage, but seuen foot of th'earth,  
 Fortune ne gaue, to me the gifts of gold:  
 But I could brag, of nature if I wold,  
 Who fil'd my face, with fauour fresh and faire,  
 Whose beautie shone, like *Phœbus* in the aire.

My shape some said, was seemely to each sight,  
 My countenance, did shew a sober grace,  
 Mines eyes in lookes, were neuer proued light,  
 My tongue in words was chaste in euery case.  
 Mine eares were deafe, and would no louers place,  
 Saue that, alas, a Prince did blot my brow,  
 Loe, there the strong, did make the weake to bow.



The maiesty, that Kings to people beare,  
The statly port, the awfull cheere they show,  
Doth make the meane, to shrink and couch for feare,  
Like as the hound, that doth his master know :  
What then ? since I, was made vnto the bow,  
There is no cloke, can serue to hide my fault :  
For I agreed, the fort he should assault.

The Eagles force, subdues ech bird that flies,  
What metall may, resist the flaming fire ?  
Doth not the Sun, dazell the clearest eies,  
And melt the ice, and make the frost retire ?  
Who can withstand, a puissant Kings desire ?  
The stiffest stones, are pierced through with tooles,  
The wisest are, with Princes made but fooles.

If kinde had wrought, my forme in common frames,  
And set me forth, in colours blacke and browne,  
Or beautie had, beene percht in *Phabus* flames,  
Or shamefast waies, had pluckt my fethers downe,  
Then had I kept, my fame and good renowne :  
For natures gifts, were cause of all my grieve.  
A pleasant prey, entiseth many a thiefe.

Thus woe to thee, that wrought my peacocks pride,  
By clothing me with natures tapestry :  
Woe worth the hew, wherein my face was dide,  
Which made me thinke, I pleased euery eye.  
Like as the starres, make men behold the skie,  
So beauties shew, doth make the wise full fond,  
And brings free harts, full oft to endlesse bond.

But cleare from blame, my frends can not be found,  
Before my time, my youth they did abuse :  
In mariage, a prentise was I bound.  
Then that meere loue, I knew not how to vse.  
But welaway, that cannot me excuse,  
The harme is mine, though they deuise my care,  
And I must smart, and sit in slanderous snare.

Yet giue me leaue, to plead my cause at large,  
 If that the horse, do run beyond his race,  
 Or any thing that keepers haue in charge,  
 Do breake their course, where Rulers may take place:  
 Or meat be set, before the hungries face,  
     Who is in fault? th'offender yea or no,  
 Or they that are, the cause of all this wo.

Note well what strife, this forced mariage makes,  
 What lothed liues, do come where loue doth lacke,  
 What scratching breers, do grow vpon such brakes,  
 What common weales, by it are brought to wracke,  
 What heauie load, is put on patients backe;  
     What strange delights, this branch of vice doth breed,  
 And marke what graine, springs out of such a seed.

Compell the hauke, to sit that is vnman'd,  
 Or make the hound, vntaught to draw the Deere,  
 Or bring the free, against his will in band,  
 Or moue the sad, a pleasant tale to heere,  
 Your time is lost, and you no whit the neere:  
     So loue ne leernes, of force the knot to knit,  
 She serues but those, that feeble sweet fancies fit.

The lesse defame, redounds to my dispraise,  
 I was entist, by traines, and trapt by trust:  
 Though in my powre, remained yeas and naves,  
 Vnto my friends, yet needs consent I must,  
 In euery thing, yea lawfull or vniust.  
     They brake the boughes, and shakte the tree by sleight;  
 And bent the wand, that might haue growne full streight.

What helpe in this, the pale thus broken downe,  
 The Deere must needs, in danger run astray:  
 At me therefore, why should the world so frowne?  
 My weaknesse made, my youth a Princes pray.  
 Though wisdom should, the course of nature stay,  
     Yet trie my case, who list, and they shall proue,  
 The ripest wits, are soonest thralles to loue.

What.

What need I more, to cleare my selfe so much?  
A King me wan, and had me at his call,  
His royall state, his princely grace was such,  
The hope of will, that women seeke for all,  
The ease and wealth, the gifts which were not small,  
Besieged me, so strongly round about,  
My powre was weake, I could not hold him out.

Duke *Hannibal*, in all his conquest great,  
Or *Cesar* yet, whose triumphs did exceed,  
Of all their spoiles, which made them toile and sweat,  
Were not so glad, to haue so rich a meed,  
As was this Prince, when I to him agreed,  
And yeelded me, a prisner willingly,  
As one that knew, no way away to flie.

The Nightingale, for all his merry voyce,  
Nor yet the Larke, that still delights to sing,  
Did neuer make, the hearers so reioyce,  
As I with words, haue made this worthie King:  
I neuer iar'd, in tune was euery string,  
I tempred so, my tongue to please his eare,  
That what I said, was currant euery where.

I ioyn'd my talke, my gestures and my grace,  
In wittie frames, that long might last and stand,  
So that I brought, the King in such a case,  
That to his death, I was his chiefeft hand.  
I gouern'd him, that ruled all this Land:  
I bare the sword, though he did weare the Crowne,  
I strake the stroke, that threw the mightie downe.

If iustice said, that iudgement was but death,  
With my sweete words, I could the King perswade,  
And make him pause, and take therein a breath,  
Till I with suite, the faultors peace had made:  
I knew what way, to vse him in his trade,  
I had the art, to make the Lion meeke,  
There was no point, wherein I was to seeke.



If I did frowne, who then did looke awrie?  
 If I did smile, who would not laugh outright?  
 If I but speake, who durst my words denie?  
 If I pursude, who would forsake the flight?  
 I meane, my powre, was knowne to euery wight.

On such a height, good hap had built my bowre,  
 As though my sweete, should nere haue turnd to sowre.

My husband then, as one that knew his good,  
 Refusde to keepe, a Princes Concubine,  
 Forseeing th'end, and mischief as it stood,  
 Against the King did neuer much repine:  
 He saw the grape, whereof hee dranke the wine.  
 Though inward thought, his heart did still torment,  
 Yet outwardly, he seemd he was content.

To purchase praise, and win the peoples zeale,  
 Yea rather bent, of kinde to do some good,  
 I euer did, vphold the common weale,  
 I had delight, to saue the guiltlesse blood:  
 Each suters cause, when that I vnderstood,  
 I did prefer, as it had bene mine owne,  
 And help them vp, that might haue been orethrowne.

My powre was prest, to right the poore mans wrong,  
 My hands were free, to giue where need required:  
 To watch for grace, I neuer thought it long,  
 To do men good, I need not bee desired.  
 Nor yet with gifts, my heart was neuer hired.  
 But when the ball, was at my foote to guide,  
 I plaid to those, that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at will,  
 Ny robes were rich, and brauer then the sunne:  
 My Fortune then, was far about my skill,  
 My state was great, my glasse did euer runne.  
 My fatall threed, so happely was spunne,  
 That then I fate, in earthly pleasures clad,  
 And for the time, a Goddesse place I had.

But

But I had not, so soone this life posselt,  
But my good hap, began to slip aside :  
And Fortune then, did me so sore molest,  
That vnto plaints, was turned all my pride.  
Itbooted not, to row against the tide :  
Mine oares were weake, my heart and strength did faile,  
The winde was rough, I durst not beare a faile.

What steps of strife, belong to high estate ?  
The climbing vp, is doubtfull to endure,  
The seat it selfe, doth purchase priuie hate,  
And honors fame, is fickle and vn Timer,  
And all she brings, is flowres that be vn Timer :  
Which fall as fast, as they do sprout and spring,  
And cannot last, they are so vaine a thing.

We count no care, to catch that we do wish,  
But what we win, is long to vs vn Timer :  
Till present paine, be serued in our dish,  
We scarce perceiue, whereon our grieve hath growen:  
What graine proues well, that is so rashly sowen ?  
If that a meane, did measure all our deeds,  
In steed of corne, we should not gather weeds.

The settled mind, is free from Fortunes power,  
They need not feare, who looke not vp aloft :  
But they that climbe, are carefull euery hower,  
For when they fall, they light not very soft.  
Examples haue, the wisest warned oft,  
That where the trees, the smallest branches bere,  
The stormes do blow, and haue most rigour there.

Where is it strong, but neere the ground and roote ?  
Where is it weake, but on the highest sprays ?  
Where may a man, so surely set his foote,  
But on those bowes, that groweth low alwayes ?  
The little twigs, are but vn Timer fast stayes,  
If they breake not, they bend with euery blast,  
Who trusts to them, shall neuer stand full fast.

The winde is great, vpon the highest hilles,  
 The quiet life, is in the dale below :  
 Who treads on ice, shall slide against their willes,  
 They want not cares, that curious arts would know.  
 VVho liues at ease, and can content him so,  
     Is perfect wife, and sets vs all to schoole,  
 VVho hates this lore, may well be call'd a foole.

VVhat greater grieve, may come to any life,  
 Then after sweete, to taste the bitter sowre ?  
 Or after peace, to fall at warre and strife,  
 Or after mirth, to haue a cause to lowre ?  
 Vnder such props, false Fortune builds her bowre,  
     On sudden change, her flittering frames be set,  
     Where is no way, for to escape the net.

The hastie smart, that Fortune sends in spite,  
 Is hard to brooke, where gladnesse we embrace :  
 She threatens not, but suddenly doth smite,  
 Where ioy is most, there doth she sorow place.  
 But sure I thinke, this is too strange a case,  
     For vs to feele, such grieve amid our game,  
     And know not why, vntill we taste the same.

As erst I said, my blisse was turn'd to bale,  
 I had good cause, to weepe and wring my hands,  
 And shew sad cheare, with countenance full pale :  
 For I was brought, in sorowes wofull bands.  
 A pirrie came, and set my ship on sands.  
     What should I hide, or colour care and noy ?  
     King *Edward* di'd, in whom was all my ioy.

And when the earth, receiued had his corse,  
 And that in tombe, this worthie Prince was laid,  
 The world on me, began to shew his force,  
 Of troubles then, my part I long assai'd :  
 For they of whom, I neuer was affrai'd,  
     Vndid me most, and wrought me such despite,  
     That they bereft, me from my pleasure quite.



As long as life, remain'd in *Edwards* brest,  
Who was but I? who had such friends at call?  
His bodie was, no sooner put in chest,  
But well was he, that could procure my fall:  
His brother was, mine enmie most of all,  
Protector then, whose vice did still abound,  
From ill to worse, till death did him confound.

He falsely fain'd, that I of counsell was,  
To poison him, which thing I neuer ment:  
But he could set, thereon a face of brasse,  
To bring to passe, his leaud and false intent.  
To such mischiefe, this tyrants heart was bent,  
To God, ne man, he neuer stood in awe,  
For in his wrath, he made his will a law.

Lord *Hastings* blood, for vengeance on him cries,  
And many moe, that were too long to name:  
But most of all, and in most wofull wise,  
I had good cause, this wretched man to blame,  
Before the world, I suffred open shame,  
Where people were, as thicke as is the sand,  
I penance tooke, with taper in my hand.

Each eye did stare, and looke me in the face,  
As I past by, the rumours on me ran,  
But patience then, had lent me such a grace,  
My quiet lookes, were prais'd of euery man:  
The shamefast blood, brought me such colour than,  
That thousands said, which saw my sober cheere,  
It is great ruth, to see this woman heere.

But what preuail'd, the peoples pitie there?  
This raging wolfe, would spare no guiltlesse blood.  
Oh wicked wombe, that such ill fruit did beare,  
Oh cursed earth, that yeeldeth forth such mud:  
The hell consume, all things that did thee good,  
The heauens shut, their gates against thy spreete,  
The world tread downe, thy glorie vnder feete.

I aske of God, a vengeance on thy bones,  
 Thy stinking corps, corrupts the aire I know :  
 Thy shamefull death, no earthly wight bemones,  
 For in thy life, thy workes were hated so,  
 That euery man, did wish thy ouerthro :  
     Wherefore I may, though partiall now I am,  
     Curse euery cause, whereof thy bodie came.

Woe worth the man, that fathered such a child,  
 Woe worth the houre, wherein thou wast begate :  
 Woe worth the breasts, that haue the world beguil'd,  
 To nourish thee, that all the world did hate.  
 Woe worth the gods, that gaue thee such a fate,  
     To liue so long, that death deseru'd so oft.  
 Woe worth the chance, that set thee vp aloft.

Yee Princes all, and Rulers euery chone,  
 In punishment, beware of hatreds ire.  
 Before yee scourge, take heed, looke well thereon :  
 In wroths ill will, if malice kindle fire,  
 Your hearts will burne, in such a hot desire,  
     That in those flames, the smoke shall dim your sight,  
     Yee shall forget, to ioyne your iustice right.

You should not iudge, till things be well discerned,  
 Your charge is still, to maintaine vpright lawes :  
 In conscience rules, ye should be thoroughly learned,  
 Where clemencie, bids wrath and rashnes pause,  
 And further faith, strike not without a cause :  
     And when ye smite, do it for iustice sake,  
     Then in good part, each man your scourge wil take.

If that such zeale, had mou'd this tyrants mind,  
 To make my plague, a warrant for the rest,  
 I had small cause, such fault in him to find,  
 Such punishment, is vsed for the best :  
 But by ill will, and powre I was oppress,  
     He spoil'd my goods, and left me bare and poore,  
     And caused me, to beg from dore to doore.

What

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,  
To watch for crums, among the blind and lame?  
When almes were delt, I had an hungrie share,  
Because I knew not, how to aske for shame,  
Till force and need, had brought me in such frame,  
That starue I must, or learne to beg an almes,  
With booke in hand, to say *S. Davids* Psalmes.

Where I was wont, the golden chaines to weare,  
A paire of beads, about my necke was wound,  
A linnen cloth, was lapt about my heare,  
A ragged gowne, that trayled on the ground,  
A dish that clapt, and gaue a heauie sound,  
A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall,  
I bare about, as witnesse of my fall.

I had no house, wherein to hide my head,  
The open streete, my lodging was perforce :  
Full oft I went, all hungrie to my bed,  
My flesh consum'd, I looked like a corse.  
Yet in that plight, who had on me remorse?  
O God thou know'st, my friends forsooke me then,  
Not one holpe me, that succred many a man.

They frown'd on me, that faun'd on me before,  
And fled from me, that followed me full fast :  
They hated me, by whom I set much store,  
They knew full well, my fortune did not last.  
In euery place, I was condemn'd and cast,  
To pleade my cause, at barre it was no boote,  
For euery man, did tread me vnder foote.

Thus long I liu'd, all wearie of my life,  
Till death approcht, and rid me from that woe :  
Example take, by me, both maid and wife,  
Beware, take heed, fall not to follie so.  
A mirour make, by my great ouerthro,  
Defie the world, and all his wanton waies,  
Beware by me, that spent so ill her daies.

*The Churchyard.*

HOW



# HOW THOMAS WOLSEY DID ARISE VNTO GREAT

authoritie and gouernment, his manner of life,  
pompe and dignitie, and how he fell downe into  
*great disgrace, and was arrested of high  
treason. Anno, 1530.*

**S**hall I looke on, when States step on the stage,  
And play their parts before the peoples face?  
Some men liue now, scarce fourescore yeares of age,  
Who in time past, did know the Cardinals Grace.  
A gamesome world, when Bishops run at bace,  
Yea, get a fall, in striuing for the goale,  
And bodie lose, and hazard silly sole.

Ambitious mind, a world of wealth would haue,  
So scrats and scrapes, for scorfe and scornie drosse:  
And till the flesh and bones be hid in graue,  
Wit neuer rests, to grope for mucke and mosse.  
Fie on proud pompe, and gilded bridles bosse:  
O glorious gold, the gaping after thee,  
So blinds mine eyes, they can no danger see.

Now note my birth, and marke how I began,  
Behold from whence, rose all this pride of mine,  
My father but, a plaine poore honest man,  
And I his sonne, of wit and iudgement fine,  
Brought vp at schoole, and prou'd a good Diuine:  
For which great gifts, degree of schoole I had,  
And Batchler was, and I a little lad.

So, tasting some, of Fortunes sweete concaits,  
I clapt the hood, on shoulder, braue as Son,  
And hopte at length, to bite at better baits,  
And fill my mouth, ere banquet halfe were don.  
Thus holding on, the course I thought to ron:  
By many a feast, my belly grew so big,  
That *Wolsey* streight, became a wanton twig.

Loe what it is, to feed on daintie meate,  
And pamper vp, the gorge, with suger plate :  
Nay, see how lads, in hope of higher seate  
Rise early vp, and studie learning late.  
But he thriues best, that hath a blessed fate,  
And he speeds worst, that world will nere aduance,  
Nor neuer knowes, what meanes good lucke nor chance.

My chance was great, for from a poore mans son,  
I rose aloft, and chopt and chang'd degree :  
In Oxford first, my famous name begon,  
Where many a day the scholers honor'd mee.  
Then thought I how, I might a courtier bee :  
So came to Court, and feathred there my wing,  
With *Henrie* th'eight, who was a worthie King.

He did with words, assay me once or twice,  
To see what wit, and readie sprite I had :  
And when he saw, I was both graue and wise,  
For some good cause, the King was wondrous glad.  
Then downe I lookt, with sober countnance sad,  
But heart was vp, as high as hope could go,  
That suttile fox, might win some fauour so.

We worke with wiles, the minds of men like wax,  
The fawning whelp, gets many a piece of bred :  
We follow Kings, with many cunning knacks,  
By searching out, how are their humours fed.  
He haunts no Court, that hath a doltish hed :  
For as in gold, the pretious stone is set,  
So finest wits, in Court the credit get.

I quickly learn'd to kneele and kisse the hand,  
To wait at heele, and turne like top about,  
To stretch out necke, and like an Image stand,  
To taunt, to scoffe, and face the matter out,  
To prease in place, among the greatest rout :  
Yet like a Priest, my selfe did well behaue,  
In faire long gowne, and goodly garments graue.

Where

Where *Wolsey* went, the world like Bees would swarme,  
 To heare my speech, and note my nature well.  
 I could with tongue, vse such a kind of charme,  
 That voice full cleare, should sound like siluer bell.  
 When head deuise'd, a long discourse to tell,  
     With stories strange, my speech should spised be,  
     To make the world, to muse the more on me.

Each tale was sweet, each word a sentence waid,  
 Each eare I pleas'd, each eye gaue me the view,  
 Each Iudgement markt, and paused what I said,  
 Each mind I fed, with matter rare and new,  
 Each day and houre, my grace and credit grew:  
     So that the King, in hearing of this newes,  
     Deuised how, he might my seruice vse.

He made me then, his Chaplaine, to say Masse  
 Before his grace, yea twice or thrice a weeke:  
 Now had I time, to trim my selfe by glasse,  
 Now found I meane, some liuing for to seeke,  
 Now I became, both humble, milde, and meeke,  
     Now I appli'd, my wits and senses throw,  
     To reape some corne, if God would speed the plow.

Whom most I saw, in fauour with the King,  
 I follow'd fast, to get some hap thereby:  
 But I obseru'd, another finer thing,  
 That was, to keepe, me still in Princes eye.  
 As vnder wing, the hawke in winde doth lie,  
     So for a prey, I prowled heere and there,  
     And tried friends, and fortune euery where.

The King at length, sent me beyond the seas,  
 Embastour then, with message good and great:  
 And in that time, I did the King so pleas,  
 By short dispatch, and wrought so fine a feat,  
 That did aduance my selfe to higher feat,  
     The Deanrie then, of Lincolne he me gaue:  
     And bountie shew'd, before I gan to craue.



His Amner too, he made me all in haste,  
 And threefold gifts, he threw vpon me still :  
 His counsler straight, likewaies was *Wolsey* plasste.  
 Thus in short time, I had the world at will :  
 VVhich passed far, mans reason, wit, and skill.  
 O hap, thou hast, great secrets in thy might,  
 VVhich long lie hid, from wily worldlings sight.

As shewres of raine, fall quickly on the grasse,  
 That fading flowres, are soone refresht thereby ;  
 Or as with Sun, the morning dew doth passe,  
 And quiet calme, makes cleare a troubled skie :  
 So Princes powre, at twinkling of an eye  
 Sets vp aloft, a fau'et on the wheele,  
 When giddy braines, about the streets doe reele.

They are but blind, that wake where Fortune sleepes,  
 They work in vaine, that striue with streame and tide :  
 In double gard, they dwell, that destiny keepes,  
 In simple sort, they liue that lacke a guide :  
 They misse the marke, that shoot their arrowes wide,  
 They hit the pricke, that make their flight to glance  
 So neere the white, that shaft may light on chance.

Such was my lucke, I shot no shaft in vaine,  
 My bow stood bent, and brased all the yeere :  
 I waited hard, but neuer lost my paine :  
 Such wealth came in, to beare the charges cleere.  
 And in the end, I was the greatest peere  
 Among them all, for I so rulde the land,  
 By Kings consent, that all was in my hand.

Within on yeare, three Bishoprickes I had,  
 And in small space, a Cardinall I was made :  
 With long red robes, rich *Wolsey* then was clad,  
 I walkt in Sun, when others sate in shade :  
 I went abroad, with such a traine and trade,  
 With crosses borne, before me where I past,  
 That man was thought, to be some God at last.

With

With sonnes of Earles, and Lords I serued was,  
 An hundred chaines, at least were in my traine:  
 I daile dranke in gold, but not in glas,  
 My bread mas made, of finest flowre and graine:  
 My dainty mouth, did common meates disdain,  
     I fed like Prince, on fowles most deare and strange,  
 And bankets made, of fine conceits for change.

My hall was full, of Knights, and Squires of name,  
 And gentlemen, two hundred told by pole:  
 Tale yeomen too, did houely serue the same,  
 Whose names each weeke, I saw within check role,  
 All went to church, when seruice bell did knole,  
     All dinde and supt and slept, at Cardnals charge,  
 And all would wait, when *Wolsey* tooke his barge.

My household stuffe, my wealth and siluer plate,  
 Might well suffice, a Monarke at this day:  
 I neuer fed, but vnder cloth of state,  
 Nor walkt abroad, till Vshars cleard the way.  
 In house I had, musitions for to play,  
     In open streete, my trumpets loud did sound,  
     Which pearst the skies, and seem'd to shake the ground.

My men most braue, marcht two and two in ranke,  
 Who held in length, much more then halfe a mile:  
 Not one of these, but gaue his master thanke,  
 For some good turne, or pleasure got some while.  
 I did not feed, my seruants with a smile,  
     Or glosing words, that neuer bring forth fruite,  
     But gaue them gold, or els preferd their suite.

In surety so whiles God was pleas'd, I stood,  
 I knew I must, leaue all my wealth behinde:  
 I saw they lou'd, me not for birth or blood,  
 But seru'd a space, to try my noble minde.  
 The more men giue, the more indeed they finde  
     Of loue, and troth, and seruice, euery way:  
 The more they spare, the more doth loue decay.

I ioide to see, my seruants thriue so well,  
 And go so gay, with little that they got:  
 For as I did in honour still excell,  
 So would I oft, the want offeruants note:  
 Which made my men, on master so to dote,  
 That when I said, let such a thing be done,  
 They would indeed, through fire and water runne.

I had in house, so many officers still,  
 Which were obaid, and honourd for their place,  
 That carelesse I, might sleepe or walke at will,  
 Saue that sometime, I weigh'd a poore mans case,  
 And salu'd such sores, whose griefe might breed disgrace.  
 Thus men did wait, and wicked world did gaze,  
 On me and them, that brought vs all in maze.

For world was whist, and durst not speake a word  
 Of that they saw, my credit curbd them so:  
 I waded far, and passed ore the foord,  
 And minded nor, for to returne I troe.  
 The world was wise, yet scarce it selfe did knoe,  
 When wonder made, of men that rose by hap:  
 For Fortune rare, fals not in each mans lap.

I clim'd the clouds, by knowledge and good wit,  
 My men sought chance, by seruice or good lucke,  
 The world walkt low, when I aboue did sit,  
 Or downe did come, to trample on this mucke:  
 And I did swim, as dainty as a ducke,  
 When water serues, to keepe the body braue,  
 And to enioy, the gifts that Fortune gaue.

And though my pompe, surpast all Prelates now,  
 And like a Prince I liu'd and pleasure rooke:  
 That was not sure, so great a blur in brow,  
 If on my workes, indifferent eyes doe looke.  
 I thought great scorne, such liuings heere to brooke,  
 Except I built, some houses for the poore,  
 And order tooke, to giue great almes at doore.



A Colledge faire, in Oxford I did make,  
 A sumptuous house, a stately work indeede,  
 I gaue great lands, to that, for learning sake,  
 To bring vp youth, and succour scholers neede.  
 That charge of mine, full many a mouth did feede,  
 When I in Court, was seeking some good turne,  
 To mend my torch, or make my candell burne.

More houses gay, I built, then thousands do  
 That haue enough, yet will no goodnes shoe :  
 And where I built, I did maintaine it to,  
 With such great cost, as few bestowes I troe.  
 Of buildings large, I could rehearse a roe,  
 That by mischance, this day haue lost my name,  
 Whereof I do, deserue the only fame.

And as for sutes, about the King was none  
 So apt as I, to speake and purchase grace.  
 Though long before, some say *Shores* wife was one,  
 That oft kneeld downe, before the Princes face  
 For poore mens sutes, and holpe their woefull case,  
 Yet she had not, such credit as I gate,  
 Although a King, would heare the parret prate.

My words were graue, and bore an equall poies,  
 In ballance iust, for many a weightie cause :  
 She pleasd a Prince, with pretty merry toies,  
 And had no sight, in state, nor course of lawes :  
 I could perswade, and make a Prince to pawes,  
 And take a breath, before he drew the sword,  
 And spie the time, to rule him with a word.

I will not say, but fancy may do much,  
 Yet world will grant, that wisdom may do more :  
 To wanton girls, affection is not such,  
 That Princes wife, wil be abuse therefore :  
 One sute of mine, was surely worth a score  
 Of hers indeed, for she her time must watch,  
 And at all howres, I durst go draw the latch.

My voice but heard, the dore was open streight,  
She might not come, till she were cald or brought :  
I rul'd the King, by custome, art and sleight,  
And knew full well, the secrets of his thought.  
Without my mind, all that was done was nought,  
In wars or peace, my counsell swaied all,  
For still the King, would for the Cardnall call.

I kept a court, my selfe, as great as his,  
(I not compare, vnto my master here)  
But looke my Lords, what liuely world was this,  
That one poore man, became so great a peere ?  
Yet though this tale, be very strange to here,  
Wit wins a world : and who hath hap and wit,  
With triumph long, in princely throne may fit.

What man like me, bare rule in any age,  
I shone like Sun, more cleare then morning star :  
Was neuer part, so plaid, in open stage  
As mine, nor fame, of man flew halfe so far.  
I sate on bench, when thowfands at the bar  
Did plead for right : for I in publique weale  
Lord Chancelor was, and had the great broad scale.

Now haue I told, how I did rise aloft,  
And sate with pride, and pomp, in golden hall,  
And set my feete, on costly carpets soft,  
And plaid at goale, with goodly golden ball :  
But after, Lord, I must rehearse my fall.  
O trembling heart, thou canst not now for teares  
Present that tale, vnto the hearers eares.

Best weepe it out, and sudden silence keepe,  
Till priuy pangs, make pinched heart complaine :  
Or cast thy selfe, into some slumbring sleepe,  
Till wakened wits, remembrance bring againe.  
When heauy teares, do hollow cheekes distaine,  
The world will thinke, thy sprits are growne so weake,  
The feeble tongue, hath sure no power to speake.

A tale by signes, with sighes and sobs set out,  
 Moues peoples mindes, to pity plagued men :  
 With howling voice, do rather crie and shout,  
 And so by arte, shew forth thy sorrow then.  
 For if thou speake, some man will note with pen  
 What *Wolsey* said, and what threw *Wolsey* downe,  
 And vnder foote, flings *Wolseys* great renowne.

What force of that, my fall must needs be herd,  
 Before I fell, I had a time to rise:  
 As fatall chance, and Fortune me preferd.  
 So mischiefe came, and did my state despise.  
 If I might plead, my case among the wise,  
 I could excuse, right much of mine offence:  
 But leaue a while, such matter in suspense.

The Pope, or pride, or peeuish parts of mine,  
 Made King to frowne, and take the seale from me :  
 Now seru'd no words, nor pleasant speeches fine,  
 Now *Wolsey*, lo, must needes disgraced be.  
 Yet had I leaue (as dolefull prisoner free)  
 To keepe a house (God wot) with heauy cheere,  
 Where that I found, no wine, ne bread, nor beere.

My time was come, I could no longer liue,  
 What should I make, my sorrow further knowne :  
 Vpon some cause, that King that all did giue  
 Tooke all againe, and so possesse his owne.  
 My goods, my plate, and all was ouerthrowne,  
 And looke what I, had gathred many a day,  
 Within one houre, was cleanly swept away.

But harken now, how that my Fortune fell,  
 To Yorke I must; where I the Bishop was :  
 Where I by right, in grace a while did dwell,  
 And was in stawle, with honour great to passe.  
 The Priors then, and Abbots gan to smell,  
 How Cardnall must, be honourd as he ought,  
 And for that day, was great prouision brought.



At Cawood then, where I great buildings made,  
And did through cause, expect my stawling day,  
The King deuilde, a secret vnder shade,  
How Cardnall should, bee rest and brought away.  
One *Wealth* a Knight, came downe in good aray,  
And seafned sure, because from Court hee came,  
On *Wolsey* wolfe, that spoiled many a lambe.

Then was I led, toward Court, like dog in string,  
And brought as biese, that Butcher-row must see.  
But still I hopte, to come before the King,  
And that repaire, was not denide to me.  
But he that kept, the Towre, my guide must be.  
Ah there I saw, what King thereby did meane,  
And so I searcht if conscience now were cleane.

Some spots I found, of pride and popish parts,  
That might accuse, a better man then I :  
Now Oxford came, to minde, with all their arts,  
And Cambridge too, but all not worth a flie :  
For schoolemen can, no foule defects supplie.  
My sauce was sowre, though meate before was sweete,  
Now *Wolsey* lackt, both cunning, wit, and spreete.

A deepe conceit, of that, possessest my head,  
So fell I ficke, consum'd as some did thinke.  
So tooke in haste, my chamber and my bed,  
On which deuice, perhaps the world might winke.  
But in the heart, sharpe sorrow so did sinke,  
That gladnes sweete, (forsooke my senses all)  
In those extremes, did yeeld vnto my fall.

O let me curse, the popish Cardnall hat,  
Those miters big, beset with pearle and stones,  
And all the rest, of trash I know not what,  
The saints in shrine, their flesh and rotten bones,  
The maske of Monkes, deuised for the nones,  
And all the flocke, of Freers, what ere they are,  
That brought me vp, and left me there so bare.

O cursed priests, that prate for profits sake,  
 And follow flood, and tide, where ere it flows:  
 O merchants fine, that do aduantage take  
 Of euery graine, how euer market goes.  
 O fie on wolues, that march in masking cloes,  
 For to deuoure, the lambs, when shepherd sleepes,  
 And woe to you, that promise neuer keeps.

You said I should, be reskude if I need,  
 And you would curse, with candell, booke and bell:  
 But when ye should, now serue my turne indeed,  
 Yee haue no house, I know not where ye dwell.  
 O Freers and Monkes, your harbour is in hell,  
 For in this world, ye haue no rightfull place,  
 Nor dare not once, in heauen shew your face.

Your fault not halfe, so great as was my pride,  
 For which offence, fell *Lucifer* from skies:  
 Although I would, that wilfull folly hide,  
 The thing lies plaine, before the peoples eies,  
 On which hie heart, a hatefull name doth ries.  
 It hath been said, of old, and daily will,  
 Pride goes before, and shame comes after still.

Pride is a thing, that God and man abores,  
 A swelling tode, that poisons euery place,  
 A stinking wound, that breedeth many sores,  
 A priuie plague, found out in stately face,  
 A painted bird, that keeps a peacoks pace,  
 A lothsome lout, that lookes like tinkers dog,  
 A hellish hownd, a swinish hateful hog.

That grunts and groanes, at euery thing it sees,  
 And holds vp snowt, like pig that coms from draffe.  
 Why should I make, of pride all these degrees,  
 That first tooke roote, from filthy drosse and chaffe,  
 And makes men stay, vpon a broken staffe?

No weaknesse more, then thinke to stand vp right,  
 When stumbling blocke, makes men to fall downe right.

He needs must fall, that lookes not where he goes,  
And on the starres, walkes staring gozling like :  
On sudden oft, a blustering tempest bloes,  
Then downe great trees are tumbled in the dike.  
Who knowes the time, and houre when God will strike?  
Then looke about, and marke what steps ye take,  
Before you pace, the pirgrimage yee make.

Run not on head, as all the world were yours,  
Nor thrust them backe, that cannot bide a shocke :  
Who striues for place, his owne decay procures :  
Who alwaies braules, is sure to catch a knocke :  
Who beards a King, his head is neere the blocke :  
But who doth stand, in feare, and worldly dread,  
Ere mischiefe comes, had need to take good heed.

I hauing hap, did make account of none,  
But such as fed, my humour good or bad.  
To fawning dogs, sometimes I gaue a bone,  
And flung some scraps, to such as nothing had :  
But in my hands, still kept the golden gad,  
That seru'd my turne, and laught the rest to scorne,  
As for himselfe was Cardnall *Wolsey* borne.

No, no, good men, we liue not for our selues,  
Though each one catch, as much as he may get :  
We ought to looke, to those that digs and delues,  
That alwaies dwell, and liue in endlesse det.  
If in such sort, we would our compasse set,  
We should haue loue, where now but hate we find,  
And headstrong will, with cruell hollow mind.

I thought nothing, of dutie, loue, or feare,  
I snatcht vp all, and alwaies sought to clime :  
I punisht all, and would with no man beare,  
I sought for all, and so could take the time.  
I pli'd the Prince, whiles Fortune was in prime,  
I fill'd the bags, and gold in hoord I heapt,  
Thought not on those, that thresht the corne I reapt.



So all I lost, and all I gate was nought,  
 And all my pride, and pompe lay in the dust:  
 I aske you all, what man aliue had thought;  
 That in this world, had been so little trust?  
 Why, all things heere, with time decline they must.  
 Then all is vaine, so all not worth a flie,  
 If all shall thinke, that all are borne to die.

If all be base, and of so small account,  
 VVhy do we all, in folly so abound?  
 VVhy do the meane, and mightie seeke to mount,  
 Beyond all hope, where is no suretie found,  
 And where the wheele, is alwaies turning round?  
 The case is plaine, if all be vnderstood,  
 VVe are so vaine, we know not what is good.

Yet some will say, when they haue heapes of gold,  
 VVith flockes of friends, and seruants at their call,  
 They liue like Gods, in pleasure treble fold,  
 And haue no cause, to find no fault at all.  
 O blind conceit, these glories are but small,  
 And as for friends, they change their minds so mich,  
 They stay not long, with neither poore nor rich.

VVith hope of friends, our selues we do deceaue,  
 VVith feare of foes, we threatned are in sleepe:  
 But friends speake faire, yet men alone they leaue  
 To sinke or swim, to mourne, to laugh, or weepe.  
 Yet when foe smiles, the snake begins to creepe,  
 As world falles out, these daies in compasse iust,  
 VVe know not how, the friend or foe to trust.

Both can betray, the truest man aliue,  
 Both are to doubt, in matters of great weight,  
 Both will sometime, for goods and honor striue,  
 Both seemeth plaine, yet both can shew great sleight,  
 Both stoopes full low, yet both can looke on height,  
 And best of both, not worth a cracked crowne:  
 Yet least of both, may lose a walled towne.

Talke not of friends, the name thereof is nought,  
Then trust no foes, if friends their credit lose;  
If foes and friends, of one bare earth were wrought,  
Blame nere of both, though both one nature shoves.  
Grace passeth kind, where grace and vertue flowes,  
But where grace wants, make foes and friends alike,  
The one drawes sword, the other sure will strike.

I prou'd that true, by triall twentie times,  
When *Wolsey* stood, on top of Fortunes wheele,  
But such as to the height of ladder climes,  
Know not what lead, lies hanging on their heele.  
Tell me my mates, that heauie Fortune feele,  
If rising vp, breed not a giddie braine,  
And falling downe, be not a grieuous paine.

I told you how, from Cawood I was led,  
And so fell sicke, when I arrested was;  
VVhat needeth now more words herein be sed,  
I knew full well, I must to prison passe,  
And saw my state, as brittle as a glasse:  
So gaue vp ghost, and bad the world farewell,  
VVherein, God wot, I could no longer dwell.

Thus vnto dust, and ashes I return'd,  
VVhen blaze of life, and vitall breath went out,  
Like glowing coale, that is to cinders burn'd;  
All flesh and blood, so end, you need not doubt.  
But when the brute of this was blowne about,  
The world was glad, the Cardnall was in graue,  
This is of world, loe all the hope we haue.

Full many a yeare, the world lookt for my fall,  
And when I fell, I made as great a cracke,  
As doth an oake, or mightie tottering wall,  
That whirling winde, doth bring to ruine and wrack,  
Now babling world, will talke behind my backe,  
A thousand things, to my reproch and shame,  
So will it too, of others do the same.

But what of that? the best is we are gone,  
 And worst of all, when we our tales haue told,  
 Our open plagues will warning be to none,  
 Men are by hap, and courage made so bold:  
 They thinke all is, their owne they haue in hold.  
 Well, let them say, and thinke what thing they pleas,  
 This weltring world, both flowes, and ebs like seas.

*Tho. Churchyard.*

## HOW THE LORD CROMWELL EXALTED FROM MEANE ESTATE,

was after by the enuie of the Bishop of Winchester and  
*other his complices brought to vntimely end,*

*Anno Dom. 1540.*



Wak'd, and trembling betwixt rage and dread  
 With the loud slander (by the impious time)  
 That of my actions euery where is spread,  
 Through which to honor falsely I should clime,  
 From the sad dwelling of th'vntimely dead,  
 To quit me of that execrable crime,  
*Cromwell* appeares his wretched plight to show,  
 Much that can tell, one much that once did know.

Roughly not made vp in the common mould,  
 That with the vulgar vilely I should die,  
 What thing so strange of *Cromwell* is not told?  
 What man more prais'd? who more condemn'd then I?  
 That with the world when I am waxed old,  
 Most t'were vnfit that fame of me should lie  
 With fables vaine my historie to fill,  
 Forcing my good, excusing of my ill.

You that but hearing of my hated name,  
 Your ancient malice instantly bewray,  
 And for my sake your ill deserued blame  
 Vpon my legend publicly shall lay;

**Would**



Would you forbear to blast me with defame,  
Might I so meane a priuiledge but pray,  
He that three ages hath endur'd your wrong,  
Heare him a little that hath heard you long.

Since Romes sad ruine heere by me began,  
Who her Religion pluckt vp by the root,  
Of the false world such hate for which I wan,  
Which still at me her poisoned'st darts doth shoot;  
That to excuse it, do the best I can,  
Little I feare my labour me will boot:  
Yet will I speake my troubled heart to ease,  
Much to the mind, her selfe it is to please.

O powerfull number, from whose stricter law  
Heart-mouing musicke did receiue the ground  
Which men to faire ciuilitie did draw  
With the brute beast when lawlesse he was found:  
O if according to the wiser saw  
There be a high diuinitie in sound,  
Be now abundant prosp'rously to aide  
The pen prepar'd my doubtfull case to pleade.

Putney the place made blessed in my brith,  
Whose meanest cottage simplie me did shrowd,  
To me as dearest of the English earth;  
So of my bringing that poore village prou'd,  
Though in a time when neuer lesse the dearth  
Of happie wits, yet mine so well allow'd  
That with the best she boldly durst confer  
Him that his breath acknowledged from her.

Twice flow'd proud Thames as at my comming wood,  
Striking the wondring borderers with feare,  
And the pale *Genius* of that aged flood  
Vnto my mother labouring did appeare,  
And with a countenance much distracted stood,  
Threatning the fruit her pained wombe should beare:  
My speedie birth being added thereunto,  
Seem'd to foretell that much I came to do.

That

That was referued for those worser daies,  
 As the great ebbe vnto so long a flow,  
 VVhen what those ages formerly did raise,  
 This when I liu'd did lastly ouerthrow,  
 And that great'st labour of the world did seaze,  
 Only for which immedicable blow  
     Due to that time me dooming heauen ordain'd,  
     VVherein confusion absolutely raig'n'd.

Vainly yet noted this prodigious signe,  
 Often predictions of most fearefull things,  
 As plagues, or warre, or great men to decline,  
 Rising of Commons, or the death of Kings;  
 But some strange newes though euer it diuine,  
 Yet forth them not immediatly it brings,  
     Vntill th'effects men afterward did learne,  
     To know that me it chiefly did concerne.

VVhil'st yet my father by his painfull trade,  
 VVhose laboured Anuile only was his fee,  
 VVhom my great towardnesse strongly did perswade  
 In knowledge to haue educated mee:  
 But death did him vnluckily inuade,  
 Ere he the fruits of his desire could see,  
     Leauing me yong, then little that did know  
     How me the heauens had purpos'd to bestow.

Hopelesse as helpelesse most might me suppose,  
 Whose meannesse seem'd their abiect breath to draw:  
 Yet did my breast that glorious fire inclose,  
 VVhich their dull purblind ignorance not saw,  
 VVhich still is settled vpon outward shoues,  
 The vulgars iudgement euer is so raw,  
     VVhich the vnworthiest sottishly do loue  
     In their owne region properly that moue.

Yet me my fortune so could not disguise,  
 But through this cloud were some that did me know,  
 VVhich then the rest more happie or more wise,  
 Me did relieue when I was driuen low,

VVhich

Which as the staier by which I first did rise,  
When to my height I afterward did grow,  
Them to requite my bounties were so hie,  
As made my fame through euery eare to flie.

That height and Godlike puritie of minde  
Resteth not still, where titles most adorne  
With any, nor peculiarly confinde  
To names, and to be limited doth scorne:  
Man doth the most degenerate from kinde,  
Richest and poorest both alike are borne;  
And to be alwaies pertinently good,  
Followes not still the greatnes of our blood.

Pitie it is that to one vertuous man  
That marke him lent to gentrie to aduance,  
Which first by noble industrie he wan,  
His baser issue after should inhance,  
And the rude slaue not any good that can,  
Such should thrust downe by what is his by chance:  
As had not he been first that him did raise,  
Nere had his great heire wrought his grandsires praise.

How weake art thou that makest it thy end  
To heape such worldly dignities on thee,  
When vpon Fortune only they depend,  
And by her changes gouerned must bee?  
Besides the dangers still that such attend,  
Liuel'est of all men purtraied out in mee,  
When that for which I hated was of all,  
Soon'st from me fled, scarce tarrying for my fall.

You that but boast your ancestors proud stile,  
And the large stem whence your vaine greatnes grew,  
When you your selues are ignorant and vile,  
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,  
That all good spirits would vtterly exile,  
Doubting their worth should else discouer you,  
Giuing your selues vnto ignoble things;  
Base I proclaime you though deriu'd from Kings.

Vertue



Vertue but poore, God in this earth doth place  
 Gainst the rude world to stand vp in his right,  
 To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,  
 Not ceasing to pursue her with despight :  
 Yet when of all she is accounted base,  
 And seeming in most miserable plight,  
     Out of her power new life to her doth take,  
     Least then dismai'd when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an vndaunted spirit,  
 For her deare sake that offereth him to dye,  
 For whom, when him the world doth disinherit,  
 Looketh vpon it with a pleased eye,  
 What's done for vertue thinking it doth merit,  
 Daring the proudest menaces desie,  
     More worth then life, how ere the base world rate him,  
     Belou'd of heauen, although the earth doth hate him.

Iniurious time, vnto the good vniust,  
 O how may weake posteritie suppose  
 Euer to haue their merit from the dust,  
 Gainst them thy partialitie that knowes !  
 To thy report o who shall euer trust,  
 Triumphant arches building vnto those  
     Allow'd the longest memorie to haue,  
     That were the most vnworthie of a graue?

But my cleere mettle had that powerfull heat,  
 As it not turn'd with all that Fortune could :  
 Nor when the world me terriblest did threat,  
 Could that place win which my hie thoughts did hold,  
 That waxed still more prosperously great,  
 The more the world me stroue to haue control'd,  
     On my owne Columnes constantly to stand,  
     Without the false helpe of anothers hand.

My youthfull course thus wisely did I steere,  
 T'auoid those rockes my wracke that else did thret :  
 Yet some faire hopes from farre did still appeere,  
 If that too much my wants me did not let :

Wherefore

Wherefore my selfe aboue my selfe to beare,  
Still as I grew I knowledge stroue to get,  
To perfect that which in the Embryon was,  
Whose birth I found time well might bring to passe.

But when my meanes to faile me I did finde,  
My selfe to trauell presently betooke,  
As much distastfull to my noble minde,  
That the vile world into my wants should looke,  
And of my selfe industriously inclinde,  
To measure others actions with my booke,  
I might my iudgement rectifie thereby,  
In matters that were difficult and hie.

When loe it hapt that fortune as my guide,  
Of me did with such prouidence dispose,  
That th'English Merchants then who did reside  
At Antwerpe, me their Secretarie chose,  
(As though in me to manifest her pride)  
Whence to those principalities I rose,  
To pluck me downe, whence afterward she fear'd  
Beyond her power that almost she had rear'd.

When first the wealthie Netherlauds me traind  
In wise commerce most proper to the place,  
And from my countrie carefully me wain'd,  
That with the world did chiefly winne me grace,  
Where great experience happily I gaind;  
Yet here I seem'd but tutor'd for a space,  
For hie imploiment otherwise ordaind,  
Till which the time I idely entertaind.

For hauing Boston businesse in hand,  
The charge thereof on Chambers being laid,  
Comming to Flanders hapt to vnderstand  
Of me whom he requested him to aid;  
Of which when I the benefit had scand,  
Weighing what time at Antwerpe I had staid,  
Quickly me wonne faire Italy to trie,  
Vnder a cheerefull and more luckie skie:

For

For what the meanest cleerely makes to shine,  
 Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concur  
 In euery proiect, that so powerfull trine  
 By whose kind working brauely I did sturre,  
 Which to each hie and glorious designe  
 (The time could offer) freely did me spur,  
 As forcing fate some new thing to prepare  
 (Shewing successe) t'attempt that could me dare:

Where now my spirit got roomth it selfe to shew,  
 To the fair'st pitch doth make a gallant flight,  
 From things that too much earthly were and low,  
 Strongly attracted by a genuine light,  
 Where higher still it euery day did grow;  
 And being in so excellent a plight,  
 Graue but occasion happily to proue  
 How much it fate each vulgar spirit about.

The good successe th'affaires of England found,  
 Much prais'd the choice of me that had been made:  
 For where most men the depth durst hardly sound,  
 I held it nothing boldly through to wade  
 My selfe, and through the strait'st waies I woond.  
 So could I act, so well I could perswade  
 As meere ly Iouiall, me to mirth applie,  
 Compos'd of freedome and alacritie.

Not long it was ere Rome of me did ring  
 (Hardly shall Rome so full daies see again)  
 Off freemens catches to the Pope I sing,  
 Which wan much licence to my countrimen,  
 Thither the which I was the first did bring,  
 That were vnknowne to Italy till then:  
 Light humours them when iudgement doth direct,  
 Euen of the wise win plausible respect.

And those from whom that pensions were allow'd,  
 And heere did for intelligence remaine,  
 Vnder my power themselues were glad to shroud,  
*Russell* and *Pace* yea oftentimes were faine,

When



When as their names they durst not haue allow'd,  
Me into their societie t'retaine,  
Rising before me mightie as they were,  
Great though at home, yet did they need me there.

In forraine parts nere friends I yet forsake  
That had before been deeply bound to mee,  
And would againe I vse of them should make,  
But still my starres command I should be free,  
And all those offers lightly from me shake,  
Which to requite I settred else might bee,  
And though that oft great perils me oppungne,  
And meanes were weak, my mind was euer strong.

And those great wants fate to my youth did tie  
Me from delights of those rich countries driue,  
Thereby inforc'd with painfull industrie  
Against affliction manfully to striue  
Vnder her burthen faintly not to lie,  
But since my good I hardly must deriue,  
Vnto the same to make my selfe a way  
Through all the power against me she could lay.

As a Comedian where my life I led,  
For so a while my need did me constraine,  
With other my poore countrimen (that plai'd)  
Thither that came in hope of better gaine,  
Whereas when Fortune seem'd me low to tread  
Vnder her feet, she set me vp againe,  
Vntill the vse me bad her not to feare  
Her good and ill that patiently could beare.

Till *Charles* the fift th' imperiall power did bend  
Gainst Rome, which *Burbon* skilfully did guide,  
Which fore declining Italy did rend;  
For th' right that him her holinesse denide,  
Wholly her selfe enforced to defend  
Gainst him that iustly punished her pride,  
To which my selfe I lastly did betake,  
Seeing thereof what Fortune ment to make.

And

And at the siege with that great Generall seru'd,  
 When he did girt her stubborne waste with Steele,  
 Within her walles who well neer being staru'd,  
 And that with faintnes she began to reele,  
 Shewing her selfe a little as she swaru'd:  
 First her then noting I began to feele,  
     She whose great power so far abroad did come,  
     What in her selfe she truly was at home.

That the great schoole of the false world was then,  
 Where her's their subtile practises did vie,  
 Amongst that mightie confluence of men,  
 French plots propt vp by English policie,  
 The German powers, false shuffling, and agen  
 All countermin'd by skilfull Italy,  
     Each one in possibility to win,  
     Great rests were vp and mightie hands were in.

Here first to worke my busie braine was set,  
 (My inclination finding it to please  
 This stirring world which strongly still did whet)  
 To temper in so dangerous assaies,  
 Which did strange formes of policies beget;  
 Besides in times so turbulent as these,  
     Wherein my studies hopefully did bend  
     Vnto that point the wisest made their end:

And my experience happily me taught  
 Into the secrets of those times to see,  
 From whence to England afterward I brought  
 Those slights of state deliu' red vnto me,  
 In t' which were then but very few that sought,  
 Nor did with th'umour of that age agree,  
     After did great and fearfull things effect,  
     Whose secret working few did then suspect:

When though t'were long it hapned yet at last  
 Some hopes me homeward secretly allur'd,  
 When many perils strangely I had past,  
 As many sad calamities endur'd

Beyond the Moone, when I began to cast  
By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,  
If they at home were to the mightie knowne,  
How they would seeme compared with their owne.

Or if that there the great should me neglect,  
As I the worst that vainely did not feare,  
To my experience how to gaine respect  
In other countries that doe hold it deare,  
And now occasion seemed to reiect,  
Whil' st still before me other rising were,  
And some themselues had mounted to the skie,  
Little before vnlike to thriue as I.

When now in England Bigamie with blood  
Lately begot by luxurie and pride,  
In their great' st fulnes peremptorie flood;  
Some thereunto that diligently pri'd,  
Stillie were fishing in that troubled flood  
For future changes wisely to prouide,  
Finding the world so rankly then to swell,  
That till it brake it neuer could be well.

But floting long vpon my first arriue,  
Whil' st many doubts me seemed to appall,  
Like to a barke that with the tide doth driue,  
Hauing not left to fasten it withall,  
Thus with the time by suffring I doe striue  
Vnto that harbor doubtfull yet to fall;  
Vntill inforc'd to put it to the chance,  
Casting the fair' st my fortune to aduance.

Making my selfe to mightie *Wolsey* knowne,  
That *Atlas* which the gouernment vpstai'd,  
Which from meane place in little time was growne  
Vp vnto him, that weight vpon him lai'd,  
And being got the neereft to his throne,  
He the more easly the great kingdome swai'd,  
Leaning thereon his wearied selfe to breath,  
Whil' st euen the greatest farre sat him beneath.

N n

Where



Where learned *More* and *Gardiner* I met,  
 Men in those times immatchable for wit,  
 Able that were the dullest spirit to whet,  
 And did my humour excellently fit,  
 Into their ranke that worthily did get  
 There as their proud competitor to sit,  
 One excellence to many is the mother,  
 Wit doth as creatures one beget another.

This Founder of the palaces of Kings,  
 Whose veines with more then vsuall spirit were fild,  
 A man ordained to the mightiest things,  
 In Oxford then determining to build  
 To Christ a Colledge, and together brings  
 All that thereof the great foundation wills,  
 There me imploies, whose industrie he found  
 Worthie to worke vpon the noblest ground.

Yet in the entrance wisely that did feare  
 Coyne might fall short, yet with this worke on fire,  
 Wherefore such houses as Religious were  
 Whose being no necessitie require,  
 But that the greater very well might beare,  
 From Rome the Card'nall cunningly did hire,  
 Winning withall his Soueraigne to consent,  
 Both colouring with so holy an intent.

This like a symptome to a long disease  
 Was the forerunner to this mightie fall,  
 And but too vnaduisedly did cease  
 Vpon the part that ruinated all,  
 Which had the worke been of so many daies  
 And more againe, recouer hardly shall:  
 But loe it sunke which time did long vphold,  
 Where now it lies euen leueld with the mould.

Thus thou great Rome here first wast ouerthrowne,  
 Thy future harmes that blindly couldst not se,  
 And in this worke they only were thine owne,  
 Whose knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,

Which

Which to the world before had they not showne,  
Nere had those secrets been descri'd by mee,  
Nor by thy wealth so many from the plow  
Worne those hie types wherein they flourish now.

After when as the Cardinall againe  
Into hie fauour with the King mee brought,  
VVith whom my selfe so well I did demeane,  
As that I seem'd to exercise his thought,  
And his great liking strongly did retaine  
With what before my Master me had taught,  
From whose example by those Cels were small  
Sprang the subuersion lastly of them all.

Yet many a let was cast into the way,  
VVherein I ran so steddily and right,  
And many a snare my aduerfaries lay,  
Much wrought they with their power much with their flight,  
Wisely perceiuing that my smallest stay  
Fully requir'd the vtmost of their might,  
To my ascendant hasting me to clime,  
There as the first predomining the time,

Knowing what wealth me earnestly did wooe,  
VVhich I through *Wolsey* hapned had to finde,  
And could the path most perfectly vntoo,  
The King thereafter earnestly inclin'd,  
Seeing besides what after I might doe  
If so great power mee fully were assign'd,  
By all their meanes against me strongly wrought,  
Lab'ring as fast to bring their Church to nought.

Whil'st to the King continually I sue,  
And in this businesse faithfully did stirre  
Strongly t' approue my iudgement to be true  
Gainst those who most supposed me to erre,  
Nor the least meanes which any way I knew  
Might grace me, or my purposes preferre  
Did I omit, till wonne I had his eare,  
Most that me mark'd when least he seem'd to heare.

This wound to them thus violently giuen,  
 Enuie at me her sharpest darts doth roue,  
 Affecting the supremacie of heauen,  
 As the first Giants warring against *Ioue*,  
 Heap'd hils on hils, the Gods till they had driuen  
 The meanest shapes of earthly things to proue :  
 So must I shift from them against me rose,  
 Mortall their hate, as mightie were my foes.

But their great force against me wholly bent  
 Preuail'd vpon my purposes so farre,  
 That I my ruine scarcely could preuent,  
 So momentarie worldly fauours are,  
 That till the vtmost of their spight was spent,  
 Had not my spirit maintain'd a manly warre,  
 Risen they had when laid I had been low,  
 Vpon whose ruine after I did grow.

When the great King their strange reports that rooke  
 That as pernicious as they potent were,  
 Which at the faire growth of my fortune strooke,  
 Whose deadly malice blame me not to feare,  
 Me at the first so violently shooke,  
 That they this frame were likely downe to beare,  
 If resolution with a setled brow  
 Had not vpheld my peremptorie vow.

Yet these encounters thrust me not awry,  
 Nor could my courses force me to forsake,  
 After this shipwrack I againe must trie  
 Some happier voiage hopefull still to make,  
 The plots that barren long we see did lie,  
 Some fitting season plentifully take,  
 One fruitfull haruest frankly doth restore  
 What many winters hindred had before.

That to account I strictly call my wit  
 How it this while had managed my state,  
 My soule in counsell summoning to sit,  
 If possible to turne the course of fate,



For waies there be the greatest things to hit,  
If men could find the peremptorie gate,  
And since I once was got so neere the brinke  
More then before, t'would grieue me now to sinke.

*Bedford* whose life (some said) that I had sau'd  
In Italy, one me that fauoured most,  
And reuerend *Hayles* who but occasion crau'd  
To shew his loue, no lesse that I had cost,  
VVho to the King perceiuing me disgrac'd,  
VVhose fauour I vnluckily had lost,  
Both with him great, a foot set in withall  
If not to stay, to qualifie my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,  
Well neere quite sunke recouer me that could,  
And once more get me into Fortunes lap,  
VVhich well my selfe might teach me there to hold,  
Escap'd out of so dangerous a trap,  
VVhose praise by me to ages shall be told,  
As the two props by which I only rose,  
VVhen most supprest, most trod on by my foes.

This me to vrge the premunire wonne,  
Ordain'd in matters dangerous and hie,  
In t'which the heedlesse Prelacie were runne,  
That backe vnto the Papacie did flie,  
Sworne to that sea, and what before was done  
Due to the King, dispensed were thereby,  
In t'which first entring offred me the meane  
That to throw downe alreadie that did leane.

This was to me that ouerflowing fourse,  
From whence his bounties plentifully spring,  
VVhose speedie current with vnusuall force  
Bare me into the bosome of the King,  
By putting him into that readie course  
VVhich soone to passe his purposes might bring,  
Where those which late emperiously control'd me  
Pale strooke with feare stood trembling to behold me.

When state to me those ceremonies show'd  
 That to so great a fauorite were due,  
 And Fortune still with honors did me load,  
 As though no meane she in my rising knew,  
 Or heauen to me more then to man had ow'd,  
 (What to the world vnheard of was and new)  
 And was to other sparing of her store  
 Till she could giue, or aske I could no more.

Those high preferments he vpon me laid,  
 Might make the world me publikely to know  
 Such as in iudgement rightly being wai'd,  
 Seemed too great for me to vndergo,  
 Nor could his hand from powring on be stai'd  
 Vntill I so abundantly did flow,  
 That looking downe whence lately I was cloame,  
 Danger bid feare if further I should roame.

For first from Knighthood rising in degree,  
 The office of the Jewell house my lot,  
 After the Roles he frankely gaue to mee,  
 From whence a priuie Counsellor I got,  
 Chose of the Garter : and the Earle to bee  
 Of Essex : yet sufficient these not  
 But to the great Vicegerencie I grew,  
 Being a title as supreame as new.

So well did me these dignities besit,  
 And honor so me euery way became,  
 As more then man I had been made for it,  
 Or as from me it had deriu'd the name :  
 Where was that man whose loue I not requit  
 Beyond his owne imaginarie aime,  
 Which had me succour'd neerely being driuen  
 As things to me that idley were not giuen?

What tongue so slow the tale shall not report  
 Of hospitable *Friscobald* and mee,  
 And shew in how reciprocally a sort  
 My thanks did with his courtesie agree,

When

When as my meanes in Italy were short  
That me relieu'd, lesse great that would not bee,  
When I of England Chancellor was made,  
His former bounties librally repai'd?

The maner briefly gentler Muse relate,  
Since oft before it wisely hath been told,  
The sudden change of vnauoided fate,  
That famous Merchant reuerend *Friscobald*  
Grew poore, and the small remnant of his state  
Was certaine goods to England he had sold,  
Which in the hands of Creditors but bad,  
Small hope to get, yet lesser meanes he had.

Hither his wants him forcible constrain'd,  
Though with long trauell both by land and seas,  
Led by this hope that only now remain'd,  
Whereon his fortune finally he laies,  
And if he found that friendship heere were fain'd,  
Yet at the worst it better should him please,  
Farre out of sight to perish heere vnknowne,  
Then vnrelieu'd be pitied of his owne.

It chanc'd as I toward *Westminster* did ride,  
Mongst the great concourse passing to and fro,  
An aged man I happily espide,  
Whose outward looks much inward grieve did show,  
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd  
Him, me thought more precisely I should know,  
Reuoluing long it came into my mind,  
This was the man to me had been so kind :

Was therewithall so ioyed with his sight,  
(With the deare sight of his so reuerend face)  
That I could scarcely keepe me from t'alight,  
And in mine armes him openly embrace ;  
Weighing yet (well) what some imagine might,  
He being a stranger and the publike place  
Checkt my affection, till some fitter hower  
On him my loue effectually might shower.



Neuer, quoth I, was Fortune so vniust  
 As to do wrong vnto thy noble hart,  
 VVhat man so wicked could betray the trust  
 Of one so vpright of so good desert?  
 And though obey necessitie thou must,  
 As when the great'st the same to me thou art,  
 Let me alone the last be left of all,  
 That from the rest declin'd not with thy fall.

And calling to a Gentleman of mine,  
 VVise and discreet that well I knew to bee,  
 Shew'd him that stranger, whose deiected eyne  
 Fixt on the earth nere once lookt vp at mee,  
 Bid yonder man come home to me and dine  
 (Quoth I) bespeake him reuerently (you see)  
 Scorne not his habit, little canst thou tell  
 How rich a mind in those meane rags doth dwell.

He with my name that kindly did him greete,  
 Slowly cast vp his deadly-mouing eye,  
 That long time had been fixed on his feete,  
 To looke no higher then his miserie,  
 Thinking him more calamitie did greete,  
 Or that I had supposed him some spye,  
 VVith a deepe sigh that from his heart he drew,  
 Quoth he, his will accomlisht be by you.

My man departed and the message done,  
 He whose sad heart with strange impressions strooke,  
 To thinke vpon this accident begun,  
 And on himselfe suspitiously to looke,  
 Into all doubts he fearefully doth run,  
 Oft himselfe cheering, oft himselfe forsooke:  
 Strangely perplext vnto my house doth come,  
 Not knowing why iudg'd nor dreading yet his doome.

My seruants set his comming to attend,  
 That were therein not common for their skill,  
 VVhose vsage yet the former did amend:  
 He hop'd not good, nor guiltie was of ill,

But

But as a man whose thoughts were at an end,  
Fortune (quoth he) then worke on me thy will,  
Wiser then man I thinke he were that knew  
Whence this may come, or what thereof ensue.

His honored presence so did me enflame,  
That though being then in presence of my Peeres,  
Daine not the lesse to meet him as he came,  
(That very hardly could containe my teares)  
Kindly salute him, call him by his name,  
And oft together aske him how he cheares,  
With still along maintaining the extreame;  
Yet thought the man he had been in a dreame.

At length t'awake him gently I began  
With this demaund, if once he did not know  
One *Thomas Cromwell* a poore English man,  
By him relieu'd when he was driuen low:  
When I perceiu'd he my remembrance wan,  
Yet with his teares it silently did show:  
I wept for woe to see mine host distrest,  
But he for ioy to see his happie guest.

Him to the Lords I publisht by my praise,  
And at my table, carefully him set,  
Recounting them the many sundrie waies  
I was vnto this gentleman in debt,  
How great he was in Florence in those daies,  
With all that grace or reuerence him might get:  
Which all the while yet silently he heares,  
Moisting (among) his viands with his teares.

And to lend fulnesse lastly to his fate  
Great summes I gaue him, and what was his due  
Made knowne, my selfe became his aduocate,  
And at my charge his creditors I sue,  
Recouering him vnto his former state:  
Thus he the world began by me anew,  
That shall to all posteritie expresse  
His honored bountie, and my thankfulnesse.

But

But Muse recount, before thou further passe,  
 How this great change so quickly came about,  
 And what the cause of this sad downfall was,  
 In euery part the spacious Realme throughout,  
 Being effected in so little space,  
 Leaue not thereof posteritie to doubt,  
 That with the world obscured else may bee,  
 If in this place reuealed not by thee.

If the whole land did on the Church relie,  
 Hauing full power Kings to account to call,  
 That to the world read only policie,  
 Besides heauens keyes to stop or let in all,  
 Let me but know from her supremacie  
 How she should come so suddenly to fall:  
 T'was more then chance sure put a hand thereto,  
 That had the power so great a thing to do.

Or ought there were had bidding vnder Sunne,  
 Who would haue thought those edifices great,  
 Which first religion holily begunne,  
 The Church approu'd, and wisdom richly seate,  
 Deuotion nourish'd, faith allowance wonne,  
 And all that them might any way compleate,  
 Should in their ruines lastly buried lie,  
 But that begun and ended from the skie?

And the King late obedient to her lawes,  
 Against the Clerke of Germany had writ,  
 As he that first stirr'd in the Churches cause,  
 Against him greatliest that oppugned it,  
 And wan from her so gratefull an applause,  
 Then in her fauour chiefly that did sit,  
 That as the prop, whereon she only stai'th,  
 Him she instil'd *Defender of the faith*.

But not their power, whose wisdomes them did place  
 In the first ranke, the oracles of state,  
 Who that opinion strongly did embrace,  
 Which through the land receiued was of late,

Then



Then ought at all preuailed in this case,  
O powerfull doome of vnauoided fate,  
Whose depth not weake mortalitie can know,  
Who can vphold what heauen will ouerthrow?

VWhen time now vniuersally did show  
The power to her peculiarly annex'd,  
VVith most abundance then when she did flow,  
Yet euery hower still prosp'rously she wax'd,  
But the world poore did by loose riots grow,  
VWhich serued as an excellent pretext,  
And colour gaue to plucke her from her pride,  
VVhose only greatnesse suffred none beside.

Likewise to that posteritie did doubt  
Those at the first not rightly did adore,  
Their fathers that too credulous deuout  
Vnto the Church contributed their store,  
And to recouer only went about  
VWhat their great zeale had lauish'd before,  
On her a strong hand violently lai'd,  
Preying on that, they gaue for to be prai'd.

And now the King set in a course so right,  
VWhich I for him laboriously had tract,  
(VWho till I learn'd him, did not know his might)  
I still to prompt his power with me to act,  
Into those secrets got so deepe a sight,  
That nothing lastly to his furtherance lackt,  
And by example plainly to him showne,  
How all might now be easily ouerthrowne.

In taking downe yet of this goodly frame  
He suddenly not brake off euery band,  
But tooke the power first from the Papall name,  
After a while let the Religion stand,  
When limbe by limbe he daily did it lame,  
First tooke a leg, and after tooke a hand,  
Till the poore semblance of a bodie left,  
But all should stay it, vtterly bereft.

For if some Abbey hapned void to fall  
 By death of him that the superiour was,  
 Gaine that did first Church libertie enthrall,  
 Only supream, promoted to the place,  
 Mongst many bad the worst most times of all,  
 Vnder the colour of some others grace,  
 That by the slander from his life should spring,  
 Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from heauen when by the secret course,  
 Diffension vniuersally began,  
 (Preuailing as a planetarie course)  
 Ith Church belieuing, as Mahumitan,  
 When *Luther* first did those opinions nurse,  
 Much from great Rome in little space that wan,  
 It to this change so aptly did dispose,  
 From whose sad ruine ours so great arose.

That heere that fabrique vtterly did faile,  
 Which powerfull fate had limited to time,  
 By whose strong law it naturally must quaile,  
 From that proud height to which it long did clime,  
 Letting gainst it the contrarie preuaile,  
 Therein to punish some notorious crime,  
 For which at length iust dooming heauen decreed,  
 That on her buildings ruine heere should feed.

Th'authoritie vpon her she did take,  
 And vse thereof in euery little thing,  
 Finding her selfe how oft she did forsake,  
 In her owne bounds her neuer limiting,  
 That awfull feare and due obedience brake  
 Which her reputed holinesse did bring,  
 From slight regard soone brought her into hate  
 With those that much disliked her estate.

And that those parts she cunningly had plai'd,  
 Beliefe vnto her miracles to win,  
 Vnto the world were euery day bewrai'd,  
 From which the doubt did of her power begin,

**Damnation**

Damnation yet to question what she said  
Made most suspect the faith they had been in,  
When their saluation easily might be bought,  
Found not this yet the way that they had sought.

When those ill humours ripened to a head,  
Bred by the ranknesse of the plentious land,  
And they not only strangely from her fled,  
Bound for her ancient libertie to stand,  
But what their fathers gaue her being dead,  
The sonnes rap'd from her with a violent hand,  
And those her buildings most of all abus'd,  
That with the waight their fathers coffins bruis'd.

The wisest and most prouident but build,  
For time againe too wastfully destroy,  
The costly piles and monuments we guild,  
Succeeding time shall reckon but a toy,  
Vicissitude impartially wild,  
The goodliest things be subiect to annoy,  
And what one age did studiously maintaine,  
The next againe accounteth vile and vaine.

Yet time doth tell, in some things they did erre,  
That put their helpe her brauery to deface,  
When as the wealth, that taken was from her,  
Others soone raised, that did them displace,  
Their titles and their offices conferre  
On such before, as were obscure and base,  
Who would with her they likewise downe should go,  
And o'rthrew them that her did ouerthrow.

And th' Romish rites that with a cleerer sight  
The wisest thought they iustly did reiect,  
They after saw that the receiued light  
Not altogether free was from defect,  
Mysterious things being not conceiued right,  
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect,  
For in opinion something short doth fall,  
Wants there haue been and shall be still in all.

But



But negligent securitie and ease  
 Vnbridled sensualitie begat,  
 That only sought his appetite to please,  
 As in the midst it of abundance sat,  
 The Church not willing others should her praise  
 That she was leane, when as her lands were fat,  
 Her selfe to too much libertie did giue,  
 Which some perceiu'd that in those times did liue.

*Pierce* the wise Plowman in his vision saw  
 Conscience sore hurt, yet forer was affraid  
 The seuen great sins to hell him like to draw,  
 And to wise Clergie mainly cri'd for aid;  
 Falne ere he wist (whom perill much did awe)  
 On vncleane Priests whil'ft faintly he him staid,  
 Willing good Clergie t'ease his wretched case,  
 Whom these strong Giants hotly had in chase.

Clergie call'd Friers which neere at hand did dwell,  
 And them requests to take in hand the cure,  
 But for their Leechcraft that they could not well,  
 He list not their dressing to endure,  
 VVhen in his care Need softly him did tell  
 (And of his knowledge more did him assure)  
 They came for gain their end which they did make,  
 For which on them the charge of soules they take.

And voluntarie pouertie profest,  
 By food of Angels seeming as to liue;  
 But yet with them th'accounted were the best  
 That most to their fraternitie doe giue,  
 And beyond number that they were increas'd:  
 If so (quoth Conscience) thee may I beleue,  
 Then t'is in vaine more on them to bestow,  
 If beyond number like they be to grow.

The Frier soone feeling Conscience had him found,  
 And hearing how Hypocrisie did thriue,  
 That many Teachers euery where did wound,  
 For which Contrition miserably did grieue:

Now

Now in deceit to shew himsef profound,  
His former hopes yet lastly to reuiue  
Gets the Popes letters, whereof he doth shape  
Him a disguise from Conscience to escape.

And so towards goodly Vnitie he goes,  
A strong-built Castle standing very hie,  
VVhere Conscience liu'd to keepe him from his foes,  
VVhom lest some watchfull Centinell should spie,  
And him vnto the garrison disclose,  
His cowle about him carefully doth tie,  
Creepes to the gate and closely thereat beate,  
As one that entrance gladly would intreate.

Peace the good porter readie still at hand  
It doth vnpin, and praies him God to saue,  
And after saluing kindly doth demand  
VVhat was his will, or who he there would haue?  
The Frier low lowting crossing with his hand,  
Speak with Contrition (quoth he) I would craue.  
Father (quoth Peace) your comming is in vaine,  
For him of late Hypocrisie hath slaine.

God shield (quoth he) and turning vp the eyes,  
To former health I hope him to restore;  
For in my skill his sound recouerie lies,  
Doubt not thereof if setting God before.  
Are you a surgeon, Peace againe replies;  
Yea (quoth the Frier) and sent to heale his sore :  
Come neere (quoth Peace) and God your comming speed,  
Neuer of help Contrition had more need.

And for more haste he haleth in the Frier,  
And his Lord Conscience quickly of him told,  
VVho entertain'd him with right friendly cheere :  
O Sir (quoth he) intreate you that I could  
To lend your hand vnto my Cofin deare  
Contrition, whom a sore disease doth hold,  
That wounded by Hypocrisie of late,  
Now lieth in most desperate estate.

Sir (quoth the Frier) I hope him soone to cure,  
 Which to your comfort quickly you shall see,  
 Will he a while my dressing but endure;  
 And to contrition therewith commeth hee,  
 And by faire speech himselfe of him assure,  
 But first of all going thorough for his fee:  
     VWhich done (quoth he) if outwardly you show  
     Sound, t'not auailles if inwardly or no.

But secretly affoiling of his sin,  
 No other med'cine will vnto him lay,  
 Saying that heauen his siluer him should win,  
 And to giue Friers was better then to pray,  
 So he were shrieu'd what need he care a pin.  
 Thus with his patient he so long did play,  
     Vntill contrition had forgot to weepe,  
     This the wise plowman shew'd me from his sleepe.

He saw their faults, that loosely liued then,  
 Others againe our weaknesse shall see:  
 For this is sure he bideth not with men  
 That shall know all to be what they should bee:  
 Yet let the faithfull and industrious pen  
 Haue the due merit; but returne to mee,  
     Whose fall this while blind Fortune did deuise,  
     To be as strange as strangely I did rise.

Those secret foes yet subt'ly to deceiue,  
 That me maligning list'd at my state,  
 The King to marry forward still I heaue,  
 (His former wife being repudiate)  
 To *Anne* the sister of the Duke of Cleaue,  
 The German Princes to confederate,  
     To backe me still gainst those against me lay,  
     Which as their owne retain'd me here in pay.

Which my destruction principally wrought,  
 When afterward abandoning her bed,  
 Which to his will to passe could not be brought,  
 So long as yet I beare about my head



The only man her safetie that had sought,  
Of her againe and only fauoured,  
Which was the cause he hasted to my end,  
Vpon whose fall hers likewise did depend.

For in his high distemperature of blood  
Who was so great whose life he did regard?  
Or what was it that his desires withstood  
He not inuested were it nere so hard?  
Nor held he me so absolutely good,  
That though I crost him yet I should be spar'd,  
But with those things I lastly was to go,  
Which he to ground did violently throw.

When *Winchester* with all those enemies  
Whom my much power from audience had debarr'd,  
The longer time their mischiefes to deuise,  
Feeling with me how lastly now it far'd,  
When I had done the King that did suffice,  
Lastly thrust in against me to be heard,  
When all was ill contrarily turn'd good,  
Making amaine to th'shedding of my blood.

And that the King his action doth deny,  
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,  
Hauing his riot satisfied thereby,  
Seemes not to know how I therein did sway,  
What late was truth conuerted heresie:  
When he in me had purchased his pray,  
Himselfe to cleere and satisfie the sin,  
Leaues me but late his instrument therein.

Those lawes I made, my selfe alone to please,  
To giue me power more freely to my will,  
Euen to my equals hurtfull sundrie waies,  
(Forced to things that most do say were ill)  
Vpon me now as violently ceaze,  
By which I lastly perisht by my skill,  
On mine owne necke returning (as my due)  
That heauie yoke wherein by me they drew

My greatnesse threatned by ill-boding eyes,  
 My actions strangely censured of all,  
 Yet in my way my giddines not sees  
 The pit wherein I likely was to fall:  
 O were the sweets of mans felicities  
 Often amongst not temp' red with some gall,  
 He would forget by his ore weening skill,  
 Iust heauen aboute doth censure good and ill.

Things ouer rancke do neuer kindly beare,  
 As in the corne the fluxure, when we see  
 Fill but the straw when it should feed the eare,  
 Rotting that time in ripening it should bee,  
 And being once downe it selfe can neuer reare:  
 With vs well doth this familie agree,  
 (By the wise man) due to the great in all,  
 By their owne weight b'ing broken in their fall.

Selfe louing man what sooner doth abuse,  
 And more then his prosperitie doth wound?  
 Into the deepe but fall how can he chuse  
 That ouer-rides whereon his foot to ground?  
 Who sparingly prosperitie doth vse,  
 And to himselfe doth after-ill propound,  
 Vnto his height who happily doth clime,  
 Sits aboute Fortune, and controlleth time.

Not chusing that vs most delight doth bring,  
 And most that by the generall breath is freed,  
 Wooing that suffrage; but the vertuous thing  
 Which in it selfe is excellent indeed,  
 Of which the depth and perfect managing  
 Amongst the most, but few there be that heed,  
 Affecting that agreeing with their blood,  
 Seldome enduring neuer yet was good.

But whil'ft we striue too suddenly to rise  
 By flattrring Princes with a seruill tong,  
 And being soothers to their tyrannies,  
 Worke our more woes by what doth many wrong,

And

And vnto others tending iniuries,  
Vnto our selues it hapneth oft among  
In our owne snares vnluckily are caught,  
Whil'st our attempts fall instantly to naught.

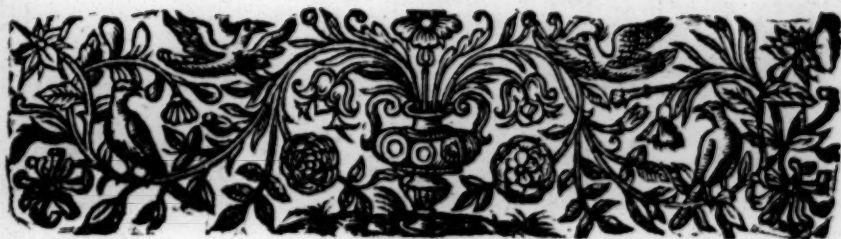
The Counsell Chamber place of my arrest,  
Where chiefe I was, when greatest was the store,  
And had my speeches noted of the best,  
That did them as hie Oracles adore :  
A Parliament was lastly my enquest,  
That was my selfe a Parliament before,  
The Tower hill scaffold last I did ascend :  
Thus the great'st man of England made his end.

*Michael Drayton.*

**FINIS.**







A  
WINTER  
NIGHTS

VISION:

BEING AN ADDITION OF  
SVCH PRINCES ESPECIALLY FA-

mous, who were exempted in the former

*Historie.*

By RICHARD NICCOLS, Oxon.

*Mag. Hall.*



AT LONDON,  
Imprinted by FELIX KYNGSTON,  
1610.



WINTER

1810



Property of the Library of Congress  
1810





# TO THE RIGHT HO

NORABLE, THE LORD CHARLE

HOVVARD, EARLE OF NOTINGHAM, BA-

ron of *Effingham*, Knight of the noble Order of the Gar-  
ter, Lord high Admirall of England, Ireland and Wales, &c.

*one of his Maiesties most Honorable priuie*

*Counsell.*

**A**S once that Doue (true honors aged Lord)  
Houering with wearied wings about your Arke,  
When Cadiz towers did fal beneath your sword,  
To rest her selfe did singe out that barke:

So my meeke Muse, from all that conquering rout,  
Conducted through the seas wilde wildernes  
By your great selfe, to graue their names about  
Th'Iberian pillars of *Joues Hercules*;

Most humblie craues your lordly Lions aid  
Gainst monster Enuie, while she tels her storie  
Of Britaine Princes, and that royall Maid,  
In whose chaste hymne her *Clio* sings your glorie.

Which if (great Lord) you grant, my Muse shall frame  
Mirrours more worthie your renowned name.

*Your Honors euer most hum-  
blie deuoted,*

RICHARD NICOLS.

THOMAS J. HARRIS



## TO THE READER.



Vrteous Reader, before I enter into the discourse of what I haue written, I will acquaint you with the causes why I haue written. Hauing spent some truant houres in the study of this Art, and willing to imploy my pen to the benefit of mine owne studies, and the profit and pleasure of others, I chanced in reading that worthy work, intituled, The Mirrour for Magistrates, to coniecture, if I should vndertake that imperfect historie, that not only experience, the mother of prudence, would furnish my priuate studies with better iudgement; but also that I could not better benefit others, by offering them a taste of the vnsauourie fruits of my labours; then by giuing them paternes to shun vice and follow vertue: in this coniecture my voluntarie will not to do nothing, did set such edge vpon my desire, and the presidents of diuers learned, yea some noble personages, pen-men of that worke, gaue me such encouragement, that though I wanted not iudgement to know, that I should want skill to compasse it; yet that want of skil, being supplied with good wil to do wel, I haue collected the liues of ten famous Princes, worthie Mirrours, omitted in the former part of this worke: which I present not in their proper places, as I did purpose, but as a part of themselves with dependancie vpon an Induction, that the Reader may obserue that method of arguments before euery life, which I did intend to haue continued through the whole worke, if time and mine owne affaires would haue suffered me



## To the Reader.

me to proceed, but being called away by other employments, I must of force leaue it either vnto those, whose good opinion of so worthie an historie, may induce their endeuors towards the perfecting of the same, or vntil I shal find occasion hereafter to cōtinue that, now almost finished, which I haue left vnaccomplished; of those ten, which I haue péned, the last, though it were written before in the former part; yet for that the matter and stile thereof were generally disliked of M. *Ferrers*, M. *Baldwine* and others: and also for that many principall occurrents in the same were exempted, I haue written againe, placing it in his order, being the last of the ten. In the handling of which, not taking a poetick licence to fashion all things after mine owne fancie, but limiting my selfe within the bounds of an historicall writer, I haue followed those Authors, who in the censure of our best iudgements are the most authentick. For the verse, I haue chosen the fourth proportion, which is the Stanza of seuen, preferring it before the fift, which is the staffe of eight, because it is chiefly vsed of our ancient and best historicall Poets; and though I confesse that of eight to hold better band, yet is it more tedious to a writer, being it binds him to the band of two foures intertangled, which if he obserue not, it is no hui-taine or staffe of eight, but falls into the first proportiō, making two quadreins. To the learned I only write, in whom is my chiefe hope, for that they be learned, a cause sufficient not to doubt any enuious construction, being a vice not proper to their good education: whom if I haue pleased. I craue but their good word for my good will; if otherwise, their pordon for my paines. Farewell.



## THE INDVCTION.

**M***Y Muse, that mongst meane birds whilome, did waue her flaggie wing,  
 And Cuckoo-like of Caltaes wrongs, in rustick tunes did sing, (hie,  
 Now with the mornes cloud-climbing Lark must mount a pitch more  
 And like Ioues bird with stedfast looks outbrave the Sunnes bright eie:  
 Yea she, that whilome begger-like her beggers ape did sing,  
 Which ininr'd by the guilt of time to light she durst not bring,  
 In stately stile tragedian-like with sacred furie fed,  
 Must now record the tragicke deeds of great Herôes dead.  
 Vouchsafe then thou great King of heau'n, the heau'nly dropst' infuse  
 Of sacred iuyce into my pen, gine strength vnto my Muse  
 To mount aloft with powerfull wings, and let her voice be strong,  
 That she may smite the golden starres with sound of her great song.  
 When Ioue-borne Phœbus fierie steeds about the world had bin,  
 And wearied with their yearely taske, had taken vp their Inne  
 Farre in the South, when cold had nipt the hawthornes rugged rinde,  
 And linely sap of summer sweet, from blast of blustering winde  
 Had sunken downe into the roote, whose thornie browes besprent  
 With frostie dew, did hang their heads, and summers losse lament;  
 My limbes benumb'd with unkind cold, my life blood waxing chill,  
 As was my wont I walked forth to ease me of such ill:  
 But when I came in fields abroad, and view'd the wastefull sight  
 Of wrathfull winter, grien'd I was to see so sad a sight:  
 The shadie woods, in which the birds to build their neasts were seene,  
 Whose wauning heads in aire shot up were crown'd with youthfull greene,  
 Now clad in coate of motlie hue did maske in poore array,  
 Rough Boreas with his blustering blasts had blowen their leaues away.  
 In stead of blossomes on the boughes, the spring whilome begun,  
 Which through the leanes did seeme to laugh vpon the summers Sunne,  
 Now nought but hoarie frost was seene, each branch teares downe did send,  
 Whose dewie drops in yficles vpon each bough depend:*

The

*The mistresse of the woods quaint quire, the warbling Philomele,  
 That wont to ravish with delight, th' inhabitants, that dwell  
 About the greeneWood side, forgot the layes she sung before,  
 For grieve of summers golden losse she now could sing no more:  
 And all the quire that wont with her to beare a part and sing  
 Concordant discords in sweet straine for welcome of the spring,  
 Sate silent on the frostie bow, and shuddering all for cold,  
 Did shroud the head beneath the wing, the day was waxed old,  
 None but the Red-breſt and the Wren did sing the euen away,  
 And that in notes of sad record for summers late decay;  
 The field, which whilome Ceres crown'd with golden eares of corne,  
 And all the pasture-springing meados, which Pales did adorne,  
 Lookt pale for woe, the winterie snow had couered all their greene,  
 Nought else vpon the grasselesse ground, but winters waste was scene:  
 The shepheards feeble flocke pent vp within the bounded fold,  
 So faint for food, that scarce their feete their bodies could uphold,  
 Did hang the head with heauie cheare, as they would learne to mourne  
 The thrall in which they now did line, by shepheard left forlorne:  
 All sweet delight of summer past, cold winters breath had blasted,  
 The Sunne in heau'n shone pale on earth to see her wombe so wasted:  
 All which, as I grien'd at such sight, the fields alone did range,  
 Did teach me know all things on earth were subiect vnto change.  
 How fond (me thought) were mortall men, the trustlesse stay to trust  
 Of things on earth, since heere on earth all things returne to dust?  
 Who so is youth doth boast of strength, me thought the loftie oake  
 Would teach him that his strength must vade, when age begins to yoke  
 His youthfull necke, euen by it selfe, his leauie lockes being shed,  
 And branched armes shranke vp with frost, as if they had been dead.  
 The louely Lillie, that faire flower for beantie past compare,  
 Whom winters cold keene breath had kill'd, and blasted all her faire,  
 Might teach the faireſt under heau'n, that beauties freshest greene  
 When spring of youth is spent, will vade, as it had neuer been;  
 The barren fields, which whilome flower'd as they would neuer fade,  
 Inricht with summers golden gifts, which now been all decay'd,  
 Did shew in ſtate there was no trust, in wealth no certaine stay,  
 One stormie blaſt of frowning chance could blow them all away;  
 Out of the yeares alternate course this lesson I did con,  
 In things on earth of most auaille assurance there was none:*

But



But fancie feeding on these thoughts, as I alone did wend,  
 The clocke did strike, whose chime did tell the day was at an end;  
 The golden Sunne, daies guide, was gone, and in his purple bed  
 Had laid him downe, the heau'ns about their azure curtaines spread,  
 And all the tapers lighted were, as it were the watch to keepe,  
 Lest past her houre night should vsurpe, while he secure did sleepe.  
 Then clad in cloake of mistie fogges the darke night vp did come,  
 And with grim grislie looke did seeme to bid me get me home;  
 Home was I led, not as before with solace from the field,  
 The wofull waste of summer past had all my pleasure spill'd:  
 When home I came, nipt with sharpe cold of Boreas bitter aire,  
 After repast to my warme bed forthwith I made repaire,  
 Where, for the nights were tedious growen, and I disturb'd in mind  
 With thoughts of that daies obiekt seene, not vnto sleepe inclin'd,  
 I vp did sit, my backe behind the pillow soft did stay,  
 And call'd for light, with booke in hand to passe the time away;  
 Of which each line which I did reade, in nature did agree  
 With that true vse of things, which I the day before did see;  
 A Mirrour hight for Magistrates, for title it did beare,  
 In which by painfull pens, the fals of Princes written were:  
 There, as in glasse, I did behold, what day before did show,  
 That beautie, strength, wealth, worlds vaine pompe, and all to dust do go;  
 There did I see triumphant death beneath his feet tread downe  
 The state of Kings, the purple robe, the scepter and the crowne;  
 Without respect with deadly dart all Princes he did strike,  
 The vertuous and the vicious Prince to him been both alike;  
 Nought else they leaue vntoucht of death except a vertuous name,  
 Which dies, if that the sacred nine eternize not the same.  
 Why then (ye thrice three borne of Ioue) why then be ye despis'd?  
 Is vertue dead? hath daintie ease in her soft armes surpris'd  
 The manhood of the elder world? hath rust of time deuour'd  
 Th' Heroes stocke that on your heads such golden blessings shew'd?  
 This silent night, when all things lie in lap of sweet repose,  
 Ye only wake, the powres of sleepe your eyes do neuer close,  
 To shew the sempiternitie, to which their names ye raise  
 On wings of your immortall verse, that truly merit praise.  
 But where's the due of your desert, or where your learnings meed?  
 Not only now the baser sprite, whom dunghill dust doth breed;

But they that boast themselves to be in honors bosome borne,  
 Disdaine your wisdom, and do hold your sectaries in scorne.  
 No maruell then, me thought, it was, that in this booke I read,  
 So many a Prince I found exempt, as if their names been dead,  
 Who for desert amongst the best a place might iustly claime:  
 But who can put on any spirit to memorize the name  
 Of any dead, whose thanklesse race t'whom learning shapes the leg  
 In humble wise, yet in contempt bids learned wits go beg?  
 As thus in bed with booke in hand I sate contemplating,  
 The humorous night was waxed old, still silence hush'd each thing,  
 The clocke chim'd twelue, to which as I with listning eares attend,  
 As signes of fraile mortalitie all things I apprehend;  
 The daylight past, as life I deeme, the night as death to come,  
 The clocke that chim'd, deaths fatall knell, that call'd me to my doome,  
 Still silence rest from worldly cares, my bed the grane I thinke,  
 In which, with heart to heau'n vp-lift, at length I downe did sinke:  
 Where after still repose when as thin vapors had restrain'd  
 The mouing powers of common sense, and sleepe each sense enchain'd,  
 Whether the watchfull fantasie did now in sleepe restore  
 The species of things sensible, which I had seene before;  
 And so some dreame it only was, which I intend to tell,  
 Or vision sent Ile not discusse, to me it thus befell:  
 A sudden sound of trumpe I heard, whose blast so loud was blowne,  
 That in a trance I senselesse lay, fraile mortall there was none  
 That heard such sound, could sense retaine; my chamber wals did shake,  
 Vp flew the doores, a voice I heard, which thus distinctly spake:  
 Awake from sleepe, lift vp thy head, and be no whit dismay'd,  
 I serue the Deities of heau'n, their bests must be obey'd,  
 And now am sent from her that keepes the store-house of the mind;  
 The mother of the Muses nine, for thee she hath assign'd  
 For her designe, the night to come in sleepe thou must not spend;  
 Prepare thy selfe, that gainst she come, her will thou maist attend.  
 As to these words I listning lay, and had resumed spright,  
 I boldly looked round about, and loe, there stood in sight  
 True Fame, the trumpeter of heau'n that doth desire inflame  
 To glorious deeds, and by her power eternifies the name;  
 A golden trumpe her right hand held, which when she list to sound,  
 Can smite the starres of heau'n, and bring the dead from vnder ground;

Vpon her beada chaplet stood of neuer vading greene,  
 Which honor gaue, to giue to them that fauour'd of her been :  
 Her wings were white as snow, with which she compast heau'n and earth  
 With names of such, whom honor did renowne for deeds of worth.  
 As I beheld her Princely port, yet trembling all for feare,  
 A sound of heau'nly harmonie did pierce my pleased eare,  
 In rapture of whose sweet delight, as I did rauisht lie,  
 The goddesse dread whom Fame forespoke did stand before mine eie,  
 The Ladie of mount Helicon, the great Pierian dame,  
 From whom the learned sisters nine deriue their birth and name,  
 In golden garments clad she was, which time can neuer weare,  
 Nor fretting moth consume the same, which did embroydered beare  
 The acts of old Heroes dead, set downe in stately verse,  
 Which sitting by the horse-foot spring, Ioues daughters did rehearse :  
 Fine Damselfs did attend on her, who with such wondrous skill  
 Do in their seuerall functions worke, to serue their Ladies will,  
 That what she seekes on earth, to see, to heare, smell, taste or touch,  
 They can present the same with speed, their power and skill are such.  
 As in amazement at such sight I in my bed did lie,  
 She thus bespake : I am, quoth she, the Ladie Memorie,  
 Ioues welbelou'd Mnemosyne, that keepes the wealthie store  
 Of times rich treasure, where the deeds that haue been done of yore  
 I do record, and when in bookes I chance to find the Fame  
 Of any after death decaid, I do reuiue the same.  
 Turning the volume large of late, in which my Clio sings  
 The deeds of worthie Britaines dead, I find that many Kings  
 Exempted are, whose noble acts deserue eternitie,  
 And mongst our Mirrours challenge place for all posteritie:  
 For which, my station I haue left, and now am come to thee,  
 This night thou must abandon slepe, my pen-man thou must bee.  
 To this said I : O goddesse great, the taske thou dost impose  
 Exceeds the compasse of my skill, 't is fitter farre for those,  
 Whose pens sweet Nectar do distill, to whom the power is giuen  
 Vpon their winged verse to rap their readers vp to heau'n.  
 The pinions of my humble Muse be all too weake to flie  
 So large a flight ; theirs be this taske that loue to soare on high.  
 But how can they such taske vp-take, that in a stately straine  
 Haue rais'd the dead out of the dust ; yet after all their paine,



When their sweet Muse in vertues praise hath powred out their store,  
 Are still despis'd and doom'd for aye with vertue to be poore.  
 To this, alas, quoth Memorie, it grieues me to behold  
 The learned wits left all forlorne, i' whom whilome it was told  
 Mæcenas was reuiu'd againe; yet griue I more to see  
 The loathed lozell to prophane that sacred mysterie.  
 Each vulgar wit, that what it is, could neuer yet define,  
 In ragged rimes with lips profane, will call the learned nine  
 To helpe him utter forth the spawne of his vnfruitfull braine,  
 Which makes our peerelesse poesie to be in such disdain,  
 That now it skils not whether Pan do pipe, or Phœbus play,  
 Tom Tinkar makes best harmonie to passe the time away:  
 For this I griue, for this the seed of Ioue are held in scorne,  
 Yet not for this our Worthies dead are to be left forlorne.  
 For so no future age should know the truth of things forepast,  
 The names of their forefathers dead would in the dust be cast.  
 Then do not thou thy helpe denie, I will conduct thy pen,  
 And Fame shall summon vp the ghosts of all those worthie men,  
 That mongst our Mirrours are not found, that each one orderly  
 May come to thee, to tell the truth of his sad tragedie.  
 Thus hauing said, she tooke the booke from underneath my head,  
 And turning ore the leaues, at last, she thus began to reade.



# THE FAMOUS LIFE AND DEATH OF KING ARTHUR.



**T**He first I find exempted in our storie  
Is noble Arthur, Albions ancient glorie,  
Who heere at home subdues the Saxon Kings;  
Then forren nations in subiection brings,  
The Roman host with Lucius for their guide  
To his victorious sword do stoope their pride:  
But home-bred broiles call backe the conquering King,  
Warres thunder 'bout the Britaine coasts doth ring,  
Gawins firme loyaltie at his last breath,  
Arthurs last conquest, wounds and timelesse death,  
The truth of which, that we may heare, let Fame  
Summon his Ghost to come and tell the same.

*King Arthur.*

Another Argument.

*Fame sounds her trumpe, King Arthur doth ascend  
Tels Mordreds treason, death, and his owne end.*



O age hath bin, since nature first began  
To worke *Ioues* wonders, but hath left behind  
Some deeds of praise for Mirrours ynto man,  
Which more then threatful lawes in men inclind,  
To tread the paths of praise excites the mind,  
Mirrours tie thoughts to vertues due respects,  
Examples hasten deeds to good effects.

'Mongst whom, that I my storie so renown'd  
May for a Mirrour to the world commend,  
Summon'd the first by Fames shrill trumpets sound ;  
Loe, I am come on earth to find a friend,  
Who his assistance vnto me may lend,  
And with his pen paint out my historie  
A perfect Mirrour of true maiestie.

In which the truth of my corrupted storie  
Defac'd by fleeting times inconstant pen  
I will declare, nor to aduance my glorie  
Will I present vnto the view of men  
Ought, but the scope of what the truth hath ben.  
Meane time thou pen-man of Mnemosynie,  
Giue heedfull care vnto my tragedie.



As from aire-threatning tops of cedars tall  
 The leaues, that whilome were so fresh and Greene,  
 In healthlesse Autumne to the ground do fall,  
 And others in their roomes at spring are seene:  
 So proudest States amongst the states of men  
 Now mount the loftie top of Fortunes wheele,  
 Now fall againe, now firmly stand, now reele.

Foure times the state of this same noble Ile  
 Hath changed been by froward fates decree,  
 And on foure nations Fortunes front did smile,  
 Gracing their high attempts with victorie  
 Ouer this Empire of Great Britanie;  
 Yet none but one the Scepter long did sway,  
 Whose conquering name endures vntill this day.

First the proud Roman *Cesar* did oppresse  
 This land with tributarie seruitude:  
 Next those two Saxon brethren heauen did blesse,  
 Who in our Brittish blood their blades imbru'd,  
 And to their Lordly will this land subdu'd:  
 Thirdly the Dane did heere long time remaine,  
 And lastly Normans ouer vs did raigne.

Thus seest thou Fortunes vnimpeached force,  
 And what it hath been in our Britaine state:  
 By this thou seest her wheelles inconstant course,  
 And how on earth nor Prince nor Potentate  
 Can long withstand her ruine-thirsting hate,  
 Which my true stories sad catastrophe  
 Vnto the sonnes of men can testifie.

I am that *Arthur*, who on honors wing  
 Did mount Fames Palace amongst the worthies nine  
 Fourth from false *Vortigern* the vsurping King;  
 Who, that he might with strong allies combine  
 His shaken state, which then began decline,  
 Wretch that he was into this land did bring  
 The Saxons with hight *Hengist* their false King.

The sonne I was of *Uter* that stout Knight,  
*Pendragon* called for his policie  
 Not in Ignoble birth brought forth to light,  
 Though foes false imputation vilifie  
 My royall birth with taint of bastardie :  
 But in true wedlockes bands a noble Dame  
 Bore me, the fruit of loue without defame.

Whose former husband *Goilen*, that proud Duke,  
 At *Duilioc* in fight my fire strooke dead :  
 And 'mongst his spoiles *Igren* the faire he tooke,  
 With whom he did ascend loues amorous bed  
 And left the fruit of his delight new bred  
 The time might turne to shame in lawlesse birth,  
 He took the Dame to wife, who brought me forth.

By Peeres consent I in my youth began  
 Vpon the throne the supream sway to beare :  
 And at that time against the boldest man,  
 That breath'd on earth my spirit did not feare,  
 In single fight the combatant t'appeare,  
 Skilfull I was in knowledge of all fights,  
 That then was vsed amongst martiall Knights.

And at that time my close-neere fighting men,  
 The frame of euery bloodie fight to know,  
 In martiall feates, haue exercised been,  
 And euery one would 'gainst the forren foe,  
 With emulation striue their deeds to show,  
 In Courts where Kings, adore *Bellonaes* shrine,  
 There the bright blaze of *Chiuallrie* will shine.

Vpon the mind, whose glorie-thirsting heart,  
 By deeds of armes did at true honor aime,  
 Such edge I set, that from each forren part,  
 The brood of *Mars* to Britaines *Arthur* came,  
 Of him to purchase the reward of Fame.  
 And take that order, that I then did found,  
 Which till this day men call the table round.

Vpon

Vpon this tables superficial part  
 Statutes ingrauen were by my decree,  
 Vnto the which each man of valiant hart,  
 That of this famous fellowship would bee  
 At Camelot by oath did first agree,  
 And call'd they were among'st our Chiuallrie  
 Armes, seuen religious deeds of charitie.

But where is now this honor'd dignitie,  
 That wout to be the care of noble kind?  
 Or is it dead, or will nobilitie  
 Let that, which only was to it assign'd,  
 Be now polluted by the baser mind?  
 Alas the while, that once the best reward  
 To vertuous deeds is now of no regard.

No golden Churle, no elbow-vanting lacke,  
 No peasant base, nor borne of dung hill mould;  
 Could find such treasure in his pedlers packe  
 To purchase that, which fame on high did hold  
 For true defart, about the reach of gold;  
 This order then dame Vertue kept in store  
 For such, as did her sacred selfe adore.

In this new flourish of my flowering spring,  
 When honors hopefull buds appear'd in mee,  
 And promis'd goodly fruit in time to bring,  
 My forward thoughts being set on fier to free  
 My natiue land from Saxon tyrannie;  
 With phantasie still working 'gainst the foe,  
 In sleepe this spectacle to me did shew.

As I (me thought) did sit on royall throne  
 With Peeres about me set, a Ladies suite  
 In presence came and making pious mone,  
 Tearing the tresses of her golden haire,  
 And wringing both her hands, as if despaire  
 Had her bereft of hope her grieve to shew,  
 With teares did utter forth these words of woe:



Behold, quoth she, behold me wretched wight,  
 The forlorne Ladie of this noble Ile,  
 From trowing state cast downe by foes despight,  
 And of an Empreffe, which I was ere while  
 Of Saxon yoke now made a subiect vile:  
 What bootes it what I was, sith now I am  
 The scorne of Fortune and the Britons shame?

(O noble Prince) vnsheath thy conquering blade  
 And saue that little, which is left to mee,  
 Left not for aye my antient glorie vade,  
 Nor let me subiect liue, as thus you see,  
 To pride of barbarous foes, but set me free.  
 Thus ended she her plaint, and in sad plight  
 With piteous lookes departed from my sight.

The phantasie presenting euerie howre  
 Th'apperance of such thoughts did so excite  
 My furie gainst the foe, that all my powre  
 Imuster'd for the field and *Hamel* hight  
 Of litle Britaine Prince a valiant Knight  
 Allide to me by blood, did crosse the maine  
 To purchase honor with his martiall traine.

Here could I sing the deeds of warre to thee,  
 Whereby my famous conquests thou should know,  
 How heauen did grace me with such victorie,  
 That in twelue battailes I did ouerthrow  
 The mightie forces of my warlike foe;  
 And by my valor, how I did expell  
 Those Saxon foes, which here long time did dwell.

Hight *Colgrim* greatest amongst Saxon Kings  
 I first subdu'd with honour and victorie,  
 But happie he vpon the wind-like wings  
 Of hastie speed to saue himselfe did flie  
 Over the seas broad backe to Germanie;  
 Yet could he not escape vntimely death,  
 But here in Britaine breath'd he his last breath.

Vnto his friends, when he in safetie came,  
He could not shun th'edict of destinie;  
But back't by them he proudly did proclame  
T'inferre swift vengeance on our Britannie,  
If he were not restor'd to dignitie:  
Which I disdain'd and did prepare for fight;  
Because to that he claim'd he had no right.

And in a faire field by those Bathes apart,  
Which *Bladud* sometimes King of Britanie  
Had founded by the depth of powerfull art,  
My tents I pight; For there did fates decree,  
That great King *Colgrims* querthrow should bee;  
Whose mightie force my folke at first did dread,  
Which by three Kings was in Battalia led.

For first did *Bladulf* brother to this King,  
Conduct the vauntgard for this valiancie,  
Next *Chelderick* vnto the field did bring  
His Germaine powers the strokes of death to trie,  
Who was a mightie Prince in Germanie,  
And in the reeward *Colgrims* selfe did lead  
The Picts to fight, a people full of dread.

The battailes ioin'd, each aduerse part opposde  
Their strength to strength, the aire with dreadfull sound  
Of souldiers shouts did echo as they closde,  
And each one equallie gaue wound for wound,  
Till with the foes fresh strength, which did abound,  
My men opprest to flight began to fall,  
Whom thus with mouing words I did recall.

(Yee emptie harted sonnes of *Brute*) quoth I,  
Not worthie valiant *Brutus* farre-spread name,  
What great defame of your big formes will flie  
Throughout this worlds whole round, if this great shame  
Of shamefull flight, yee doe not streight reclaime?  
Where will ye boldly fight and scorne recoil,  
If not in fight for your owne natiue soyle?

Are these th' effects of those same glorious words,  
 With which of late your tongues did oft abound,  
 Saying one hundred with their powerfull swords  
 A thousand hartlesse foemen should confound,  
 To your owne shame, alas, this shall redown'd,  
 Vnlesse with speed ye turne couragious hed,  
 And make them flie from whom yee lately fled.

All th' host applauding my high valiancie  
 With deepe impression of my words being driuen,  
 Did break into the mid'st of th'emie,  
 Where cusse for cusse on either side was giuen,  
 The noise of which flew ecchoing vp to heauen,  
 And with the thunder claps of clashing armes  
 Made aie to figh with sound of humane armes.

The skirmish burn'd, both parts did equall beare  
 Their heads aloft in this dayes bloodie fight,  
 All stood it out, none stoopt to seruile feare,  
 Their swords made mutuall wounds, and in their fight  
 Their friends each where in field lay rest of light:  
 The earth made drunke with blood did then abound,  
 With fruites of death thick strow'd vpon the ground.

But when the trampling steedes of heauens bright sun  
 Fell to the seas and left *Olympus* steepe,  
 And when the king of flames began to run  
 His golden head into the waue deep,  
 When out of East bright *Venus* gan to peep,  
 Our strength increast, which conquest did diuine,  
 Our foes shrunke back, their valor did decline.

For when King *Colgrim* by my launce strook dead,  
 And *Bladulf* by my power cast downe as low  
 With their gigante bulkes the earth did spread,  
 The foes with one consent their backs did shew,  
 To saue each other in that common woe:  
 With whom hight *Cheldrike* fled, who for the spoile  
 Of this our land had left his native soile.

Who



Who being shrouded with the nights black wing,  
 Truſting that ſhe would his deſignements hide,  
 Tooke towards the marrin ſtrand, in hope to bring  
 His folk diſperſt, in darkneſſe vndeſcride,  
 Vnto his ſhips, which then at ſhore did ri'de:  
 But death betwixt them and their nauie ſtood,  
 Our natiue earth drunk vp their ſtranger blood,

The ſtout Duke *Cador*, that illuſtrate Knight,  
 Purſu'd the flier till the riſing ſun,  
 Deſcride the foes, who turning from their flight,  
 Both parts ſtood firme, the fight afreſh begun:  
 But *Cheldrik* loſt, the conqueſt *Cador* wonne,  
 Whoſe ſpoilfull ſword did ſpare no foes in death,  
 For *Cheldricks* ſelf did there expire his breath.

Meane time to reſcue that bold Britaine King,  
 Prince *Howell*, King of little Britanie,  
 Who ore the gulfie flood his folke did bring,  
 T' aſſiſt vs gainſt our common enemy:  
 Towards Scotlands bounds wee marched ſpeedilie,  
 Where gainſt the barbarous Picts he was the barre,  
 While gainſt the Saxon we did wage the warre.

But he vnable to ſuſtaine their force,  
 Which th' *Irish Gwillamore*, th' aſſiſtant King,  
 In perſon did ſupport with foote and horſe,  
 Of whoſe alarmes the countrie round did ring,  
 Did ſend to vs requiring vs to bring  
 Our powers, with expedition to ſuppreſſe  
 The foes haut pride, and ſuccour his diſtreſſe.

Of which when I did heare, as from the ſkie  
 A tempeſt ſtooping on the deepes profound,  
 Hurles waues on waues in heapes, and makes them flie  
 Before his rage, ſo with the horrid ſound  
 Of dreadfull warre into the Pictiſh bound  
 I entred with my hoſt, and in the way  
 For fire and ſword made all the paſſage pray.

The foes stout pride we did in field subdue,  
 And *Gwillamore*, that did escape the fight,  
 To his owne kingdomes bounds we did pursue,  
 Where we did bring him to his hearts despight,  
 Vpon his knees by warres impulsive might,  
 Forcing him yeeld obedience to our Crowne,  
 By golden tribute yearly paid vs downe.

After this good successe, perceiuing well,  
 That heauen with sunshine lookes grac'd our affaires,  
 My hopefull heart with glorie gan to swell,  
 Bidding me seeke by fame in forren warres,  
 To fixe my name among't the golden starres,  
 And leaue a name on earth to liue for aye,  
 When rapt in mould my limbes forgotten lay.

This stout suggestion of my mightie mind,  
 Made me despise foule ease and pleasures light,  
 Which softens th'heart, strikes strong desier blind,  
 Drownes all eternitie in depth of night,  
 And leaues reproch for prise of such delight;  
 For fame liues not, except for vertues merit,  
 Deeds of delite on earth no place inherit.

A King, that only liues a King in name,  
 That dull'd with ease and drown'd in fancies lust,  
 Can stile his title with no deed of fame,  
 Being dead, his name iron-eating time shall rust  
 And in the end obscure it in the dust,  
 When he, though meane, that vertues race doth runne,  
 Doth liue eterniz'd like th'immortall Sunne.

This was the winde that set my ships on saile,  
 In forren shoares true honor to obtaine,  
 This was the prize, for which with prosperous gaile,  
 I plow'd my passage through the liquid maine  
 Vnto the Arctike pole, where *Charles* his waine  
 Fixt fast in heauen, his station there doth keepe  
 With other starres neare-diuing to the deepe.

And

And there in that cold Iland Iland call'd,  
 Whose mountaines with high heads did heauen aspire,  
 Which white with snow as if they had been bald  
 Did yet breath forth blacke smoakes and burning fire,  
 A wonder strange for humaine sense t'admire,  
 I with my Britaines bold bore to the Strand  
 And vncontrol'd march't vp into the land.

Whose people rude and liuing in their kind,  
 As beasts that wander in the desert field,  
 The rationall and best part of the mind  
 In vse of heauenly things not being skill'd  
 Against blind ignorance the soule to shield,  
 We did in fight subdue, and by strong hand  
 Did them enforce to stoope to our command.

Their King *Malnasius* noting well the oddes  
 Twixt vs and them in feats of martiall skill,  
 And finding, that no place of safe abodes  
 Was left to him, in feare of future ill  
 Did soone submit himselfe vnto our will,  
 And from that time vnto my names renowne  
 Did yeeld obedience to the Britaine Crowne.

The fame of this exploit being set on wing,  
 And through the Iles adiacent taking flight,  
*Doldanius* of the Gotland nation King,  
 And great *Gumfacius* King of Orkney hight  
 Despairing to oppose our force in fight,  
 Did yeeld to hold their Crownes and dignitie  
 By tribute to the Britaine Emperie.

But should I vnto light assay to bring  
 Each fight then fought and euery deed of worth,  
 Had I the strength of thousand tongues to sing,  
 Or the shrill trumpe of fame to echo forth  
 My conquests, in those Ilands of the North,  
 Yet would the glasse of time be quite outru'd  
 Before that true report her part had done.

Should



Should I relate the many a field I fought  
 Against *Aschilius* that bold Danish King,  
 And 'gainst proud *Lot* the Norway King so stout,  
 Whom after thousand soules being set on wing,  
 We at the length did in subiection bring:  
     Scarce would the eares of fraile mortalitie  
     Giue credit to our noble historie.

Yet thinke, what dread of death and dangerous wounds  
 We in those trauels then might vndergoe,  
 From Albions rockes vnto the Russian bounds,  
 And our great conquest 'gainst the Northren foe,  
 The fame of our admir'd exploits will show;  
     For to the Lap-land kingdomes vtmost end,  
     Our Britaine Empires bounds I did extend.

In deeds of Fame, thus did I spend the prime  
 Of golden youth, which lul'd in pleasures bed,  
 Flies fast away vpon the wings of time,  
 And scarce is knowne t'haue bin, when th'hoarie hed  
 With white of wintrie age is ouerspred:  
     For age with shame of youths fond deeds strooke blind,  
     Doth oft abhorre to beare the same in mind.

Who doth to sloth his yonger daies ingage  
 For fond delight, he clips the wings of Fame;  
 For sloth the canker-worme of honors badge,  
 Fames fethered wings doth fret, burying the name  
 Of vertues worth in dust of dunghill shame,  
     Whom action out of dust to light doth bring  
     And makes her mount to heauen with golden wing.

After my high atchieuements in the North  
 I being returned to my native land,  
 Fame through the world did so renowne the worth  
 Of these deeds done by my victorious hand,  
 That greatest Kings did in amazement stand,  
     Strooke blind in looking at the sunshine blaze  
     Of my great worth, yet enuying at my praise.

For

For when true vertues glorious excellence,  
Mounts vp aloft, and like the Sun in skies,  
Breakes through the clouds of darke some ignorance,  
Then enuie rous'd from her darke den doth rise,  
And dazel'd with the golden shine, that flies  
From vertues splendor, seekes t' obscure the same,  
And muffle it in her blacke clouds of shame.

That enuious beast of twice five hornes of might,  
Who ore the world did long time tyrannize,  
From Romes high towres viewing the golden light  
Of my great fame, which dazled her weake eies,  
Selfe swolne with haughtie pride, rows'd vp did rise,  
And at my state with her proud hornes did push,  
In hope my fame being yet but yong to crush.

The Roman King that bore great *Cæsars* name,  
Twelue aged fires in Senate did select,  
Men of renowne and all of noble fame,  
Who as graue Legats his great will t' effect,  
Through *Neptunes* waue empire did direct  
Their course to our sea-bounded Britanie,  
To menace vs with their proud ambasie.

Where when they came, seeing our Court abound,  
With honors sonnes employ'd in deeds of fame,  
Not in still waues of Court-deepe pleasures drown'd;  
For vse in deeds of armes and martiall game  
Exiling sloth the pride of lust doth tame;  
They thought their antique Romane Emperie,  
Had been transferr'd from Rome to Britanie.

Yet getting audience one among't the rest,  
With graue demeanor and great maiestie,  
Thinking with words our greatnesse t' haue repress,  
Began t' infold with high authoritie,  
The thundring threatnings of his ambasie;  
For he vnbidden boldly tooke his place,  
And thus did threaten me vnto my face.

Arthur

*Arthur*, said he, from ample-freeted Rome  
 Where mightie *Cesar* thy liege Lord doth reigne  
 T'effect his will to thee loe, we are come,  
 And in his name to claime our right againe,  
 Which wrongfullie from vs thou dost detaine:  
 For long time since ye Britaines well do know  
 That Britanie to Rome did tribute owe.

He doth dislike thy farre commanding minde,  
 Nor thy proud bold attempts will he allowe  
 In any thing, by him not being design'd,  
 By vs he bids thy haughtie stomach bowe  
 Vnto the bending of his Kinglie browe,  
 And wils thy Kingdom stoop, though so renown'd,  
 To Rome, the mistris of the worlds wide round.

But if thy hart do harbor haughtie pride,  
 And that thy people still stiffnecked bee,  
 If that our words in scorne thou set aside,  
 Then to thy face I here do threaten thee,  
 That ere thine eyes one summer more shall see,  
 More troopes of men gainst thee we will imploie  
 Then erst did Greekes against the sonnes of Troy.

This threatning speech did set my thoughts on fire,  
 And made me to returne this sharpe replie:  
 Doting old wretch, said I, thou dost aspire  
 In vaine by vantage words to terrifie  
 The hart of him that scornes thy ambasie,  
 Nor can our person patiently pernit  
 Those barbarous taunts, signes of thy doting wit.

Do Romaines harbor such a base conceit  
 That Britains *Arthur* is of lesse renowne  
 Then is their King, in empire, though so great?  
 Or that vsurping *Cesar* with a frowne  
 Can make vs yeeld the title of our crowne?  
 O fillie sots to thinke vs such a fort  
 As your base speeches whilom did import.



Is not our noble nation by descent  
Sprung from the warlike Troians roiall race?  
And shall our thoughts be then so baselie bent,  
As with subiection seruilie t'imbrace  
The yoke of loftie Rome the worlds disgrace?  
Her faine shall fall, our Britaine state shall rise,  
She ore the world no more shall tyrannize.

With swiftest speed returne thou this replie,  
That we a people free will still maintaine  
Gainst all the world our ancient libertie,  
And that thou well maist know how wee disdain  
The seruile yoke of Romes insulting reigne,  
Ile bring reuenge, which Rome shall neuer shun  
For that great scath, which *Cesar* here hath done.

This said, they all amaz'd at my replie  
Dismiss, made no abode in this our land;  
But with winde-winged failes did swiftly flie  
Ouer the depths of *Neptunes* high command,  
Of whom their *Cesar* soone did vnderstand  
How his command with scorne we did deride,  
Intempting our disdain with such vaine pride.

At which inrag'd, he in a fatall houre  
The Tribune *Lucius* for the warre design'd,  
Who into France came downe with all his power,  
Where many legionaries he did finde  
Vnto that quarter of the world assign'd,  
To keepe it peacefull by warrs threatfull stroke,  
Which then began to shake off Roman yoke.

And as he did prepare to greedie fight,  
So did we arme vnto the bloodie field  
And from each quarter of our land did cite  
All such as able were with strength to wield  
Or launce, or bowe, or dart, or sword and shield,  
Whom we did muster vp in armes well dight  
To make them apt and skilfull for the fight.

And

And in our absence in those forren warres,  
 To guard our State against all aduerse feare,  
 We left at home to manage all affaires,  
*Mordred* the brother of my *Gawin* deare,  
 Our faithlesse Nephew, that false hearted Peere,  
 Th'ignoble sonne of *Loth* the Pictish King;  
 From whose blacke treason my sad fall did spring.

Whose loyaltie I little did suspect,  
 Though on my death his hopes did then depend;  
 But who so wise hath been, that can detect  
 The meanes and houre, by which the fates intend,  
 To mortall life to adde the finall end?  
 Though both the meanes and houre most certaine bee,  
 Yet most vncertaine is the times decree.

But being most secure of future chance,  
 My thoughts to meete the foes being set on wing,  
 Who did ordaine, that *Augustence* in France  
 Should be the place for each assistant King,  
 Vnto the *Romane* aid their powers to bring;  
 With warres loud trumpe from all parts of the land,  
 I call'd my Britaines downe vnto the Strand:

Where our blacke barkes all readie furnish't lay,  
 In which departing from the barren shore,  
 Wing'd with full gale, the ships did force their way,  
 So swiftly with their bending bulkes before,  
 That 'bout their breasts the giuing waues did rore,  
 Through which we kept our course without mischance,  
 And did at *Harflew* safe arriue in France.

Where thousands troop't in armes the shoares did show,  
 Sent from those Princes by alleageance bound,  
 T'assist vs in our warres against the foe,  
 Who when our feet did presse the sandie ground,  
 Did welcome our approach with shouts loud sound;  
 In euery place *Bellona* loud did sing,  
 Of horse and foot the cuntry round did ring.

Our powers being ioyn'd and euerie seuerall band  
 Digested for the fight, without delay  
 We marched from the salt seas slimie strand,  
 And sent our scouts before vs in the way,  
 To know where *Lucius* host encamped lay:  
 But hearing nought we forward did aduance,  
 Vntill we came to *Augustence* in France.

And there vpon a chosen plot of ground  
 The Roman host with their especiall aides  
 Arm'd in strong steele for fight prepar'd we found,  
 The blaze of whose bright shields and glittering blades,  
 Did cast a sunshine in the darkest shades:  
 With whom we thought t'haue then begun the fight,  
 Had setting sun not shew'd approaching night.

But when from vnderneath the siluer vaile  
 Of *Thetis* lap *Apollo* did arise,  
 And to the batlements of heau'n exhale  
 Nights dewie drops, which fell before from skies,  
 Our bands t'applie for fight we did deuise,  
 And euerie one did buckle to the field,  
 Thirsting to bloodie fight their strength to yeild.

Then did the trumpet shrill sound out alowd  
 To bring them bold to the insatiate field,  
 And on the plaine both parts in thickest crowd  
 Opposing sword to sword and shield to shield,  
 Not fear'd with death, but with stout courage fild,  
 Began the fight, and none their backs did turne,  
 In euerie place the skirmish hot did burne.

But where the Kinglie Eagle *Iones* faire bird  
 Great *Cæsars* standard did maintaine the fight,  
 There both on horse and foote the slaughtering sword  
 Made greatest hauock, where with most affright  
 To my bold Britons, *Lucius*, that stout knight,  
 Did beate the field or turning troops of men,  
 As if the battaile onlie there had ben.



Which when I heard, with my victorious lance  
 Thirsting to do where deeds of worth were done,  
 I towards that part my standard did aduance,  
 The virgin mother of great *Iones* owne soune,  
 Vnder whose badge I many a field had wonne,  
 Where 'mongst the foes I rusht with my bold bands,  
 T'auenge my slaughtered friends at *Lucius* hands.

Then prudent *Ione* vpon the foes did frowne,  
 And in his ballance holding either fate  
 Of both our fortunes made their lot sinke downe,  
 Vpon our steps in fight did conquest wait,  
 Deaths terror did the foe-mens strength abate,  
 Whose hands fell strengthlesse downe, being all inclin'd  
 To flie with shame, and leaue vs fame behind.

They fled, and we did eager pursuit make;  
 But sad report on fames vnluckie wing,  
 With fatall tidings did vs ouertake,  
 How all our Britaine Ocean round did ring  
 With *Mordreds* deeds aspiring to be King,  
 Which strooke more terror to my griued mind,  
 Then if the world 'gainst me in armes had shin'd.

Yet with late conquest won in mind made bold,  
 Returning to our fleet we launcht from land,  
 And being out at sea we might behold  
 Our owne rebellious kingdomes rockie Strand;  
 Strengthen'd about the coast with many a band;  
 Which did my vexed soule with sorrow sting,  
 To see false subiects bent to braue their King.

As Lions rob'd of yong with hideous rore  
 All raging wood, makes th'echoing forrest shake  
 And beasts to dread; so sailing towards the shore,  
 My souldiers charging, with loud shouts did make  
 The stoutest hearts on th'aduerse part to quake:  
 A wrongfull cause makes fortitude giue backe,  
 And guilt of treason courage doth aslacke.

Yet on the land at Sandwich port, before  
We could set foot, we lost much life and blood ;  
For with stones, darts, and shafts thicke sent from shore,  
Our men as on the deckes they stoutly stood  
Were ouerturn'd into the waue flood,  
'Mongst whom without all helpe before our eies,  
Did many sinke, and neuer more did rise.

For many 'mongst the rest being wounded sore,  
Rising againe, to shun their timelesse graue,  
Their fainting browes aboue the billowes bore,  
And when their lips did ouerlooke the waue,  
For helpe cri'd out their loued liues to saue.  
But they, alas, made weake, with losse of blood ,  
Sinking, poore soules, were strangled in the flood.

To wreake such harmes with sharpned arrowes store,  
Steele-headed iauelins, stones and singing darts  
We charg'd the bold defendants on the shore,  
Which did impresse deepe wounds in their best harts,  
And made the rest retire t' escape such snarts,  
From whom our men the firme land hauing won,  
Twixt them and vs a dreadfull fight begun:

Where noble *Anguisell* the Scotish King,  
Amidd' st the foes in fight incircled round,  
Did in our cause endure deaths fatall sting;  
And valiant *Cador* after many a wound,  
Did sinke downe dead vpon the flowrie ground;  
Whom my deare *Gawin* did consort in death,  
And in our right, with them expir'd his breath.

For making slaughter with his mightie lance  
Vpon the aduerse troopes, though many a band  
Inclos'd him from all helpe, where he by chance  
Was wounded by a fatall souldiers hand,  
Yet 'gainst them all alone he made his stand,  
And with his life halfe spent in their despight,  
Did make retreate vnto his tent from fight.

Where through his wound, before his life did fleet,  
 These words hee spake vnto the standers by,  
 With sad farewell my soueraigne I doe greet,  
 In whose defence against his foes, though I  
 In death triumphant ouer death do die,  
 Yet brothers treason wounds my heart with woe,  
 For which with griefe vnto my graue I goe.

(Yee powers of heauen) on whose dispose diuine  
 The gift of conquest doth depend alone,  
 Let our dread King in battaile victor shine  
 Against his foes, let traytors falling grone  
 Beneath his sword, that do aspire his throne:  
 But cease my words, death doth my breath exhale,  
 Aduer my Liege, I die, my life doth faile.

This said, he slept in death, yet neuer sleepes  
 The fame of his admired loyaltie,  
 Seald with his blood, record for euer keepes,  
 His name a mirror of true constancie  
 To his liege Lord for all posteritie:  
 For vnto vs he in true loyall loue  
 Gainst natures selfe to death did constant proue.

Natures affect leueld by rule of reason,  
 The due respect of common good doth binde  
 Gainst natures selfe, and when the hand of treason  
 Inuades the state of Kings, the noble minde  
 To shun the taint of blood gainst their owne kinde,  
 Aduerse in nature seeme, that loue to showe,  
 Which first to care of common good they owe.

Which this illustrate Knight in hart did keepe,  
 And with his blood in death did seale the same:  
 Which when I heard sad sorrow seated deepe  
 In my grieu'd hart my thoughts did so inflame,  
 That on the foes I rusht with loud exclame,  
 And with heroicke wreake my hartes true loue  
 To my deare *Gavin* dead, I did approue.



In our reuenge such slaughter we did make  
With furious onset on the aduerse part,  
That vnto flight themselues they did betake,  
Nor durst the brest that bore the boldest hart  
Stand forth 'gainst vs to shake his threatning dart;  
False traytors hearts the cowards feare doth feele,  
Nor can an edge be set vpon their steele.

The Saxon *Cerdicus* and *Mordred* both  
Confederates in this treason 'gainst our State,  
Did flie t'escape the meed of their vntroth,  
Whom we did fast pursue with deadly hate  
From place to place, vntill vntimely fate  
Did by one battell shut vp all our strife  
In *Mordreds* death, and losse of my deare life.

A second field at Winchester we won,  
Where many foes in fight were stricken dead,  
'Mongst whom false *Mordred* his blacke death did shun,  
Who with his friends although from field he fled;  
Yet t'hazard fortune once more he made hed,  
And on a plaine by Glastenburie towne,  
Fatall to all this land his tents pight downe.

Whom I as one, that of his owne accord  
Had sought to hasten death in armes bedight,  
In person follow'd with reuengefull sword,  
To shew my selfe as well the first in fight,  
As first in name, though with respectiue right  
To common good, whose state depended then  
Vpon my life: I might haue absent ben;

Yet could not this disswade me from the field,  
But in the morne when as the daies bright king  
The mountaine tops with golden shine did gild,  
No sooner did the warlike trumpet sing  
Warres fearfull song, the sound of which did ring  
About my eares, but rous'd from rest I rose,  
And arm'd me for the field to meet my foes.

With trumpets blast *Bellona* summon'd out  
 My Britons to the field, and then began  
 Each feuerall band t'enranke themselues about  
 My royall standard, while each captaine ran  
 From troope to troope enabling euerie man  
 To charge the rebels with their vtmost might,  
 Who in the field stood brauing vs for fight.

With trumpets, drums and dreadfull shouts of men  
 The battailes ioynd, earths batterd pauements vnder  
 Did seeme to shake, heauen founded lowd, as when  
 Bold *Boreas* clad in darknesse, stormes and thunder,  
 Doth cusse the cloudes and rends their ribs in funder,  
 Both parts being eager bent the day to winne,  
 The fight at first with furie did begin.

And as the hunter his shrill horne doth winde,  
 Breaths forth lowd shoutes and vseth all his art  
 To make his dogs to pinch the game behinde;  
 So euerie where I chear'd vp euerie hart,  
 And vrg'd my men against the aduerse part,  
 Exciting them by mine owne valiancie  
 To charge through death for fame and victorie.

So long as faire *Auroraes* light did shine,  
 All valiantlie themselues in fight did beare:  
 But when the King of flames began decline  
 From steepe *Olympus* top, th' whole host with feare  
 Affrighted was, all troopes disordered were,  
 Who giuing back from field had fled awaie,  
 If I through death, had not regain'd the day.

For loe a Pictish souldier 'mongst the foes  
 Spake in the British tongue, yeeld (o friends) yeeld,  
 No more your selues to death in vaine oppose,  
*Arthur* is dead, and with him dead in field  
 His Knights are laid, on whom our hopes did build:  
 This spake he with lowd voice in th' heate of fight,  
 Thereby to turne our battaile into flight:

But

But I that heard and knew his close intent,  
In front of all the field my selfe did show  
Whereby my Britons that before were bent  
To turne their backs, turn'd head vpon the foe,  
Twixt whom the fight againe did feruent grow,  
With whom I brake into the dangerous fight  
In hope to meet with *Mordred* that false Knight:

My launce and sword did many a bosome sacke  
Of lifes rich spoiles, which were all men of name,  
The common sort my hand in troopes did wrack,  
For through deepe wounds and death in martiall game  
I did enforce my way to win me fame,  
Till wounded in the head with fatall speele  
My deaths approach in fight I gan to feele.

Yet when warme blood through my crackt veines flow,  
And subtile aire gan pierce the liuely braine,  
The eager anguish did my valor show:  
For manie foemen in my furie slaine  
Did pay my wreake with death and deadlie baine;  
Still did I fight, although with fainting breath,  
Vntill in fight I heard of *Mordreds* death:

Whose tragick fall, when true report did tell,  
His souldiers fled away, and in their flight  
Vp flew their heeles, in slaughter fast they fell,  
Darts thick as haile their backs behinde did smite,  
Farre more in chace did fall, then in the fight;  
Yea none had scap't the furie of that day  
Had not my bleeding wounds stood in my way.

In manie a fight before in deaths despight  
Vpon my head ten wounds I did sustaine,  
With life vntoucht: but in this fatall fight  
Remorslesse fate to end my life and reigne  
With one deepe wound did wound my vitall braine:  
For in the chace with torment of that wound  
Deaths touch I felt and fell vpon the ground.



From whence conuei'd to Glaſtenburie by  
 By my deare friends, who did in vaine pretend  
 To ſaue my life, loe as I there did lie  
 In th'armes of death, perceiuing how each friend  
 Did ſhew his ruth in teares for my ſad end,  
 Theſe words I ſpake, before my vading breath  
 Did flie away vpon the wings of death.

Griue not, ſaid I, to ſee your wounded King  
 Wrapt in the ruine of his life now done;  
 For Phoenix-like from death new life ſhall ſpring,  
 Which in this life I by my death haue wonne,  
 I dead, that left to liue, when I am gone,  
 Yea this in death ſhall liue my future grace,  
 I di'd a conquerour in cold deaths embrace.

The kingly ruth which our ſad ſoule attends  
 Is our deare countries fight, which ſetled deepe  
 In depth of my deare loue (O noble friends)  
 To you I tender gainſt all ſpoile to keepe,  
 When I in peace haue laid me downe to ſleepe,  
 Death now triumphs, my mortall daies are done,  
 My houre is ſpent, my glaſſe is quite outrun.

This ſaid, when I twice thirteene yeares had been  
 The ſtout defendant of my countries right,  
 My ſoule did leaue th'abodes of mortall men,  
 My liueleſſe limbes in ſecret hid from fight,  
 Interred were at Glaſtenburie hight.  
 Thus haſt thou heard the truth of all my ſtorie,  
 My life, my death, and my nere dying glorie.

In which, as in a glaſſe ſeeing men may ſee,  
 That action only dignifies the name,  
 That vertue betters euery bare degree,  
 That vading pleaſures vpsot is but ſhame,  
 And ſilent ſloth the oppoſite to fame,  
 Commit to mind, what I commend to thee,  
 That vnto men a Mirrour it may bee.

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING EDMVND, SVRNAMED IRONSIDE.



**T**His was a worthie Prince, quoth Memorie,  
Peerelesse amongst the Kings of Britanie,  
After whose death the British rule did cease,  
And th' English power did more and more increase;  
For not long after on the Britaine throne  
The Saxon Kings did rule and raigne alone,  
Who did at first agree in one consent  
To make seuen kingdomes of this regiment,  
Which did in that confused sort remaine  
Till the beginning of King Egberts raigne:  
About which time from Denmarke with strong hand  
Ingvar and Hubba came t' invade this land,  
With whom the Saxons manfully did fight,  
And turn'd them oftentimes to coward flight;  
Yet did they heere long time beare great command,  
Though many a valiant King did them withstand,  
'Mongst whom I find this one, whose tragedie  
Is not recited in our historie,  
Which Edmund call'd, surnamed Ironside,  
A famous Prince, in battell often tride,  
Whom Fortune still did grace with victorie  
In fight against Canute hisemie;  
Yet by the cruell fates vniust command  
He lost his life by wicked traytors hand,  
Whom up from graue let Fame with summons call,  
To take his turne and tell his tragicke fall.

Another

## King Edmund

Another Argument.

*Fame calles vp Edmund from his graue below,  
His life and lamentable death to shew.*



We are not borne vnto our selues alone,  
Deeds done, though good; yet from a greedy mind  
Intending priuate weale, when life is gone,  
Vading away, leaue no record behind  
In Fames faire booke, for future age to find;  
Self-loue to priuate good, no good can craue,  
When life is gone such loue lies dead in graue.

The fruits of loue, which after life do liue,  
To grow from loue of common good are scene,  
To reape such fruit, whoso his life shall giue,  
Though dead, yet liues; his fruit aye waxeth greene,  
Of which my life a Mirroure might haue been;  
But whose sad Muse my tragedie doth sing,  
Or who to light King *Edmunds* deeds doth bring?

Now from my graue, the bed of my long rest  
Rous'd vp by Fame, through shades of silent night,  
Behold I come obeying her behest,  
As mirrours vnto men, to bring to light  
My deeds, oft done in my deare countries right:  
Heare then (thou sleeping wight) whose mournfull Muse  
To sing my storie Memorie doth chuse.



I am the sonne of that vnhappie King  
 Hight *Egelred*, whose daies were wrapt in woe,  
 And on whose head false Fortune downe did fling,  
 Such miserable scath and ouerthrow,  
 That he was forc'd his kingdome to forgo;  
 For subiects treacherie did him constrain  
 To leaue his kingdome vnto bloodie *Swaine*.

To bloodie *Swaine*, who from our Albion shore  
 Vnto the Norman Duke to saue his life,  
 Forc'd him to flie, whose sister he before  
 My mother dead, had made his second wife,  
 In hope thereby t' appease domesticke strife,  
 And by the aid of Norman valiancie,  
 To quell the force of forren enemy.

But hence did rise the ruine of the State,  
 And fourth decay of *Albions* Emperie,  
 This was the gap, which by decree of fate  
 Was open laid for times posteritie;  
 Vnto the Norman conquerers victorie;  
 For by these fatall nuptials in the end,  
 The Norman Duke his title did pretend.

My fire being thus constrain'd by forren force,  
 And subiects treason, in such miserie,  
 Amongst his Norman friends to seeke remorse  
 Of his mishaps, the land meane time did lie:  
 Groaning beneath the victors tyrannie,  
 For nere did captiu'd men sustaine such woes,  
 As did the English of the conquering foes.

(O noble England, nurse of my renowne,  
 Queene of all Ilands canoped of heauen)  
 How was thy towring state then troden downe?  
 How were thy sonnes from their sad mother driuen?  
 Thy daughters beautie vnto rapine giuen?  
 My words, alas, will thy sad heart compell  
 To bleed with woe, these woes to heare me tell.

The

The simple hinde, who with day-labour stroue  
 In fruitlesse field to furrow vp his bread,  
 Nor for himselfe the earth with paine did proue,  
 But for another, whom his labour fed,  
 Although in heart he often wisht him dead,  
 In euery house Lord Dane did then rule all,  
 Whence layfie lozels Lurdanes now we call.

The nuptiall bed, the lodge of chaste delight,  
 Was common vs'd in wedlockes foule disdaine,  
 Sweet virgins daily forc'd to deeds of night,  
 Faire Ladies beautie set to sale for gaine,  
 Children made bondslaues, wretched husbands slain,  
 Who to such rufull spoile were iustly giuen  
 For their offence against the King of heauen.

Let such, whose peacefull eares from sad affright  
 Of warres dread voice the hand of heauen doth close,  
 Who lull'd in that dames lap of sweet delight,  
 The Queene of Peace do sleepe secure of foes,  
 Thinke it humane, to thinke on others woes:  
 And in such thoughts fear such like woes to come,  
 For their offence ordain'd by *Iones* iust doome.

The life of State lay stifled in the smoke  
 Of blacke despaire, till death tooke life from *Swaine*,  
 Then th'English Peeres shooke off the heauie yoke  
 Of forren pride, which they did erst sustaine,  
 And did recall my father home againe,  
 Who did enforce by power of his strong hand  
*Canute* the sonne of *Swaine* to leaue this land.

Then did he seeke to reerect againe  
 The ruines of his Crownes collapsed state;  
 But he, t'whom at his birth heauen did ordaine  
 In all his deeds ineuitable fate  
 Of bad euent, euen to his daies last date  
 His wishfull hopes in vaine did seeke t'aduance,  
 Vpon th'vnsteadie wheele of fickle chance.

For ere those sprightfull horse of heauenly breed,  
That draw the chariot of the golden Sunne,  
Who day by day do vse their swiftest speed  
From East to West their yeares full race had runne,  
Our fatall foe *Canute* King *Swamus* sonne,  
To wretched England made returne againe  
From Denmarke shores with many a thousand Dane.

Who taking land at Sandwich in their ire,  
Deuoid of pitie in the spoile of good,  
Senselesse of humane woes with spoilefull fire  
All things did burne, that in their passage stood,  
Nor yet suffic'd; but thirsting after blood,  
All doom'd to death, none kept for captiue bands,  
Were slaine in troopes by their remorselesse hands.

To oppose their powers in field I soone did cite  
My fathers subiects from all quarters by;  
But when prepar'd we were in field to fight,  
Th'vnhappie tidings through our host did flie  
Of false Duke *Edrick* and his treacherie,  
Who with his troope in depth of darkest night,  
Vnto *Canutus* campe did take his flight.

Whereby made weake vnable to withstand  
Th'augmented powers of our insulting foe,  
We backe return'd with our disabled band,  
And to our kingly father we did show  
Duke *Edricks* treason, which alas with woe  
So wounds his heart, that he expires his breath,  
Poore aged King, and ends his woes in death.

He being dead, to me his eldest borne  
Was left the reliques of a ruin'd State,  
By rage of *Mars* a kingdome rent and torne,  
A Diademe by sterne decree of fate  
Ordain'd for prize of bloodie warres debate,  
Which was the end, for which *Canute* and I  
In martiall field did many a battell trie.



O wretched end of glorie thirsting pride!  
 O vaine pursuit of Empire and renowne!  
 What lot the land of discord doth betide  
 But wastfull spoile and all turn'd topsie downe?  
 What doe we purchase but a carefull Crowne?  
     A Crowne of care, the cause of froward strife,  
     The cause for which I lost my loued life.

For after that against th'inuading foe  
 Six bloodie battailes I had fought in field,  
 I that in warre away did victor goe,  
 On whom (O England) thou thy hopes didst build,  
 Vanquish't in peace to death was forc'd to yeeld;  
     The chance of warre my chance could not apall,  
     But trust in traytors wrought my wretched fall.

When as the Crowne my head did first adorne,  
 These thoughts vnto my selfe, I thus did frame:  
 Vnto my selfe I am not onlie borne,  
 My countrie deare the cheefest part doth claime,  
 Who to my care now kneeles and craues the same,  
     To saue the remnant of her ruin'd soile  
     From cruell foes that threat her vtter spoile.

The thought of this did spirit bold inspire,  
 And smart of wounds receiu'd from foes of late  
 Did with swift furie feather my desire,  
 Which of it self by natures gift did hate  
 To linger time, deferring vtmost fate  
     In doubtfull chance of battaile to be tride,  
     For which I was surnam'd, hight *Ironside*.

This fire of expedition in affaires  
 And height of resolution t'ndergoe,  
 Compar'd to strength of limbes and restlesse cares,  
 Redoubled in my thoughts t'oppugne the foe,  
 And yeeld releefe to England in her woe,  
     Did touch *Cannus* hart with feare, though bent  
     To trie his fortunes in the warres euent.

Distracted

Distracted thus with doubt, in any place  
By doubtfull fight t'ingage his hopefull fate,  
False *Edrick* hoping for to purchase grace,  
Who for his treason to my fire of late,  
Had run in danger of my deadlie hate,  
Did plot the downfall of mine Emperie,  
And in the end did act my tragedie.

From Prince *Canutus* campe in dead of night,  
Like the Greekes subtil *Synon*, to effect  
His wicked plot, to vs he tooke his flight,  
And at our feet himselfe he did proiect,  
And spake, as if his thoughts had no respect  
To his owne life; for he with craftie wile  
Of seeming sorrow thus did me beguile.

O noble Prince, quoth he, loe I am come  
As guiltie to my selfe, and do require  
To suffer shamefull death by righteous doome  
From thine owne mouth, against whose royall fire  
And gainst thy selfe I did of late conspire:  
Pronounce then death, a doome more sweet to mee,  
Then aged dayes in loathed life can bee.

Ay me the dayes, on you I may exclaime,  
In which to foule defame my life I lent:  
Alas, the nights, that testifie my shame,  
Your secret treasons I too late repent:  
O wrongfull world, that made my thoughts consent;  
Nor dayes, nor nights, nor world in future time,  
But will for aye record my gracelesse crime.

In vaine mine eyes, that shame yee do lament,  
Wich follows me where euer I doe wone,  
In vaine my sighs, in vaine yee now are sent  
From wofull hart to waile my trespassse done:  
For should I liue, foule shame how shall I shun?  
Then welcome death, ti's death must end my woe,  
Vnto my graue my greefe with me will goe.

This

This said, he wept and I began relent  
 And take remorse on his calamie,  
 His hoarie head did moue me to lament  
 His wretched state, whom I from miserie  
 Restor'd againe to former dignitie :  
 For I whose thoughts nere double dealing knew,  
 Did also thinke his thoughts vnfain'd and true.

He being restor'd againe to liue in grace,  
 Did cloake beneath the vaile of loyaltie,  
 Th'intent of treason and did maske the face  
 Of foule deceit with fawning flatterie,  
 Till time-borne truth did shew his treacherie,  
 For many a field and many a dreadfull fight  
 His treason shew'd, which time did bring to light.

The scourge of peacefull pride, the god of warre,  
 The prodigie spender of sweet plenties store  
 Did ride about our coast in iron carre,  
 Whose thundring wheelles like *Neptunes* dreaded rore,  
 Were heard to rattle on our Albion shore,  
 So long, vntill the pale-fac'd *Queene* of night  
 Had twelue times borrow'd of her brothers light.

In six fierce battels fought in martiall field,  
 Fortune my sword with conquest did renowne,  
 Six times *Canute* ore-match'd in fight did yeeld,  
 And fled away, by froward fate cast downe,  
 Leauing to me the hope of Englands Crowne :  
 Whose hopes my sword had smothered in the dust,  
 If I to traytors words had giuen no trust.

For after that, I had with foule affright  
 Dispers'd the bold *Canutus* mightie host,  
 That had begirt my loyall London hight,  
 Left any breathing space might haue been lost,  
 I follow'd him vnto that rockie coast,  
 Ouer whose mountaine tops the daies great guide,  
 The golden Sunne appears each morning tide.

And



And there where *Medway* with his siluer streames  
Runs gliding downe the lowlie dales of Kent,  
Vntill he meetes his elder brother *Thames*,  
Vpon a hill I pight my warlike tent,  
Expecting how the foes, that night stood bent,  
If till the morne they did determine stay,  
Or daunted with late foile would flie away.

The night we past in quiet sleepes repose,  
And when the bright-cheekt Ladie of the light  
Tir'd with nights toyle from *Tythons* bed arose,  
And in her saffron-coloured robe bedight  
With her approach brought vse to mortall sight,  
We troopt our men in *Mars* his best array,  
Vpon the foes in field to giue th' assay.

The foes stood firme vpon the sandie ground,  
Shaking their deadlie darts with countnance proud:  
Then did the trump the song of battaile sound,  
And Danish kettle drums did beate alowd,  
While euerie one in midst of martiall crowd  
Insatiate in reuenge vndaunted stood,  
Imbruing their bold hands in humane blood.

While thus oppos'd both parts in fight did stand,  
Hopefull of conquest, on the right side wing  
Of all the host, nere to the slimie strand,  
Where the sweet herbes by *Medwaies* streames do spring,  
The cries of wounded so'uldiers high did ring,  
For there *Canute* did charge with violent sway  
Of his horse troopes, in hope to win the day.

But to repress the fire and quench the flame  
Of his hot courage, with a troope of horse  
I rusht amongst his men with loud exclame,  
Whom with fierce furie in our winged course  
We did so charge, that we did soone inforce  
Their faint retire, which we did swift pursue,  
Vntill with open flight from field they flew.

Rr

Then

Then were the Kentish vales imbru'd in blood,  
 Then death was set on foote and thousands fell,  
 The brackish waues of *Medanaras* flood  
 With slaughtered bodies 'boue the bankes did swell,  
 Whose blushing streames the fight far of did tell  
     Painting the bankes with crimson in the way,  
     As they did glide into the Ocean sea.

Here heauen did smile on me with gracious looke,  
 And Fortune put faire conquest in my hand,  
 On bald occasion hold I might haue tooke  
 And thence-forth freed the subiects of my land  
 From seruile yoke of forraine Kings command;  
     But what we purpose heauen doth still decree,  
     In vaine we wish what heauen wils not to bee.

The treacherous Duke, the faithlesse man at armes,  
 Ignoble *Edrick* thus did counsell mee;  
 (My Liege) quoth he, we hazard now more harmes  
 In pursuit of the flying enemie,  
 Then earst we did before the victorie,  
     Tis best we found retreate and fall to spoile,  
     Of these dead foes vpon the sandie soile.

Your men, though bold, yet wearied with the fight,  
 Be faint, and fortune may the foes so grace,  
 That they constrain'd with desperate feare from flight  
 To backward death againe to turne their face,  
 May charge our troopes disordered in the chace;  
     Distraction heartens feare in desperate deeds,  
     Constraint in coward thoughts rash valor breeds.

This did he speake desparing hope to come  
 For Prince *Canute*, if we pursu'd the chace:  
 Some did approue his counsell sound, and some  
 Did vrge against the same, yet found it grace  
 With those both rightlie wise and best in place;  
     By whole aduice retreate I did command,  
     Losing the chance, then put into my hand.

Thus did Troyes helme-deckt *Hector*, when in chace  
He had the Greeks vpon Scamanders plaine,  
And made them house their heads with deep disgrace  
In their owne fleet; whom then hee could haue slaine  
And burnt their ships, which did their hopes containe:  
But then being crost by lucklesse destinie  
He did omit the profferd victorie.

Thus did Romes scourge, the famous *Hanniball*,  
For when he might with his victorious powers  
Haue made that towne beneath his sword to fall,  
And leueld with the ground her high topt towers,  
Then did he let passe those auspicious howers,  
In which with ease he might haue queld the foe,  
Who after wrought his and his countries woe.

Securefull thoughts do foster fond delay,  
Bewitching hopes breed carelesnesse of minde,  
Occasion set on wing flies fast away,  
Whose backe once turn'd no hold fast can we finde,  
Her feet are swift, bald is her head behinde,  
Who so hath hold and after lets her goe,  
Doth lose the lot, which Fortune did bestowe.

Euen as a fire supprest, if yet remaine  
A sparke not quite extinct, whence growes a flame,  
Wil soone resume his former strength againe;  
Euen so *Canutus* power, which I did tame,  
And with one blow might then haue queld the same,  
Resum'd proud strength, which little time did yeeld,  
And oft times after brau'd me in the field.

The baine full'ft battaile we did euer fight,  
At Scorstan was, in fruitfull Worstershire,  
Where vnto both the hosts in open fight  
Duke *Edricks* treason plainly did appeare,  
Which in his hart gainst me he still did beare:  
The heart once tainted with foule treasons staine,  
Posselt with guile, seldome proues true againe.



Two dayes in field we stood in doubtfull fight,  
 And after mutuall wounds with equall fate,  
 Both parts were parted by approching night:  
 But in the next dayes fight this traytors hate  
 Did shew it selfe, for seeing the foes in state  
 Of strength declin'd, he fought by treacherie  
 To giue the day vnto the enimie.

In midst of martiall throng my folk t'excite,  
 As I did stand in skirmish gainst the foe,  
 A man of armes there was, which *Osmeare* hight,  
 So like to mee, that scarce you could him know,  
 By whom this traytor fought to worke vs woe.  
 For as in fight he stood without all dread,  
 False *Edrick* yndiscern'd did strike him dead.

Whose liuelesse lims in endlesse sleepe fast bound,  
 After he had despoil'd and headlesse made,  
 He tooke himselfe vnto an higher ground,  
 And picking *Osmeares* head vpon his blade,  
 He held the same on high and thus he said;  
 Flie (wretched countrimen) your King is dead,  
 The day is lost, see here King *Edmunds* head.

The suddaine horror of this vncouth fight  
 With suddaine fright my folke did so dismay,  
 That they which were not in that part of fight  
 Where with my launce and sword I did display  
 Th'extreamest of my strength to win the day,  
 Away had fled and lost the victorie,  
 Had I not heard of *Edricks* treacherie.

With speed on top of an adioyning hill,  
 My selfe I did conuey, where I in fight  
 Of all my host thus spake with voice most shrill:  
 Fellowes in armes, quoth I, let not this slight  
 Of traytors practise your bold thoughts affright;  
 Behold yet free from deaths captiuitie,  
 I liue to be reueng'd on th'enimie.

This said, each one which had begun to flie  
Turn'd head againe, and stoutly kept his place,  
Then rushing with exclames on th' enemy,  
Eager with furie of their late disgrace,  
They gaue the charge so fiercely on the face  
Of th' aduerse force, that by their violent might,  
They brake the rankes and turn'd their foes to flight.

With whom the Mercian Duke fled fast away,  
The traytor *Edrick* hopelesse now of grace,  
Who wing'd with feare of his decreed decay,  
Outstript our pursuit, yet with greedie chace  
We did pursue, vntill the day gaue place  
T'approching night, whose wished presence gaue  
Time to the foes themselues from death to saue

*Cannote* being fled, did slacke no breathing space,  
Once more to trie the chance of doubtfull fight;  
But gathered his dispersed powers apace,  
With whom I by a place, which *Dearchurst* hight,  
In sea-side bordering *Glostershire* should fight,  
Where I with resolution did intend  
In single fight this spoilefull warre to end.

When on the fishie *Seuernes* bordering coasts  
Oppos'd for fight, the battels ranged were,  
A noble Knight confronting both the hosts,  
Did boldly in the midst aduance his speare,  
At which both armies did from fight forbear,  
For straight my men I staid, because I knew  
His purpose then, which thus he did pursue.

(Yee glory-thirsting sonnes of *Mars*) said he,  
To what I speake, with good aduice giue eare,  
Let not my words by you contemned be,  
If any loue to humane good ye beare,  
Yee will esteeme my exhortations deare,  
If either part my counsell shall refuse,  
No good can happen in these warres we vse.

Not th'haplesse fate, which followes hostile warre;  
 Nor terrible euent of bloodie fight,  
 Nor spoiles, that spring from contumelious iarre,  
 Nor woes produc'd from strife for Lordly right,  
 To you (my cuntrymen) need I recite,  
 For woe alas, this land can testifie  
 The rauinous rage of *Mars* his tyrannie.

Pitie the teares of this our mother Ile,  
 Whose fame which 'bout the world once shone as bright  
 As *Phæbus* shine, now dim'd, alas the while,  
 With clouds of carefull strife, hath lost her light,  
 That to behold her in this wretched plight,  
 Like sorowes image drown'd in waues of woe,  
 Would make the hardest flint with teares to flow.

Her fertile wombe, which goodly fruit did beare,  
 Now barren made, wars stormie breath hath blasted,  
 Her buds of gayesome youth, which whilome were  
 the flowers of Chiualrie, haue headlong hasted  
 Their timelesse end, while she in woe hath wasted,  
 And we the cause, we wretches, that delight  
 By wicked warre to worke her more despight.

O noble Princes, let not warres blacke hand  
 Put out for aye the shine of Englands light,  
 About whose right, both in contention stand,  
 But combate for it in a single fight,  
 And he that conquers, his be it by right;  
 Faire conquests gift is in the hand of heau'n,  
 Which vnto truth, for truths owne sake is giuen,

He hauing said, forthwith I forth did step,  
 And cast my brazen gauntlet on the plaine,  
 To which *Canute* with courage bold did lep  
 And tooke it vp, casting in deepe disdaine  
 His rich grau'd-gauntlet on the ground againe,  
 Which I accepted and propos'd the day,  
 When we in fight each other should assay.



For battell was design'd a plot of ground  
Within a little Ile, which Olney hight,  
Whom Seuerne with his armes incircleth round,  
Where we as combatants in single fight  
Should d'araine bettell in both armies fight,  
While they assigned were by our command,  
On th'other side of Seuerns streame to stand.

The day of fight being come and order giuen,  
Through either host to euery seuerall band  
To keepe their stand, my souldiers vp to heau'n  
Did cast their eyes, beseeching *Ioue* to stand  
By me in fight, and grace my powerfull hand  
With conquest 'gainst *Canute*, by whom cast downe,  
They did expect the rise of my renowne.

As they thus prai'd, I arm'd me for the fight,  
And being mounted on a sprightfull steed,  
When twixt both armies I appear'd in fight,  
My terrible aspect did terror breed  
Vnto the aduerse part, but hope did feed  
My souldiers fight to see my goodly grace,  
My stout demeanor, and my stately pace.

As *Priams Hector* on the barren plaine,  
Manag'd his horse before the walles of Troy,  
When he in single battell did maintaine  
Troyes right 'gainst *Telamon*, who did imploy  
All his best strength bold *Hector* to destroy,  
So on my steed I trotted to and fro,  
Waiting th'approth of my expected foe:

Who came at length all arm'd in seemely wise  
Into the lists, and when the trumpe did sound,  
Our steeds as swift as birds of wings in skies,  
Their course did run, and we with speares sharpe ground  
Did fiercely meete, each other to confound,  
In which swift course our shattered speares did flie,  
Like feathers borne by winde into the skie.

As two fierce buls fights twixt an heard of kine,  
 Whose violence doth increase, when in their fight  
 The crimson blood doth from their wounds decline,  
 So wounds giuen equally in doubtfull fight,  
 Our eager thoughts did to reuenge excite,  
 The anguish arm'd our armes with strength to strike  
 And made vs both incounter lion-like.

On horsback first the fight we did maintaine,  
 And when our horse did faile, dismounting straighr  
 On foote the fight we did begin againe,  
 In which my foes haut courage gan t'abate,  
 I with my sword laid on such wounds of weight,  
 That his faint knees did stoope at euerie blow,  
 And in the fight did stagger to and fro.

Who tir'd with toile and fearing least my sword  
 Should beare away the palme of victorie,  
 Thus spake to me; Forbeare quoth he (braue Lord)  
 This doubtfull fight, and let vs both agree  
 To ioyne our harts and hands in amitie,  
 Least that our swords each other do destroy,  
 Leauing this land for others to inioy.

Right well thou knowst the chance of victorie  
 Vncertaine is, and though the Crowne thou claime  
 As due to thee and thy posteritie,  
 So (noble Prince) I in my fathers name  
 As my inheritance do craue the same:  
 In one consent then let vs both agree  
 That Englands bounds twixt vs may parted bee.

Let not the inward hands of dogged hate  
 Teare thy great minde, but supple it with grace  
 Of heauenlie loue, let loue end our debate,  
 Which if in thought thou trulie canst imbrace,  
 Then in my hart thou hast a brothers place,  
 To which all-seeing *Ioue* I witnesse call,  
 Who is the supreme souereigne of vs all.

To this I pause a while, but at the length  
 Conceauing well the combats doubtfull chance,  
 (*Cannite*) said I, since God hath giuen thee strength  
 In fight to trie the manage of my lance  
 And slaughtering sword without thy lifes mischance,  
 I thinke right well his will likewise it bee,  
 That in my kingdome thou haue part with me

This said, our swords we sheath'd in th'armies fight,  
 And with kinde armes each other did embrace,  
 Happie it seem'd to those, that did delight  
 In happie peace, to see such loue take place  
 Twixt two such mortall foes in so short space;  
 But haplesse I that did accord thereto,  
 Th'euent whereof did breed my after woe.

The traytor *Edrick* preordainde by fate  
 To act my fall, whom for his treacherie  
 I daylie did pursue with deadlie hate,  
 Did instigate his soune by villanie  
 With impious hands to act my tragedie,  
 Who to impietie by nature free,  
 After this tragick fort did murther mee,

Vpon a time, when in the Muses bower,  
 Englands Parnassus, famous Oxford hight  
 Was my abode, there in that fatall houre,  
 When as expedient vse did me excite  
 To do the deed of nature requisite,  
 Vnto the draught as was mywont I went  
 Vnto my natures vse to yeeld content.

Where loe, the sonne of this false Duke did lie  
 Hid in the vault to further his intent  
 With weapon arm'd; for on the draught while I  
 Secure did sit, with fatall instrument  
 This villane gor'd my bodies fundament,  
 And there to death his due I timelesse gaue,  
 At Glastenburie I was laid in graue,

Thus



Thus after twice fixe months, and as much space,  
As from the time the swallow leaues her nest,  
Till *Phœbus* haue the Lion in full chace,  
With th'angrie dog, that from his burning brest  
Breaths mortall plagues, hot feauers and vnrest:  
When I had raig'n'd I lost my life and crowne,  
With which our English name lost her renowne.

Thus hast thou heard the sad Catastrophe,  
And fatall period of my life and raigne,  
In which thou seest, that where false treacherie  
Hath toucht the heart with her foule fingers staine,  
There seldome constant truth returnes againe,  
Which that it may to future times be knowne,  
Forget not what was said, when I am gone.

THE

# THE LAMENTABLE LIFE AND DEATH OF PRINCE ALFRED, BRO- ther to King *Edmund Ironside*.



**B***Y death of this braue Prince, quoth Memorie,  
The English lost both fame and libertie,  
Too cruell were inexorable fates,  
On him so swiftly t' execute their hates ;  
Yet with his brother Alfreds wofull end  
For tragicke act, his death may not contend,  
Who lines an exile all his infancie  
With his deare vncle, Duke of Normandie,  
Whence he in riper yeares recall'd againe,  
Returning is betray'd, and on the plaine  
By Guilford towne his friends betray'd by night,  
Are tith'd to death by Godwin, that false Knight,  
The Prince is sent to Elie, where his eyne  
Being both put out, with hunger he doth pine,  
Till th' instruments of Harrolds tyrannie  
Do butcher him with barbarous crueltie,  
Who is the next in course, that must commend  
To thee, the maner of his wofull end ;  
Let Fame then call his mournefull ghost to tell  
The woes and vncouth death, which him befell.*

*Another*

Another Argument.

*Prince Alfred summon'd, tells to Memorie  
His life, his death, and Godwins treacherie.*



F all the sonnes of men, vnhappy fate  
With spight pursues the borne of high degree,  
Where tyrant wrong vsurpes the chaire of State  
The baser subiect sits from danger free,  
Wofull it is of royall birth to bee,  
Of which my woes a witnesse may remaine,  
Such tragicke woes no Prince did ere sustaine.

Vp then (thou saddest of the sacred nine)  
Cause of sad sorow, neuer hadst thou more,  
Vp (ruffull ghosts and shew some dolefull signe  
Of heauie grieve) powre out your teares in store,  
Cause of sad sorow neuer had yee more :  
And (thou) the pen-man of my historie  
Prepare sad verse for my sad tragedie.

I am that *Alfred*, famous *Edmunds* brother,  
Who in the time of my minoritie  
Was by *Queene Emma* our beloued mother,  
Sent to mine vncle Duke of Normandie,  
There to remaine safe from the enemye,  
While heere at home against the sonne of *Swaine*,  
My brother *Edmund* battell did maintaine.

Who



Who being slaine, as thou before did'st heare,  
By treacherous *Edricke* and his bloodie sonne,  
They for their fact a guerdon due did beare;  
For whereas praise by it they thought t'haue wonne  
Of King *Canute*, they both to death were done,  
Whose hands with blood, whose hearts with treason floe,  
Seldome in peace vnto the graue do goe.

*Canute* being seated on the English throne  
By ioynt consent of the nobilitie,  
To sit sole Monarch in the same alone,  
Did daily seeke by wisdomes policie,  
T'establish it to his posteritie,  
While I, and *Edward* hight my elder brother,  
Did liue in exile with our wofull mother.

Meane time *Canute*, th'vsurper of our right,  
Hug'd in the armes of peace and finding none,  
That could oppose themselues against his might,  
After all stormes of warre were ouerblowne,  
By blood gan tyrant-like t'vsurpe the throne;  
For without cause the royall blood he spilt  
Of *Edmunds* brother *Edwin*, void of guilt.

King *Edmunds* sonnes, those faultlesse infants twaine,  
*Edmund* and *Edward* by his sterne decree,  
Were sent vnto the Norway King hight *Swaine*,  
He being design'd to act their death; but hee  
Lamenting their mishaps, did set them free,  
And sent them both vnto th'Hungarian King,  
Who kept them safe beneath his soueraigne wing.

*Canute* being freed from doubtfull feare of those,  
That to the Diademe might make iust claime,  
To peacefull pleasure did his thoughts dispose,  
And gan to thinke, how with some royall dame,  
He in chaste bed might amplifie his name,  
No sonne he had t'enioy this wretched soile,  
But *Harrold* basely borne of beauties spoile.

Vpon

Vpon our Mother he did cast his loue,  
 On whose dislike of loue we both did build  
 Our future hopes, but she, alas, to proue  
 The weakenesse of her sexe, as prompt to yeeld,  
 Leauing vs both, whom she from harme should sheeld,  
 Did cast her wauering thoughts vpon *Canute*,  
 And in the end did grant his vniust suit.

(O) who doth know the wandring eye, that feeds  
 Th'vnstedfast fancie of weake womens heart,  
 Constant in nought, but in inconstant deeds,  
 In weaknesse strong, as if the soules best part  
 Composed were by fond loues artlesse art:  
 Alas, that faithlesse faults should so excell,  
 Where faultlesse faith with reason ought to dwell.

She bath'd in blisse, while we lay drown'd in woe,  
 She grew in pride, while we did pine away,  
 She soft embrac'd in th'armes of our false foe,  
 Did smile at our mishaps, while day by day  
 We did expect our loued liues decay;  
 For fatall ti's to Princes royall borne,  
 Where tyrants browes the garland doth adorne.

So long with her *Canute* she liu'd in loue,  
 Till with loues fruit her wombe to wex begun,  
 Which being brought to light, a sonne did proue:  
 But when that twice nine times the golden sun  
 In heauens bright Zodiack through the signes had run,  
 The clouds of care began the dolefull night,  
 Which did eclipse the shine of her delight.

Then the deare daies of her dread Lord were done,  
 The stroke of death no mortall may withstand,  
 The kingdome *Harrold* his ignoble sonne,  
 The bastard did aspire, by whose command  
 Our wretched mother was exil'd the land,  
 And in despight despoil'd of all that store,  
 Which her *Canute* had giuen to her before.

But

But deaths cold touch so soone did close mine eies,  
That I beheld not my sad mothers woes,  
The base vsurper did my death deuise  
Before her fall, in Court soone finding those,  
Whom he to act my tragicke murther chose :  
The Courts of Kings with Sycophants do swarme,  
Tyrants do want no instruments of harme.

An English Earle there was, which *Godwin* hight,  
Whose name about the world report did blaze,  
A man of wicked wit, in Fortunes fight  
So highly grac'd, that he himselfe did raise  
To be the greatest Peere in those our daies,  
The King was only then a King by name,  
While he perform'd the office of the same.

And in the ruffe of his felicitie  
Prickt with ambition, he began disdaine  
His bastard Lords vsurp'd authoritie,  
Plotting by priuate counsels, how to gaine  
Th' imperiall garland after him to raigne,  
Greatnesse in sway of State giues wings t'aspire,  
Aduancement feeds ambition with desire.

In broken sleepes he did consume the night,  
While his liege Lord lay lull'd in th' armes of shame,  
Hope of a kingdome was his sole delight,  
While *Harrold* senselesse of all Kingly fame,  
To idle ease himselfe did only frame,  
Which set th' insulting *Godwins* hopes on wing,  
Whence woe is me, my woes did after spring.

My brother and my selfe, alas, the while,  
Vnto his hopes to make the passage free,  
Were markt for death, nor could our sad exile  
Suffice hard fate, my wofull tragedie  
Must be the subiect of his treacherie,  
We were the obiects of proud *Godwins* frowne,  
We only stood betwixt him and the crowne.



T'effect his purpose, he did soone excite  
 The tyrant King, whose actions he did sway,  
 To thinke, that while mine eyes beheld heau'ns light,  
 He liu'd in reach of danger day by day,  
 His safetie liu'd vpon my liues decay;  
 For I, he said, being of an haughtie spirit,  
 Would seeke by might my fathers right t'inherit.

The bastard King to bloodie deeds inclin'd,  
 To rob me of my life stood fully bent:  
 Letters forth with by messengers design'd,  
 Forged by wicked wits for their intent,  
 In our Queene mothers name to me were sent,  
 Which I accepted as vnfain'd and true,  
 The tenor of the which doth heere ensue.

*Emma*, but only Englands Queene in name,  
*Edward* and *Alfred*, her two sonnes doth greet  
 From Englands chiefeft Peeres, who do reclaime  
 You both from exile, and do thinke it meet,  
 That you in Normandie should rigge some fleet,  
 And crosse the seas your fathers right to claime,  
 They all will be assistant in the same.

Strike the hard Steele, while yet the fire is in,  
 Slip not occasion put into your hand,  
 The tyrant *Harrold* daily seekes to win  
 The Peeres vnto his aid, who yet will stand  
 In your defence, and hazard life and land:  
 Then come with speed, for warre we will prepare,  
 The way is plaine, the time doth proffer faire.

This in effect their letters testifie,  
 Which did my forward thoughts so much excite,  
 That though my brother then in Hungarie  
 Were absent farre, yet to obtaine our right,  
 I tooke the seas with many a Norman Knight;  
 But cursed be that voyage euermoe  
 Whose end did end my life with bitter woe.

Woe worth the ground, where grew the towring mast,  
Whose sailes did beare vs through the waters rore,  
Woe worth the winde, that blew the banefull blast,  
Woe worth the waue, whose surge so swiftlie bore  
My tragick barke to Englands fatall shore,  
Woe worth the mast, the sailes, winde, waues and all,  
That causelesse did conspire poore *Alfredes* fall.

Why were not they by cruell fates assign'd  
To giue that due to death? which death did craue,  
On ragged rockes O why did I not finde  
A milder death? why was the darksome waue  
Vpon my way not made my bodies graue?  
Ah why? why did they let my forward feete  
Once touch the shore such cruell death to meete?

After our ships had brought vs to the shore  
And giuen vs vp as captiues to the land,  
At Guilford downe, a place so call'd of yore,  
A fatall place to me, did *Godwin* stand  
To entertaine me and my Norman band,  
Who with the shew of true fidelitie  
Did maske the face of his false treacherie.

He did imbrace me round with treasons armes,  
And fawnd vpon me with a villaines smile,  
His lookes were blith to hide his purposde harmes,  
His words, which graced were with sugred stile,  
Made musike in mine eares, and to beguile  
Suspitions self a solemne vow he made  
Against all aduerse power my part to aide.

At Guilford he gaue counsell as a friend  
To make abode with all my companie,  
For there hee said my fauorites did intend  
To meete me with their powers, who would applie  
Their best indeuours 'gainst mine enemy:  
In which being confident, with ioynt consent  
Of all my friends, I vnto Guilford went.

Sf

There

There did the chorus to proud *Godwins* play  
 First tell the sequele of my miserie,  
 There first appear'd the plot of my decay,  
 There the sad scene of my black tragedie  
 Was first begun by *Godwins* treacherie,  
 And there my friends took hands in death and led  
 The tragick daunce, which I did after tred.

When vnto Guilford with my troope I came,  
*Godwin* of purpose did augment our traine,  
 And for one place could not containe the same,  
 Lodging in diuers Ins he did ordaine,  
 Which might twice tenne or thirtie men containe,  
 Which he before with *Harrold* did deuise,  
 The better to effect his enterprife.

Plentie, the childe of peace, in euerie house  
 Did furnish out the tables with her store,  
*Lycus* fruitfull cup with full carowse  
 Went round about, mirth stood at euerie doore,  
 The oliue branch deceitfull treason bore,  
 Vsing the voice of peace which sweet did sound,  
 To vs at feast that were, in solace drown'd.

The greedie gorge repleat with plentious feast,  
 Besots the sense and duls the spritfull minde,  
 Th' infeeble braine with strength of wine oppress,  
 Losing all quick conceit, soone waxed blinde,  
 The depth of *Godwins* plots we could not finde:  
 Deceit workes surest, where the wit before  
 Hath weakned been by plenties feastsfull store.

This fatall banquet, that did then forerun  
 The day that death put many soules to flight,  
 To soone did end, too soone the golden sunne  
 Fell to the Ocean, and the dismall night  
 Came vp from seas to work my soule despight,  
 The woe which chearefull day before did hide  
 To end our cheare, the night too soone descride.

When



When in my naked bed my limbes were laid  
And I enchaind in deepest sleepe did lie,  
The rufull clamors of my friends betray'd  
Did ring about mine eares; with whose sad crie  
I rose from sleepe, and from my bed did flie:  
But by the armed men and doores fast made,  
My weapons gone, I knew I was betraid.

Then did I looke, when death would at the doore  
Come in, to sease my life with violent hand;  
My chamber shooke, my hart gan tremble sore,  
And as in horror I did silent stand,  
Vp flew the doores, in rusht an armed band,  
Who laid rude hands on me in spightfull hate,  
Without respect vnto my princelie state.

But when *Anrora* left her *Tythons* bed,  
And through each part of heau'n disperst her light,  
My Norman friends fast bound in bands were led  
To Guilford downe, to whom in dolefull plight  
None gaue releefe, false *Godwin* tooke delight  
With sight of their sad death his eyes to feed;  
Such sight would cause the hardest hart to bleed.

By casting lots they were ordain'd for death;  
Often, still nine did beare the bitter fate,  
And in strange torture did expire their breath;  
The tenth reseru'd did liue in wretched state  
Of bondage, till the day of finall date:  
And thus six hundred vnto death being done,  
All faithfull friends did my sad fall forerun.

My friends thus slain, through couert shades of night,  
That none to my abode might priuie be,  
Conuey'd I was to th' Isle of Elie hight,  
There to abide, till *Harrold* did decree,  
What kinde of death from thrall should set me free:  
Where I with care consum'd for death did call,  
Vntill a fate farre worse then death did fall.

Then cause thy Muse with me to mourne her fill,  
 And all yee nightlie birds, that do appeare,  
 As gaffly signes, shrieke out your deadlie ill,  
 Let all that wofull is and voide of cheere,  
 That may augment my dole, to me draw neere,  
 And helpe me with their vncouth companie  
 To tune the song of my sad tragedie.

Despoild by foes of all my Princelie state,  
 And lockt in dungeon deepe from sight of heauen,  
 Sweete dame delight, with whom I liu'd of late,  
 Farre from my sad abode away was driuen,  
 And carefull sorrow for companion giuen:  
 The youthfull spring of my delight was done,  
 And winters state now in my youth begun.

And with the winter of my woes begun  
 The frostie seasons winter bore apart,  
 Whose vnkinde cold did through my bodie run,  
 While gnawing hunger to increase my smart,  
 For want of foode did feed vpon my hart:  
 Thus I with cold and hunger long foreworne,  
 Did nought but mourning pine and pining mourne.

My greene of youth with griefes sad fighes was blasted,  
 The sap of my life blood began decay,  
 My flesh through fast and euill fare was wasted,  
 My hart did faint, my strength did fleete awaie;  
 Ah God that death oft wish't so long did stay,  
 Why did not fates preuent my bloodie foes,  
 And with keene knife in death cut of my woes?

My woes, alas, as yet were to begin;  
 For though my foes were priuie to my cries,  
 Yet could my rufull plaints no pitie winne,  
 To take from me at length they did deuise,  
 The last of all my comforts, both mine eyes:  
 Ah cruell foes, too cruell were ye bent,  
 Why could my death to you not yeeld content?

When

When first the instruments of *Harrold's* ire  
Did come prepar'd to rob me of my sight,  
Hoping that death, which I did long desire,  
Had then been sent to me, the last despight  
That can be done to man in wretched plight;  
These words I spake to moue remorse of mind,  
While teares in plentie downe my cheeks declin'd.

Thrice happie men, if ye the tidings bring  
Of happie death my dolefull daies to end,  
From whose long houres my lasting death doth spring,  
This last request to you I do commend,  
That pitying my sad plaints, you may befriend  
My wretched soule with quicke dispatch in death,  
And not with torture, when I yeeld my breath.

Behold this bodie pin'd away with woe,  
This starued carkas in such rufull plight,  
That who, alas, can poore Prince *Alfred* know,  
These cheekes, whilome so full of fresh delight,  
Now waxed pale and wan, are dri'd vp quite  
For want of dew; yet dew'd with sad supplies  
Of mournefull teares still flowing from mine eies.

Yeeld then, o yeeld some comfort in this case,  
And do not yee augment my deadly smart,  
He hug sweet death, and with kind armes embrace  
His grizly shape, and wooe him with his dart  
To end my woes, by wounding my poore hart,  
Only make ye dispatch when ye begin,  
And heau'ns impute it not to you for sin.

This did I speake, supposing they were come,  
With violent hands to make my life the prize  
Of wished death; but by more grievous doome,  
I first adiudged was to lose mine eies:  
For while that vnto heau'n with pitious cries  
Vpon their crueltie I did complaine,  
They rest me of my sight with bitter paine.



Thenceforth, as caytife cast in dungeon deepe,  
 Where with fresh griefe my hart did hourelly bleed,  
 As *Philomel* that spends her time of sleepe  
 In mournfull tunes recording his misdeed,  
 Whose lust in wastefull woods her shame did breede,  
 Nights endlesse houres till death did end the same,  
 Against my foes I wasted in exclaime.

Famine, the childe of want did feast my soule,  
 And in my brest her hungrie arrow steepe,  
 The black nights shreeking bird, the ghastlie oule  
 With balefull notes in waking woe did keepe  
 My greeued soule, when nature craued sleepe,  
 With whose shrill shreekes my plaints did beare a part,  
 And kept true time with sighes from sorrowing hart.

Sorrow and griefe with waste of teares drawne drie  
 Suppli'd the place, where eyes did once remaine,  
 Whose want of teares my hart did still supplie  
 With drops of blood, fresh bleeding with the paine  
 Of wounding griefe which it did long sustaine,  
 Of which impatient to despaire being driuen,  
 Cursing my birth, I thus did crie to heauen.

Woe worth the wombe, which nature did inforce  
 To bring me forth and leaue me in neglect:  
 Woe worth the starre, that did direct my course,  
 If anie starre the course of life direct:  
 Woe worth the houre, which did my birth detect;  
 Woe to you all, that did conspire with foes  
 To drowne my better dayes in bitter woes.

Why do I liue? ah why liue I the space  
 Of half a day in this my mournfull mew?  
 Why doth grim death so often shew his face?  
 The woefull waste in me why doth he view  
 Of natures worke; and yet not craue his due?  
 Why do I liue, yet daylie die with paine?  
 Why do I die, yet daylie liue againe?

To you therefore ye heau'ns, whose cheerefull face  
With mortall eyes I neuer more shall see,  
To you and all your powers I crie for grace;  
Let me, ah let me now no longer be,  
But by swift death from foes do set me free;  
My dayes be ouer long, for death I crie,  
End then my dayes (O God) and let me die.

Wanting the salue of patience, wherewithall  
To cure the sore of sorrow growne so rife  
In my grieu'd hart, thus forc'd I was to call  
For death to launch the wound with his sharpe knife,  
Which grieve had festerd in my loathed life;  
Who in his horrid shape himselfe did show  
To me poore wretch with too much paine and woe.

For death at last with such vnkinde constraint  
Did force my soule from th'house of her vnrest,  
That neuer Prince had cause of more complaint;  
Natures vnkindest children will detest  
My deaths vnkindnesse, and the flintest brest  
Wil learne t'expire sad fighes with sorrows breath,  
To heare me tell the manner of my death.

From thence, wherein grim darknesse I did dwell  
I forth was fetch't, and by my foes that been  
First stript I was, and then (O woe to tell)  
My wombe was opened with a rasor keene,  
With paine of which downe sinking I did weene,  
That then my gasping ghost would haue expir'd  
The breath of life, which I so oft desir'd.

But after grieuous groane, when as my sprite  
With feeling sense reuiued was againe,  
My sterne tormentors seeming to delite  
In this their bloodie game, while I in vaine  
Did beg dispatch of my tormenting paine,  
With vnremorsefull hands againe began  
T'inflie more woes on me most woefull man :

At that smart wound, which in my wombe they made,  
 One of my intrailes ends they forth did take,  
 Which, out alas, (that ere it should be said  
 Of any Prince) they fasten to a stake,  
 And with sharpe needles (yet my ghost doth quake  
 To thinke on it) my tender sides they wound  
 About the stake to make me go around.

With painfull wounds they wound me in each part,  
 When still I stood to ease me of such woe,  
 Yet worse then painfull wounds increast my smart  
 As oft as I about the stake did go,  
 Then in this pitious plight, what should I do?  
 Deaths touch I felt; yet by my foes made blind,  
 The readie way to death I could not find.

At length my soule vnable to withstand  
 Th'afflictions of my foes, in heart made stout  
 With torment of my wounds, I hand in hand  
 Went on with death that deadly stake about,  
 Vntill my bowels being winded out,  
 With death I fell, and in that fall did find  
 An end of woe, an end of grieve of mind.

Men light of credence warned be by me,  
 To deeme no profer'd friendship firme and sure,  
 Till truth haue triall made, for flatterie  
 Makes fained loue the fittest cloake t'obscure  
 Falsehood from truth, which practise puts in vre,  
 Of which, that henceforth I a Mirrour bee,  
 My storie told, I leaue it vnto thee.

**THE**



THE TREACHE-  
ROVS LIFE AND IN-  
FAMOVS DEATH OF GODVIN,  
Earle of Kent.



**T**He banefull plot of Godwins treacherie,  
And Alfreds ruffell end, quoth *Memorie*,  
With doubt may shake a weake believing mind,  
Which to resolve, no better prooffe I find  
Then Godwins selfe, who in his turne shall tell  
After Prince Alfreds death, what him befell,  
How he in service of Canute his King,  
In forren warres himselfe in grace did bring,  
How he in state did rise, with what increase  
Of noble issue, heau'n his house did blesse,  
His life produc'd to length of many yeares,  
Foure Kings he serues, in Edwards daies appeares  
His treason t' Alfred, till that time conceal'd,  
Which by the hand of heau'n is then vtueal'd,  
His oath, his periurie, bread stops his breath,  
Heau'n plagues his issue for Prince Alfreds death,  
The truth of which, that we at large may heare,  
Let Fames trumpe cause his guiltie ghost t' appeare.

Another argument.

Godwin as guiltie tels th' ambitious layme  
Of his desire, first cause of all his shame.

Faire



Aire fall the steps, that happily do end  
 Their course begun in vertues painfull race,  
 Many begin that steepe hill t' ascend,  
 Where vertue dwels; but few do find such grace,  
 As not to faint, ere they attaine that place,  
 To tread the path of praise I first begunne,  
 But lost true praise, which I did weene t' haue wonne.

Ambition tooke me by the haplesse hand,  
 And with delight led me another way,  
 Both blood and treason in my way did stand,  
 Which heau'n with vengeance failes not to repay,  
 Although reuenge of men escape they may:  
 Of which that I a Mirrour be, giue care,  
 And in thy mind my fatall storie beare.

I am that *Godwin*, sometimes Earle of Kent,  
 Who with King *Harrold* did conspire to shed  
 Prince *Alfreds* blood, which I too late repent:  
 For whereas I vpon the glorious bed  
 Of spotlesse honor, might haue laid my hed,  
 This one blacke deed of my false treacherie,  
 Doth brand my name with spot of infamie.

If from that way, my steps had neuer strai'd,  
Which in my youthfull daies I first did tread;  
My famous acts, which now are all decaid,  
Had liu'd in lines of gold, and in the stead  
Of foule defame, with praise had crown'd my head;  
But partiall fame lets passe our deeds of praise,  
Our worser deeds she keepes for future daies.

When bold *Cannus*, that victorious King,  
Ore Danes and English did in triumph raigne,  
Desire did set my youthfull thoughts on wing  
In pursuit of renowne, which to attaine,  
From pleasures idle bed I did refraine,  
Ease duls the sprite, each drop of fond delight  
Allaies the thirst, which glorie doth excite,

About this time we being secure of warre,  
Fame by report did giue to vnderstand,  
That the bold Vandale threatned to inferre,  
Such strong inuasion both by seas and land  
Vpon the Danes, that all the force of hand,  
That they for warre could make, would scarce suffice  
To giue repulse vnto their enemies.

Which when *Cannus* did heare, his Danish force  
He mustred vp, and I inspir'd by fame,  
Troopt vp my Kentish friends, both foot and horse,  
With whom deckt in braue armes and skill'd in frame  
Of varied fight, vnto *Cannus* I came,  
With whom to Denmarke I design'd did goe,  
Conductor of the English 'gainst the foe.

The seas we launcht, but long we had not wau'd  
Vpon the deepe, when all our ships did scatter,  
Proud *Nereus* fom'd, the sea lookt blacke and rau'd,  
The billowes rude rouz'd into hills of water,  
Cusse after cusse the earths Greene bankes did batter,  
Which with their force our scattered nauie bore  
In great distresse about the Norway shore,



Toft to and fro, the storme at length ore-blown;  
 We did arriue vpon the Danish coast,  
 VVhere, in the field the Vandale dreadlesse growen  
 Their valours to auouch, did vaunt and boast  
 Of spoiles and captiues in their conquering host,  
 Twixt whom and vs the fight had then begun,  
 Had night, to part the fray, not twixt vs run.

The night, that giues each deathlesse creature rest,  
 In chaines of darknesse all the earth did bind,  
 And in our tents, each one as seem'd him best,  
 Did passe the time; but in my labouring mind  
 Nor rest, nor sleepe could entertainment find,  
 Care kept me waking, how I best might bring  
 My selfe in credit with *Canute* the King.

The time, I thought, did fit occasion yeeld,  
 The foes with fond neglect of vs at shore  
 Did sleepe secure, dispread about the field,  
 Their guard flight kept, their men were wearied fore  
 VVith hunting after spoile the day before,  
 VVhom to *Canute* vnknowne could we confound,  
 Our names I thought, would euer be renown'd.

These thoughts, but newly borne in my great mind,  
 By secret messengers I did conuent,  
 The English Chiefetaines all, whom I did find  
 In heart so well inclin'd, that all were bent  
 VVith readie hands to strengthen my intent,  
 And in each point their minds to mine did frame  
 For this affaire, all thirsting after fame.

Our English quarter, which did vtmost lie  
 VVe vndescr'd, drew forth, and on our way  
 VVith silence we did passe, the windes blew high,  
 And night her darksome wings did wide display,  
 Left th' aduerse scout our purpose might betray:  
 So forth we went, and gain'd with good euent,  
 The drowfie Vandales vtmost regiment,

The outward watch, and courts of guard being slaine,  
Through all their rankes by slaughter making way,  
We did at length their fatall tents attaine,  
In which, as in neglect they sleeping lay,  
Without respect all went the common way,  
That leads to death, as well the noble kind  
As the ignoble, were in death confin'd.

Then was th' alarum giuen, and euery where  
The foes with fearefull shouts did pierce the skie,  
Heere one affrighted silent stands, and there  
Another dreading death doth mercie crie,  
Heere one cries stand, another there bids flie,  
In euery place deaths terrour did abound,  
And all on heapes our foes we did confound.

At length, troopt vp in haste the foes made head,  
Twixt whom and vs ensu'd a deadly fight,  
Grim death in darknesse hid, did bring more dread  
With his approach, the foes through sable night  
Their friends from foes could not discerne aright,  
In which distresse vnable long to shield  
Their campe from spoile, they fled and left the field.

Darknesse suborn'd their flight, and did preuent  
Our purpos'd pursuit for th'intended chase,  
Their campe laid waste, we found in euery tent  
Rich spoile and captiues, men of no meane place,  
With more renowne our deed of worth to grace,  
Of which *Canute* our King did nothing know,  
Vntill the mornings light our deeds did show.

For when in East *Aurora* did appeare,  
*Canute* intending to begin the fight,  
When he of our supposed flight did heare,  
In rage he vow'd reuenge for such despight,  
And forth in furie marcht: but when in sight  
The Vandales campe appear'd despoil'd with fire,  
And all their host dispers'd, he gan admire.

The Danes, in troopes all gathered, stood amaz'd  
 To see through what great dangers we had run,  
 Vpon the slaughtered Vandales wounds they gaz'd,  
 Vpon the Captiues and the rich spoiles wonne,  
 Applauding all with praise, what we had done,  
 The King himselfe in heaping praise on praise,  
 The worth of this our deed on high did raise.

The good successe of this high conquest won,  
 My name in credit with the Dane did bring;  
 And to encrease this honor new begun  
 In th'horrid warre betwixt the Norway King  
 And Prince *Canute*, of which the world did ring,  
 I by my deeds vpon the Norway coast,  
 Did saue *Canutus* and his fainting host.

When *Olaus* and *Ulfe* those brothers stout,  
 With their Norwegians in a dangerous fight,  
 Against *Canute* successefully had fought,  
 I with my English souldiers in his fight  
 Regain'd againe, what he had lost by flight,  
 And forc'd proud *Olaus* to flie the field,  
 Who to our King his Crowne did after yeeld.

Grac'd in all warre affaires without mischance,  
 With King *Canute* in such great grace I came,  
 That he, my name and fortunes to aduance,  
 His sister gaue to me for wife, whose name  
 Hight *Thira* faire, a Ladie of great fame,  
 Whom I with earnest suite did often proue,  
 And in the end obtain'd her for my loue.

Thus with auspicious lookes the heau'ns beheld,  
 The new borne infant of my trowing state,  
 Which growing vp, with proud ambition swell'd,  
 Flattering it selfe with hope of happier fate,  
 Which to obtaine I long did lie in wait,  
 And left at length true honors path to tred,  
 To trace the footing which ambition led.

When



When death did end *Cannus* life and raigne,  
 I standing in contention, t'whom the right  
 Of Englands vnswai'd Empire should remaine,  
*Cannus* base sonne, ambitious *Harrold* hight,  
 Did step into the throne in my despight,  
 Being backt by diuers Peeres, that sought to clime  
 By his support in this new change of time.

'Gainst whom I stood with fained loyaltie  
 To those two Princes, sonnes of *Egelred*,  
 The true borne heires to Englands Emperie;  
 In which affaire, had Fortune false not fled  
 And turn'd her backe, the Crowne had grac'd my hed:  
 For had I gain'd the garland in their name,  
 Neither of them should haue enioy'd the same.

But al-seeing heau'n, that did my drift perceiue,  
 To take effect would not permit the same,  
 Those strong built holds I was constrain'd to leaue,  
 In which defiance I did first proclame,  
 Against the bastard in Prince *Alfreds* name:  
 Wherefore my oath I vnto *Harrold* past,  
 To be true Liegeman, while my life did last.

Yet did not this my mounting thoughts beat downe,  
 Nor quell the pride of my aspiring mind,  
 My heart still aim'd at Englands royall Crowne,  
 Aspiring hope did th'eies of reason blind,  
 To all impietie I was inclin'd,  
 Of which Prince *Alfred*, whom would I had neuer  
 Betray'd to death, a Mirrour liues for euer.

The maner of whose death I shame to tell,  
 Such was the cruell torment of the same,  
 And such the noble vertues, that did dwell  
 In th'heart of that sweet Prince, whose liuing name  
 To all posteritie records my shame,  
 The more his vertues were, whose blood I spilt,  
 Remorselesse wretch, the greater was my guilt.

Curst be the gracelesse hearts vnswayed pride,  
 Which tempted me to act so foule a deed,  
 Why as at first did not faire vertue guide  
 My steps in path of praise? why in her steed,  
 All grace abolisht, did foule vice succeed?  
 With State and greatnesse, vertue seldome dwels,  
 State fosters pride, pride all good grace expels.

After the murder of this guiltlesse man,  
 Long time I flourisht with prosperitie,  
 In slothfull *Harrolds* daies my house began  
 With many valiant sonnes to multiplie,  
 Who after came to great authoritie,  
 Of whom hereafter I intend to tell,  
 Hearken meane while what vnto me befell.

Hearken ye glory-thirsting men, and heare  
 Iudgement of wreakful wrath pow'd downe by *Ioue*  
 On me, and on my house, that all may feare,  
 Aspiring honors height those plots to proue,  
 To which vaine pride the heart doth often moue,  
 Of which, both I, and all my progenie,  
 May Mirrours be to all posteritie.

When *Harrold* had, the tearme of three yeares space,  
 Vpon the English throne borne supreame sway,  
 He dying left a name of foule disgrace,  
 To obtaine true fame, he neuer gaue th' assay,  
 His idle life in sloth did fleet away:  
 In houres of ease, who euer spends his daies  
 To future time, leaues seldome any praise.

Vpon the throne, his brother did succeed  
 Prince *Hardiknute*, *Canutus* lawfull sonne,  
 Whom I did feare, left for my bloodie deed  
 By his edict, I should to death be done,  
 Which I in lawfull triall could not shun,  
 To muredred *Alfred* he was borne halfe brother,  
 Got by *Canute* on *Emma* his Queene mother.

Yet I being right expert in euery thing,  
Which did pertaine to subtile policie,  
Both tooke a solemne oth before the King,  
That I from guilt of *Alfreds* blood was free,  
With which his friends had often charged mee;  
And also, that mine oth might fauour finde,  
With golden gifts I did corrupt his minde.

If that the powre of gold doe conquer Kings,  
Corrupts the noble, and deceaues the wise,  
Subdues the valiant; yea the brother brings  
To sell his brothers blood for golden prize,  
Wherewith to glut his greedie avarice:  
No maruell then, if that my gold did bring  
This fained oth in credit with the King.

Of *Hardiknute* this fauour I did finde,  
I liu'd in grace and great felicitie,  
To me the rule of all things hee resign'd,  
He onely kept his Kinglie dignitie,  
All things were swaid by my authoritie:  
But after two yeares space, by suddaine death  
In midst of mirth, he lost his vitall breath.

Being at a feast vpon a solemne day,  
At Lambeth house, within the Bishops place,  
With cup in hand his life did fleet away,  
To ground he fell and did cold death imbrace,  
Leauing few friends to waile his woefull case:  
In loue of drinke he liu'd, in drinke he dide;  
Such drunken death oft drunkards doe betide.

Prince *Edward*, *Alfreds* brother, he being dead,  
Was left the lawfull heire vnto the Crowne,  
Which I did claime as due from *Edgelred*,  
And on his seeming foes I seem'd to frowne,  
That fought with violent hands to pluck him downe:  
For well I did perceaue, he being King,  
To good effect my purpose I should bring.



Zealous he was, and did so much delight  
 In sacred precepts of pure sanctitie,  
 That farre more fit he seem'd in all mens sight,  
 To liue religious in a Friarie,  
 Then sway the scepter of a monarchie :  
 Yet seing the right did vnto him pertaine,  
 He was permitted ouer vs to reigne.

Vpon whose minde more pliable to yeeld  
 To rule of others, then to rule alone,  
 The hope of future fortune I did build,  
 And after him, vnknowne to anie one,  
 I laid my plot to step into the throne ;  
 For vnto him my daughter I did wed,  
 Twixt whom I knew would be a barren bed.

Although the choycest eye could not select  
 A Virgin with more sweets of beautie fild ;  
 Yet for in hart he iustlie did suspect  
 His brother *Alfreds* blood by me was spild,  
 Her beautie with delight he nere beheld,  
 My dreaded power, which might haue dangerous beene  
 To his estate, was cause he made her Queene.

Whereby in future time my valiant sonne,  
 My *Harrold* stout a title did pretend  
 Vnto the Crowne, who by his valor wonne  
 High credit with the King, who in the end  
 So far to him his fauour did extend,  
 That after his decease, he did ordaine  
 The Crowne and Kingdome should to him remaine.

Thus did I fit in top of Fortunes wheele,  
 Knit to the royall blood of Englands Crowne,  
 Till death did strike, mischance I nere did feele,  
 Fortune at my successe did neuer frowne,  
 Who in the hight of pride pluckes manie downe :  
 Dreadlesse I liu'd, being dreaded still of all,  
 Fearing no lucklesse chance, that might befall.

**Beneath**

Beneath the sway of my securefull power  
I from the King my guilt did long conceale  
Of *Alfreds* death, vntill that fatall houre,  
When fate appointed did my soule appeale,  
And in my death my bloodie deed reueale:  
Blood for due vengeance neuer calls in vaine,  
Heau'n will reuenge, when we remisse remaine.

Once sitting at the table with the King,  
My sonne, whose office was the cup to beare,  
By chance did stumble, as he did it bring,  
And lightlie did himself againe vpreare,  
At which by me these speeches spoken were;  
Ha ha my Liege, said I, see how one brother  
In time of need can well sustaine the other.

To which the King return'd this sterne replie  
With browes contract, signes of his angrie minde,  
Most true it is, said he, and so should I  
My louing brother *Alfred* liuing finde  
To helpe me now, but for thy self vnkinde.  
With which neere toucht; yet all distrust to shun,  
Bread streight I took, and thus my oth begun.

This bread (quoth I) I neuer wish to take  
Downe through this throat into my hollow chest,  
But choaking me, God grant, that it may make  
My death a scandall, to my soule vnblest,  
Which heau'n henceforth for euer may detest,  
If I your brother *Alfred* did betray,  
Or gaue consent to take his life away.

No sooner had I spoke, and taken bread,  
But of the heauens, my wish I did obtaine,  
Vnto the ground I instantlie fell dead,  
While yet the bread did in my throate remaine,  
Through which to passe, the breath did striue in vaine:  
In death did heau'n detect my villanie,  
In death did vengeance iustlie soe on mee.

Which in my suddaine downefall tooke not end,  
 This dreadfull iudgement could not satisfie  
 The wrath of righteous *Ione*, who did intend  
 The extirpation of my progenie,  
 In the reuenge of *Alfreds* tragedie,  
 With seu'n sonnes done to death, all valiant men,  
 My name did vade, as it had neuer ben.

My eldest sonne, hight *Swaine*, in his rash moode  
 With rage incen't, with his vnhappie hand,  
 Did beast-like spill his vncke *Byorn's* blood,  
 For which a pilgrim to the holie land  
 He was inioynd by Churches strict command;  
 Where rousing Saracens vpon the way,  
 With murther did his vnckles death repay.

The next was *Harrold*, who in *Edwards* reigne,  
 After my death grew famous in this land,  
 Manie great victories he did obtaine  
 Against the Welsh, who with rebellious hand  
 Against the King themselues did proudlie band;  
 For which in name and fame he was renown'd,  
 And by the King with manie merits crown'd.

But the third brother did thereat enuie,  
 To *tie* by name, a man of mickle pride,  
 Which when his brother *Harrold* did espie,  
 His angrie hart did swell, and rage did guide  
 That reason, which doth man and beast diuide;  
 For on a time inrag'd with angers sting,  
 They fell at ods in presence of the King:

Where *Harrold* caught young *Tostie* by the haire,  
 And with his fist did smite him on the face;  
 But by well-wishing friends they parted were:  
 Yet *Tostie* in his minde for such disgrace,  
 Did vowe reuenge in more conuenient place,  
 And forthwith from the Court with angrie looke,  
 To *Harrolds* house his readie way he tooke:

Where



Where when he came, the seruants hee did finde  
Preparing all things for the Kings repaire,  
On whom he wreak'd the vengeance of his minde;  
For not a man his wrathfull sword did spare,  
In his reuenge they all alike did share:  
Yet could not this his furies heat asswage,  
Their limmes he hew'd in peeces in his rage.

Which he amongst the hogsheds of pure wine,  
Vessels of ale and cydar did bestow,  
And in the lomes of meath, and tubs of brine,  
And other sorts of liquor he did throw  
Heads, legs, and armes, whence yet warme blood did flow:  
Then sent he word, that at his brothers house  
The King should find good store of powdered sowce.

For which offence, he was exilde the land,  
And *Harrold* after *Edward* as his right  
The crowne did claime, gainst whom no peere did stand:  
Yet *Tostie* did the Norway King excite,  
In battaile gainst his brother for to fight,  
In which by *Harrold* vpon Stamford plaine,  
Both *Tostie* and the Norway King were slaine.

Stout *Harrold* in the field his deaths wound tooke,  
With this two bretheren *Girth* and *Leowin*,  
At Battaille abbey gainst the Norman Duke;  
For in iust iudgement then did heau'n begin  
To plague this land for my detested sinne,  
Which from that time twice thirtie yeares and foure,  
With Norman bondage was oppressed fore.

Thus by decree of fate without remorse  
By the keene sword siue sonnes to deaths doome past,  
The sixt in riding on a head-strong horse  
Into the siluer Thames dark deepe was cast,  
In which his soule the panges of death did taste;  
The seuenth and last was in close prison kept,  
Vntill in death the conquering Norman slept.

Yet heere heau'ns heauie iudgement did not end,  
 My wretched mother, though forworne and old,  
 Vntimely fell, who, while she liu'd, did send  
 Yong Dames to Denmarke, where for gaine of gold,  
 Their virgin beauties vnto lust were sold,  
 For which offence, to all the world a wonder,  
 She stricken was from heau'n by horrid thunder.

And that on earth, my shame might neuer die,  
 The seas proud waues haue ouerrun my lands,  
 VVhich did of yore by Sandwich hauen lie,  
 VVhere now bound vp in *Neptunes* watric bands,  
 They at this day are called *Godwin* sands,  
 And since are made of pasture-springing-ground,  
 A dangerous gulfe, the sea-man to confound.

Thus for Prince *Alfreds* blood, which I did shed,  
*Ioue* in the tempest of his wrathfull mood,  
 Powr'd downe his wreake vpon my wretched hed:  
 Of all foule ils most aduerse vnto good,  
 Vengeance pursues the blushing sinne of blood,  
 Blood out of earth with cries importunes heau'n  
 To grant reuenge, vntill reuenge be giuen.

Vnto a sinfull wight, though time do seeme  
 With wings of waste his shame away to wipe,  
 Although the King of heau'n secure he deeme;  
 Yet when his sore of sinne is waxen ripe,  
 Of his smart scourge he feeles the bitter stripe,  
 The truth whereof, that I may testifie,  
 Amongst thy Mirrours, place my tragedie.

THE

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ROBERT SVRNAMED CVRTHOSE, Duke of Normandie.



**W**Hen Ioue, said Memorie, for Normans slaine  
Through Godwins treason upon Guilford plaine,  
From English birth his wreake would not reuoke,  
But made it stoope to conquering Williams yoke:  
In that sad time, that noble Prince I find  
Most Worthie of record, that Norman blind,  
The stout Duke Robert, who in th' hopefull spring  
Of his greene youth, rebels against the King,  
His hopes deluded sets his heart on fire,  
He fights successfully against his fire,  
Is absent, when his father leanes to line,  
Who to his second sonne the Crowne doth giue,  
The Duke returnes, finds Rufus on the throne,  
Both rise in armes, but gold doth make th' attone,  
Robert to Palestine with Godfrey goes,  
Wins fame in field against the Pagan foes,  
Hearing of Rufus death, he thence returnes,  
Finds Henrie King, with indignation burnes,  
Meets him in field to wreake it with his sword,  
But Peeres on either part make them accord,  
After in peace they liue like brethren,  
The Dukes kind nature wronged by the Queene,  
Again he armes him to reuenge his wrong,  
Fights with the King, whose part he finds too strong,



*In fight is taken and to Cardiffe sent,  
Where long captiu'd, in seeking to preuent  
The fate of loathed thrall by secret flight,  
He taken is, and is depriv'd of sight,  
And after with long life in thrall opprest,  
He pines away with hunger and unrest,  
Whose Princely ghost let Fame from graue upraise.  
To make those deeds a Mirrour for our daies.*

Another argument.

*The Norman Prince tels Fame, how he was borne  
To be a King, yet dies a Duke forlorne.*



**I**N that great booke of Iones decrees in heau'n,  
Compil'd ere time had any wings to moue,  
The wofull wight, to whom blacke fate is giuen,  
To cancell it in vaine doth after proue,  
No change of time can change the will of Ioue,  
What power so potent is, that can controule  
The first decree that he did there inrole.

Let Fortune hold a crowne aboue thy head,  
And at it with wits best direction aime,  
Rise to it royally from honors bed,  
Iustly deserue it for thy deeds of fame;  
Yet shall thy carefull brow nere beare the same,  
If thou in that star-text of euery thing  
Foredoom'd for fate, be not inrol'd a King.

Of which that thou a lasting Mirror haue,  
Behold me heere a wretched Prince of yore,  
To whom true birth a crowne and kingdome gaue,  
Whom vertue did inrich with all her store  
Of goodly gifts, to make me fit therefore,  
Of which depriu'd by destinies decree,  
Woe and alas was only left to mee.

Behold this feeble bodie pin'd away  
With hungers waste, which once so stoutly bore  
Our Sauours badge in many a bold assay;  
Behold the place where eyes haue stood before,  
Now filled vp with blacke congealed gore;  
Behold blind *Beauchampe* Duke of Normandie,  
New crept from graue to tell his tragedie.

A Prince I was borne of the Norman blood,  
To that victorious King the eldest sonne,  
Who with his Normans, like a furious flood  
From Southerne seas did England ouerrun,  
And to his heires the golden garland wonne,  
Though heau'ns and Fortune neuer would agree,  
That of the same I should possessor bee.

When Fortunes gentle hand had set the crowne  
Vpon his happie head, when all assaies  
Of his bold foes in field were beaten downe;  
To me his eldest borne my state to raise,  
The Norman Dukedome with such long delaies  
Assigned was, that I being set on fire  
For such protract, turn'd rebell 'gainst my fire

Like lustie *Phaeton*, that gaue th' assay,  
To guide the head-strong horses of the sunne,  
Pufft vp with pride to seeke his owne decay,  
Gainst conquering *William* his rebellious sonne,  
T'aspire the Dukedome violently begun,  
And fier'd with heat of gay some youth did venter,  
With warlike troopes the Norman coast to enter.

The false French *Philip* dreading euery houre,  
 The towring state of my vnconquer'd fire,  
 Gaue life to my attempt, and sent a powre  
 Of tall strong men, as fuell for the fire  
 Of my ambition, lest I should retire,  
 And faint in pursuit of the warre begun,  
 Betwixt my fire and me his gracelesse sonne.

As th'hungrie flame growen powerfull by degrees,  
 And flying on wings of winde throughout a wood,  
 With thirstie tongue lickes vp the leauie trees,  
 Or as the rising of some stormie flood;  
 So blinded with neglect of humane good,  
 My natiue Normandie I did inuade,  
 Making her soile the spoile of *Mars* his blade.

To whose distresse the wrathfull Conqueror came  
 Through seas rough waues, wilde furie was his guide,  
 Cursing my birth, gainst me he did exclaim,  
 And in reuenge affection set aside,  
 He vow'd to scourge my most vnnaturall pride,  
 Setting his second birth yong *Rufus* hight,  
 Before me in his loue, and in my right.

At Archenbraie, both battels first did braue  
 Each other with proud proffer for the fight,  
 There th'ensignes with the wanton winde did waue,  
 The plume-deckt helmes with gold all horrid bright,  
 With pale reflection glitter'd in the light,  
 And 'bout both hosts in troopes the horsemen stood  
 Like loftie cedars in a thicke-set wood.

When as the trumpe the banefull blast begunne,  
 In clamorous noise we clos'd on either side,  
 Brother 'gainst brother, father 'gainst the sonne  
 Themselves oppos'd, nature in fight defi'd  
 Euen natures selfe, the sun in heau'n did hide  
 His glorious head, denying vs his light,  
 As lothing to behold so strange a fight.



The foules of mortall men were put to flight,  
Blacke deeds of death each one did vndergo,  
Need boldned cowards, hope gaue wings to might,  
And made each one his best strength to bestow,  
To purchase fame by downfall of his foe,  
Death set on foot ran round about the field,  
Whole troopes of men t'her conquering stroke did yeeld.

In th'heate of fight, I caus'd a troope of horse  
To breake vpon the rereward of the foe,  
Who brauely gaue the charge, and with such force  
Their fainting troopes in heapes did ouerthrow,  
That they their rankes were forced to forgo,  
Whom I well mounted on a tall strong steed,  
To the maine battell did pursue with speed:

Where vnder th'ensigne of his royall armes,  
T'encounter with the King it was my chance,  
Who bent with his owne hands to wreake his harmes,  
Did fiercely charge me with his well-aim'd lance,  
'Gainst whom vnknowne my selfe I did aduance,  
And in my winged course with staffe in rest,  
I gaue the charge vpon his royall brest.

But heau'n did calme false Fortunes threatfull brow,  
And did auert the point of my sharpe speare;  
Yet by his ribs the flesh it vp did plow,  
And running through his arme made blood appeare,  
The stubborne staffe the King to ground did beare,  
Who falling from his horse in mind dismai'd,  
Vnto his men aloud did call for aid:

The voice descri'd my error, and with speed  
I downe dismounting to my royall fire,  
Did take him vp, and for my gracelesse deed  
His pardon vpon my knee, I did require,  
Pleading mistake t'appease his Kingly ire,  
Whom I remounted, and from field conuey'd,  
Left danger should his noble life inuade.

Meane

636 *Robert surnamed Curthorse*

Meane time the horse troopes, who by me design'd  
 Gaue charge vpon the flankers of the foe,  
 So beat the field about, that conquest shin'd  
 Vpon our helmes, slaughter and ouerthrow  
 On the aduerse part inforc't such workes of foe,  
 That all by flight sought fastie, none durst stay,  
*Rufus* disgrac'd, and wounded went his way.

Conquest in triumph on my brow did stand,  
 Fame did renowne my sword in euerie place,  
 Fortune with fame did ioyne her helping hand  
 With my displeased fire to winne me grace,  
 T'whom nature pleaded my vnhappy case,  
 And forc't him yeeld (that both in loue might liue)  
 What reason would, and rage denide to giue.

Restor'd to grace like *Saturns* god-like sonne,  
 To England I returned with the King,  
 Where *Malcome* in his absence had orerun  
 The North from Tuuidale, where Tweed doth spring,  
 Vnto the Tine, whose streames such profit bring  
 Vnto that towne, which on her bankes doth stand,  
 Now call'd Newcastle built by my command.

T'oppose the furie of th'inuading foe,  
 The King my late tri'd valor did imploy,  
 The Tine with waisting waues did seeme to woe  
 My swift accessse, to saue her from th'annoy  
 Of her proud foes, who dayliedid destroy  
 The Towres and townes, which did themselues enranke  
 About her streames, vpon the pleasant banke.

Where with my troopes, when I appeard in fight  
 Beneath the Kinglie lyon marching on  
 Towards Tuuidale, to seeke the foes for fight,  
*Malcolme* retirde beyond the Tweede, and none  
 In Englands bounds durst stay to looke vpon  
 Our angrie host, for peace the foemen su'd,  
 Which for the common good I did conclude.

But

But leaue I now, to speake of blessed daies,  
In which I liu'd true subiect to my King,  
Leaue we a while to memorize the praise  
Of my best deeds, thy Muse againe must sing  
My rebell pride, whence worse effects did spring,  
Mischiefe now tracts each step, that I do tread,  
Vnlookt for plagues falles downe vpon my head.

Suppose thou seeft me on the German coast,  
Clad in rebellious armes againft my fire,  
Trooping vp men, to make a compleat host,  
Waging th vnwilling mind with golden hire,  
And hope of spoile, to furnish my desire :  
Bent once againe, vnto my fire vnknowne,  
To claime the Norman Dukedome, as mine owne.

But ere my wicked sword I could vnsheath,  
Vpon the bed of fraile mortalitie  
Lies conquering *William*, in the armes of death,  
T'whom enuious fame in his extremitie,  
Brings tidings of his sonnes impietie,  
Debatefull enuie, finding once the thing  
That breeds our shame, sets euill newes on wing.

Could enuie find a darker cloud of shame,  
Wherewith t'obscure the shine of my renowne ?  
Could fate for future woes more fitly frame  
The houres of time, to cause the Conqueror frowne,  
Then when in death, he should dispose the crowne ?  
Enuie, fate, time and all things else agree,  
To crosse that man, t'whom Fortune crosse wil bee.

The sickly King my fire, whose daies were done,  
Thinking my course did threaten sure decay  
To the rich trophie of his conquest wonne,  
What nature gaue to me, did giue away,  
To set the State vpon a surer stay :  
For leauing life, he left by his decree  
His Crowne to *Rufus*, and his curte to mee.

Tell



638 *Robert surnamed Curthose*

Tell me ambition, whence hadst thou that might,  
To stirre vp nature in bold *Beauchamps* brest  
Gainst God, 'gainst King, 'gainst natures selfe to fight,  
Enacting by my hand such deeds vnblest,  
From the first motion of my minds vnrest?  
From hope of rule, and Empires blind desire,  
Thou hadst that power to make me first aspire.

Reason strooke blind euen from my youths first spring  
With fond-bewitching hope in state to clime,  
That hope made frustrate by the powerfull King,  
Did but prefigure out for future time,  
Th'vnfortunate effects of my foule crime,  
The losse of Crowne, the losse of all my right,  
The losse of freedome and my bodies fight.

Scarce had the hand of vnimpeached death,  
Clos'd vp the eyes of Englands conquering King;  
But Fame, whose listning cares feeles euery breath  
Of whispering rumour, set her selfe on wing,  
And ouer seas to vs did tidings bring,  
That our dread fire was to his graue gone downe,  
And vnto *Rufus* had bequeath'd his Crowne.

Heart-swolne with furie to reuenge such wrongs,  
And claime the priuiledge then almost lost,  
Which vnto birth by natures gift belongs,  
Left *Rufus* pride in my disgrace might boast,  
My quarrell strengthened with a mightie hoast,  
I did arriue on Englands Southerne shore,  
Gainst whose white rocks the British billowes rore.

The English Peeres abhorring *Rufus* pride,  
In me expecting a more milde command,  
Both by affection and by dutie tide  
T'aduance my cause, each with his armed band,  
Gainst *Rufus* powers in field did stoutly stand,  
Whose wilder nature knowne in former daies,  
Now many friends to my attempt did raise,

Th'vncon-

Th'vnconquered Kentish in the English East  
With that stout Bishop *Odo*, first made head,  
The actiue people, coasting on the West,  
Marcht beneath *Mowbraies* ensigne proudly spread,  
The Northerne rout the valiant *Bygod* lead,  
And the bold Britaines fauouring my right,  
Were troopt by braue *Mountgomerie* valiant Knight.

Th'vsurping King seeing such sterne stormes to frowne,  
On the first spring of his ambitious raigne,  
Fearing the fall of his new-borne renowne,  
Sought by insinuating words to gaine,  
What by the sword he could not now maintaine,  
His golden gifts with many faire sweet words,  
Did turne the edge of our reuengefull swords.

He did not seeke t'vsurpe the Crowne by might,  
Such pride his loyall heart did nere inuade,  
He knew my Senior birth did claime that right,  
He, we being absent, tooke in hand, he said,  
In our behalfe the Scepter then vsuwa'd,  
The which, since now, he did the same enioy,  
He crau'd to hold of vs, as our Vice-roy.

His gifts still flowing from him in excesse,  
Did giue full power to euery mouing word,  
And that in me he might all doubts suppress  
Of fraudulent deceit, he did accord  
That he of me, as of his supream Lord,  
Should hold the Crowne, and yearely I should claime  
Three thousand markes, as tribute for the same.

Fraternall loue so well her powers appli'd,  
To end these iarres begun betwixt vs twaine,  
That he constrain'd t'appease his wonted pride,  
And I respecting glorie more then gaine,  
Did reunite our selues in loue againe:  
The frowne of *Mars* did bring his stomacke downe,  
And golden gifts did calme our martiall frowne.

640 *Robert surnamed Curthose*

Farre from the fruitfull Albions peacefull shoare,  
For th'Easterne world thy Muse thou now must wing,  
Who in her flight a loftie pitch must soare,  
Of those stout pilgrims in high straine to sing,  
Which th'holy Hermit did to *Salem* bring,  
Imploring aid of Princes in the West,  
Against the Pagans bloodie acts in th'East.

I as a partner in that great affaire,  
With my support that iourney to vphold,  
My wants with store to furnish, did not spare  
My Norman Dukedome, which for summes of gold  
Till my returne the King did morgag'd hold.  
Gold doth mens thoughts to high attempts prepare,  
And ouergilds the danger of the warre.

Hearken how fame vpon the Norman coast  
With her shrill trumpe from kingdomes far away,  
Summons vnto an head my warlike host,  
Behold the sackfull troopes in braue array,  
Beneath my ensignes for this bold assay,  
Who martiall'd by my hand, with ample traine,  
Do crowne the vtmost bankes of Belgike Seine,

Behold the English famous for his bow,  
Sharpning his angrie arrowes for the field,  
The Scot with his long pike his cunning show,  
The Britaine big-bon'd-bold, not borne to yeeld,  
Addressing brauely both his sword and sheeld,  
See how the Norman manageth his horse,  
The Irish shakes his dart with manly force.

As wak'd from sleepe, with Christians wofull cries,  
Bound by the Saracen in captiue bands,  
And often blushing at the late surprise  
Of those milke-hony-flowing holy lands,  
Now made the spoile of Pagans conquering hands,  
Hence did we march with heau'ns great King for guide  
Into the East, to beate downe Pagans pride.

Inglorious



Inglorious age, made drunke with dregs of peace,  
 Heere iustly may I taxe thy peacefull time,  
 Heere must our Muses warlike song surcease,  
 A carping straine, a more inuectiue rime,  
 Doth best besit the nature of thy crime :  
 Looke backe at vs, mourne thine owne want of praise  
 And glorious deeds, to glorifie thy daies.

Say glorie, say, hath peacefull follie furl'd  
 Thy flag of honor, li'ft thou dead in graue,  
 With great *Heroes* of the elder world,  
 Who led vs ouer *Hellespontus* waue  
 Beneath his badge, whose blood the world did saue :  
 Arise, arise, call forth the Christian man,  
 Against the house of tyrant *Ottoman*.

Hearke how Theffalian woods records the cries  
 Of captiu'd Greekes vpon *Peneus* shore,  
 Behold how sacred Salem wasted lies,  
 See, see, how Sion mournes, where Saints of yore  
 Did in sweet Hymnes the King of heauen adore,  
 Behold that blessed land, the cursed seat,  
 Where raignes th'Arabian Turkish *Mahomet*.

O warlike nation, where is now that name,  
 Which th'English sword did graue on Acons wall,  
 Why do your valours sleepe, vp, vp for shame,  
 Let not your countries ancient glorie fall,  
 Go free poore Christians from proud Pagans thrall,  
 Redeeme his sepulchre, who did redeeme  
 The world from death, with blood of such esteeme.

Transport thou now thy Muse to *Bosphorus* brim,  
 Ouer whose waues from *Iuno* iecalous dame,  
 To Asian meades of yore did *Io* swim,  
 From whom transform'd the streame then tooke his name,  
 And since that time hath still retain'd the same,  
 Ouer whose waues as we did waft our host,  
 Much Christian blood we 'gainst the Bulgar lost.

642 *Robert surnamed Curtbofe*

Hence did we march to *Helleſpontus* flood,  
Where *Helle*, with yong *Phrixus*, put to flight  
By ſtepdams rage, of which in feare they ſtood,  
Flying, alas, and falling with affright,  
Into the waue ſunke downe in *Phrixus* fight:  
Yet ſtill to liue, in leauing her deare breath,  
She left her name to *Pontus* at her death.

The coaſt we tooke, where once *Abydos* ſtood,  
Whence nak'd *Leander* waſted by the light  
Of *Heros* loue, ſo often ſwom the flood,  
Till *Helle* rauisht with ſo ſweet a fight,  
Enuying *Heros* hap, in her deſpight  
Into the deepe her deare *Leander* drew,  
Where to his loue he ſigh'd his laſt adew.

There on the plaines, where Troyes ſad ruines ſtand,  
Whence *Agamemnons* troopes haue often run  
To ſhun the furie of great *Hectors* hand,  
Againſt the Pagan many deeds were done  
Beneath our ſtandard of *Ioues* powerfull ſonne,  
There all the hoſt as towards Nice we paſt,  
With ſpoilefull hands laid all the cuntry waſt.

The Noble citie Nice, ſo ſtrongly wall'd,  
We with our conquering hoſt begirted round,  
Her gates we wonne, her turrets tops we ſcall'd,  
Her towring walles we equall'd with the ground,  
And all her pride did in the fire confound;  
Amongſt whoſe ſpoiles great *Solymans* faire make,  
With her deare children we did captiue take.

Then did ſtout *Heraclea* ſtoope her pride  
And ſeeing the Niceans yeeld, did yeeld with them,  
From thence to Tarcus we our hoſt did guide,  
Faſt by the bankes of of *Cydnuſ*, whoſe ſweet ſtreame  
Did ſeeme t' inuite vs to that ſtratageme,  
Waſting vs with ſlow waters ſliding downe  
From mountaine Taurus, ynto Tarcus towne.

Where

Where when we came with spr'ite infus'd from heauen,  
We through the walles did force our dreadfull way,  
The mightie towne into our hands was giuen,  
The captiue foes in pitifull dismay,  
With teares bemoan'd the imminent decay  
Of their strong walles, which *Persus* so renown'd  
Had long before erected from the ground.

Thence our triumphant standards we aduance  
To Syria-ward with *Godfrey* for our guide,  
Where on the way with seruice of my lance  
In many a fight against the aduerse side,  
I with fresh strength our fainting host suppli'd,  
And forc'd the *Pagan Pyrrus* from the field,  
Who fled, and made faire Antioch wals his shield.

Whom we pursu'd, and by the siluer streames  
Of swift *Orontes*, where the King of light  
Vpon our armes did cast his golden beames,  
Our troopes did tracke the foe-men, turn'd to flight,  
Till Antioch towers shot vp themselues in fight,  
Whose pride we menac'd with victorious armes,  
And shooke it in long siege with loud alarmes.

Nine times the pale-fac'd Queene of peacefull night,  
Did lose that siluer lustre in her wane,  
Which she receiu'd from *Phæbus* cheerefull light,  
And nine times did her brothers light againe  
Renue that losse, which she did erst sustaine,  
VWhile Antioch walles our armie did enclose,  
And stood in daily skirmish with the foes.

In the ninth month, vpon the topfull brow  
Of the towne-gate, the flag of truce did waue,  
The *Captaine Pyrrus* haughtie heart did bow,  
The citie stoopt her pride, and for to saue  
Her selfe from spoile, her gates wide open gaue,  
VWhose wealth, as due reward of our long toile  
To th'vniuersall host, was giuen for spoile.



644 *Robert surnamed Curthose*

Should I assay to tell each conquest wonne,  
Which at that time the Christian host did crowne,  
Or bring to light each high atchieuement done,  
Before we could attaine that sacred towne,  
Which Gods sonnes sepulchre doth so renowe,  
Our Muse, though willing all at large to show,  
Yet were too weake, such taske to vndergo.

See how the Persian fronts vs in the field,  
Vnder the sway of whose huge horse-arm'd host,  
The earth with bowing backe doth seeme to yeeld,  
Whose troopes in number infinite doth boast  
Our swift decay, ere we do crosse their coast,  
Hemming vs round, in hope t'enrich their hands,  
With noble conquest on our conquering bands,

With shouts, and war-like instruments loud sound,  
Hid all in clouds of smoake they toward vs came,  
In fearefull fight vpon the groaning ground  
Both hosts incounter'd, glorie did enflame  
Both bent to fight, both greedie after fame,  
Standerd'gainst standerd stood, and band'gainst band,  
Troope clos'd with troope, men singl'd hand to hand.

*Corbona* hight, a Persian farre renown'd,  
Chargeth our host with all his troopes of horse,  
Stiffe stands each regiment, no ranke giues ground,  
Power beats backe power, and force repelleth force,  
The foes repell'd doth often shift their course,  
Oft charging and recharging euery ward,  
Where they do find the rankes most vnprepar'd.

Then thicke as haile from aires darke regiment,  
When in blacke clouds a tempest raues in skie,  
Steele-headed shafts from th'English bowes are sent,  
Threatning the armed men as they do flie,  
With singing slaughter, thicke prepar'd on high,  
Who in their flight, though some fall short of wounds,  
Yet some againe both men and horse confounds.

Here th'angrie courser chaf't with deadlie sting  
Of wounding shaft, for verie paine and woe  
Doth stampe, doth plunge, and vp from ground doth fling,  
Doth snuffe, doth puffe, doth boggle, snore and blow,  
Till from his back his rider he doth throw;  
Then ranging through their host with sinewie shankes  
He wounds his friends, disturbing all their rankes.

There one with shaft infixed in his brest,  
As the stalke stoopes his top orecharg'd with seed,  
Hangs downe his head; another here opprest  
With feare of death, forsakes his wounded steed,  
Each place throughout the field our eyes did feed  
With ruine of the foes dispred on ground,  
Gasping for breath with many a bleeding wound.

Great *Ioue* the God of conquest, who from harme  
Did garde our host in euerie such assay,  
Did through the cloudes stretch out his mightie arme,  
And on the foes did powre downe swift decay,  
Slaughtering their men on heapes, few fled away;  
Twice fiftie thousand dead in field did fall,  
With stout *Corbona* their cheife Generall.

Here could I tell the sack, which did decline  
The pride of *Salem*, whose high walles withstood  
Our fierce assaults twice fiftene dayes and nine,  
How euerie street polluted with the blood  
Of Pagans slaine, did seeme a crimson flood;  
How Egypts Soldan did before vs fall,  
Whom to these warrs, this towne distrest did call.

But back to England we must turne our eye,  
From whence, since first to Palestine I came,  
Fieue times bright *Pisces* in the azure skie  
Had in their yrelic course outrun the *Ram*,  
Whose iust returne againe begins the same,  
Where in our absence let vs view in State,  
What changes haue ben wrought by time and fate.

646 *Robert surnamed Curthorse*

Our brother *Rufus* with vnrighteous hand,  
Swaying the scepter in the English throne,  
Did so oppresse the people of his land,  
That, when he left to liue, he then left none,  
That would as friends his suddaine death bemoane:  
He in that forrest did deaths cup carowse,  
Which fatall was vnto the conquerors house.

A goodlie place, that forrest once had ben,  
Where manie a towne and manie a temple stood,  
Made sacred with the prayers of holie men,  
All which without respect to common good,  
My father did conuert into a wood,  
Intitling it New Forrest, and for game,  
Did after keepe wild beasts within the same.

Which stir'd the stormefull wrath of heauens great Ki  
Who seeing his temples equald with the ground,  
And where his Priests sweet Pæans once did sing,  
And oft with thankfull prayers his altars crown'd,  
Hearing the crie of th'hunter and his hound,  
Did in that place punish th'impietie  
Vpon my fire, in his posteritie.

His second sonne, my brother *Richard* high,  
A hopefull youth, whom natures hand had stor'd  
With sweetes of youth, as he, for his delight,  
Did range this wood, was through the bodie gor'd  
By sauage beasts, whose death my fire deplor'd  
With bitter teares; yet could not quench the fire  
Of *Iones* fierce wrath, so moued was his ire.

*Rufus*, his third borne sonne, in that same wood,  
When he had strook an Hart, that fled his sight,  
Was by another crost, where as he stood,  
At whom one *Tirrill* call'd, a Norman Knight,  
A shaft let flie, which in the lucklesse flight  
Missing the Deere, and glancing on the ground,  
Vpon the brest, the King to death did wound.

He



He dead, yong *Henrie* for his learning skill  
Surnamed *Beauclerk*, did aspire the crowne,  
And wonne the English peeres vnto his will;  
Fortune once more vpon my state did frowne,  
And from ambitious throne did keepe mee downe,  
Mocking my hopes, denying mee command,  
VVhen she had put a scepter in my hand.

After the conquest of Ierusalem,  
The Princes did amongst themselues accord,  
To crowne my temples with the diademe,  
That my abode might in distresse afford  
Comfort t'all Christians gainst the heathen sword:  
But tidings of my brother *Rufus* fall,  
From Palestine to England me did call.

That sword renownd with fall of Pagan foes  
I now did brandish gainst my brothers brest,  
That sheeld, which did the Persian oft oppose  
In skirmish in the field, was now addrest  
Against my friends, to worke mine owne vnrest:  
And all mine ensignes fam'd in forraine fight  
At Winchester did waue in *Henries* fight.

Where, close to swords in fight we would haue stood  
Had not our friends foreseene the future harmes  
Of our debate, who tendring eithers good,  
To calme the tempest of warres threatfull stormes,  
First caus'd vs lay aside our angric armes,  
Then counsell'd *Henrie* to such coucnants yeeld,  
As *Rufus* did, when he the State did weeld.

As he, while he did liue, for Englands crowne,  
Inioyned was by general States decree  
Three thousand markes each yeare to pay me downe,  
So *Henrie*, younger borne by birth, then he,  
To like conditions thenceforth should agree,  
To which we both consenting did depart,  
One from the other seeming pleasde in hart.

# 648 Robert surnamed Curthorse

But hooded with the shew of outward loue,  
 Beguiling my simplicitie of mind,  
 He in the end a deadly foe did proue,  
 In my franke brest by nature too too kind,  
 A cunning way to catch me he did find :  
 Into the best minds pliable to good,  
 Deceit soone enters maskt in truths plaine hood.

His Queene, a woman sweetly tongu'd and faire,  
 By whom the King at his desire did aime.  
 With speech so affable did so insnare  
 My princely pliant thoughts, that in the same,  
 She could impresse, what forme she pleas'd to frame ;  
 So free was I, that what her heart could craue,  
 As was my wont, with prodigue hand I gaue.

The tribute due for Englands Emperie,  
 At her request I freely gaue away,  
 Whereby my title and my dignitie  
 I lost, in that I could not then gain-say  
 A Queenes request, proud *Henrie* had his prey :  
 A womans power to proue my power but vaine,  
 What I had done, did soone vndoe againe.

Wanting in after times necessitie,  
 Those golden sinewes of my Dukedomes State,  
 To strengthen my much weakned royaltie,  
 I gaue the King words of despitefull hate,  
 And for reuenge tooke armes; but froward fate  
 VVith clouds of shame did now eclipse the shine  
 Of all my conquests, won in Palestine.

Ore the seas narrow brest from Englands coast  
 To Normandie my furious brother came,  
 Gainst whom, my cause being good with my small host,  
 Before the fort of Tenerchbray by name ;  
 Though fewer farre, in battels bloodie frame  
 VVe did aduance, where though *Mortaigne* and I  
 So stoutly fought, our folke the field did flie.

Vpon

Vpon that day, when fortie yeares before,  
My fire to conquer England gaue th' assay,  
In which he first set foot on Englands shore,  
The King and I did meet in battell ray,  
In which, alas, we Normans lost the day:  
For on that day the Normans England won,  
Was Normandie by English men orecun.

Where, though false Fortune turn'd her treacherous face,  
And then began to worke our future woe,  
Though dreadfull *Pallas* did denie vs grace,  
And 'gainst our side her selfe in field did show,  
Yet did we scorne, as scar'd, to flie the foe,  
*Mortaigne* and I 'gainst them alone did fight,  
Till multitudes did ouermatch our might.

Let *Pallas* cease to sing of armes oppos'd,  
Sorow must be the subiect of her song,  
In stead of greaues with golden buttons clos'd,  
In which she marcht amidst our martiall throng,  
Now in sad straine, while we relate our wrong,  
She in the sock the tragicke dance must lead,  
Whose dolefull measures, we captiu'd do tread.

Thy Muse, that in warres bloodie hew was sent  
To Palestine, must now in blacke be found,  
Each word with heauie fall she must accent,  
Each symphonie must yeeld a dolefull sound,  
Each measure with a captiue band be bound,  
And euery couples sad catastrophe,  
Double the woes of our captiuitie.

Now Normandies great Duke in *Henries* hand  
Vpon the rouling billowes running high,  
Is caried captiue from his natiue land,  
To which oft turning backe his heauie eie,  
It seemes a farre to follow him and crie,  
Adew, deare Lord, adew, who neuer more  
With one steps touch shall grace my sandie shore.

With



VWith griefe arriu'd on Cardiffes rockie coast,  
 VWhere Seuerne first meets *Nereus* wauie brood,  
 Through whose blacke waues faire *Sabrine* guiltlesse ghost,  
 T'Elizium bankes did passe the fatall flood,  
 In whose defence King *Lochrine* lost his blood,  
     The tyrant King, in dread what might befall,  
     Did confine me within the castle wall.

As bird in cage debarr'd the vse of wings,  
 Her captiu'd life as natures chiefeft wrong,  
 In dolefull dittie sadly fits and sings,  
 And mournes her thrall'd libertie so long,  
 Till breath be spent in many a sithfull song:  
     So heere captiu'd I many daies did spend  
     In sorowes plaint, till death my daies did end.

VWhere as a prisoner, though I did remaine;  
 Yet did my brother grant this libertie,  
 To quell the common speech, which did complaine  
 On my distresse, and on his tyrannie,  
 That in his parkes and forrests ioyning by,  
     VWhen I did please I to and fro might goe,  
     VWhich in the end was cause of all my woe.

For on a time, when as *Aurora* bright  
 Began to scale heau'ns steepie battlement,  
 And to the world disclose her cheerefull light,  
 As was my wont, I with my keeper went  
 To put away my sorowes discontent:  
     Thereby to ease me of my captiue care,  
     And solace my sad thoughts in th'open aire.

Wandering through forrest wide, at length we gaine  
 A steepe cloud-kissing rocke, whose horned crowne  
 With proud imperiall looke beholds the maine,  
 Where Seuerns dangerous waues run roling downe  
 From th'Holmes into the seas, by Cardiffe towne,  
     Whose quicke deuouring sands so dangerous been  
     To those, that wander *Amphytrites* greene,

As there we stood, the countrie round we ey'd  
To view the workmanship of natures hand,  
There stood a mountaine, from whose weeping side  
A brooke breakes forth into the low-lying land,  
Here lies a plaine, and there a wood doth stand,  
Here pastures, meades, corne-fields, a vale do crowne,  
A castle here shootes vp, and there a towne.

Here one with angle ore a siluer streame  
With banefull baite the nibling fish doth feed,  
There in a plow'd-land with his painefull teame,  
The plowman sweates, in hope for labors meed  
To get the earth with childe of *Ceres* seed,  
Heere sits a goatheard on a craggie rock,  
And there in shade a shepheard with his flock.

The sweet delight of such a rare prospect  
Might yeeld content vnto a carefull eye;  
Yet downe the rock descending in neglect  
Of such delight, the sunne now mounting high  
I sought the shade in vale, which low did lie,  
Where we reposde vs on a greene wood side,  
Afront the which a siluer streame did glide.

There dwelt sweet *Philomel*, who neuer more  
May bide th'abode of mans societie,  
Lest that some sterner *Tereus* then before,  
Who cropt the flower of her virginitie,  
Gainst her should plot some second villanie;  
Whose dolefull tunes to minde did cause me call  
The woefull storie of her former fall.

The Redbreast, who in bush fast by did stand  
As partner of her woes, his part did plie,  
For that the gifts, with which *Autumnus* hand  
Had grac'd the earth, by winters wrath should die,  
From whose cold cheekes bleake blasts began to flie,  
Which made me think vpon my summer past  
And winters woes, which all my life should last.

My keeper with compassion mou'd to see,  
 How griefes impulsions in my brest did beate,  
 Thus silence broke, would God (my Lord) quoth he,  
 This pleasant land, which natures hand hath set  
 Before your eyes, might cause you to forget  
     Your discontent, the obiect of the eye  
     Oft times giues ease to woes, which inward lie.

Behold vpon that mountaines top so steepe,  
 Which seemes to pierce the cloudes and kisse the skie,  
 How the gray shepherd driues his flock of sheepe  
 Downe to the vale, and how on rockes fast by  
 The goates frisk to and fro for iollitie;  
     Giue eare likewise vnto these birds sweet songs,  
     And let them cause you to forget your wrongs.

To this I made replie: Fond man, said I,  
 What vnder heau'n can slack th'increasing woe,  
 Which in my griued hart doth hidden lie?  
 Of choice delight what obiect canst thou show,  
 But from the sight of it fresh grieve doth grow?  
     What thou didst whilome point at to behold,  
     The same the summe of sorrow doth infold.

That gray coat shepherd, whom from farre we see,  
 I liken vnto thee, and those his sheepe  
 Vnto my wretched self compar'd may bee:  
 And though that carefull pastor will not sleepe,  
 When he from rauinous wolues his flock should keepe;  
     Yet here alas, in thrall thou keepest mee,  
     Vntill that wolfe my brother hungrie bee.

Those shaghair'd goates vpon the craggie hill,  
 Which thou didst shew, see how they friske and play,  
 And euerie where doe run about at will;  
 Yea when the lion markes them for his prey,  
 They ouer hils and rockes can flie away:  
     But when that lion fell shall follow me  
     To shed my blood, O whither shall I flee?



Those sweet-voic'd birds, whose aires thou dost commend,  
To which the echoing woods returns replie,  
Though thee they please, yet me they do offend:  
For when I see, how they do mount on hie,  
Waiving their out-strecht wings at libertie;  
Then do I thinke, how bird-like in a cage  
My life I leade, and grieve can neuer swage.

Heere sighes broke off my speech, and that in mind  
I vndisturb'd might in that place bemone,  
The lot adiudg'd to me by fates vnkind,  
I did command my keeper to be gone,  
And there to leaue me to my selfe alone,  
Who doubting nothing what I would assay,  
Left me, as was his wont, and went his way.

He being gone, I wandring to and fro,  
Began t' imagine how I might preuent  
My wretched thrall, doom'd endlesse by my foe,  
T' attempt all danger I stood fully bent,  
Finding the meanes to perfect my intent,  
Which at the last I found, alas, the while,  
Since fawning Fortune did my hopes beguile.

Alone long wandring through the desert wood  
Farre from the castle, I did chance t' espie,  
Whereas a lustie gelding grasing stood,  
Whom straight I backt, and did for freedome flie  
Through vnknowne waies, that none might me descrie:  
But what is hid from heau'n, or who can shun  
Gods firme edict, by which all things are done?

In swift careire, as I did heedlesse passe,  
And through a meadow greene did make my way,  
In midst of which a muddie quauemire was,  
Into the same my horse did fall, and lay  
Vp to the bellie, which my flight did stay,  
Where struiuing, as I was from thence t' haue past,  
They that pursu'd me, found me sticking fast.

To Cardiffe thence they bore me backe againe,  
 As one whom frowning Fortune did despise,  
 And to the King of me they did complaine,  
 VVho with himselfe did tyrant-like deuise,  
 That I for this offence should lose mine eies:  
 VVhich when he tooke, what did he leaue behind,  
 But woe in captiue bands to leade the blind?

My bodie thus the darke some caue was made,  
 In which my soule abode, as it had been  
 Confin'd to dwell in house of endlesse shade,  
 The windowes shut, no light could enter in,  
 The light put out no comfort could be seene;  
 And left thus blind, I seeke to flie my foes,  
 Both soule and bodie Cardiffe doth inclose.

Bidding farewell vnto the world for euer,  
 There in my chamber, as a forlorne guest,  
 My wretched selfe I wilfully did seuer  
 From all resort, where with long night oppress  
 (For day did shun the place of mine vnrest)  
 To yeeld grieue passage, after sad sighes giuen,  
 Thus oft I call'd with hands vp-lift to heau'n.

Thou powerfull God, whose champion I haue been  
 Fiue cold bleake winters, both by day and night  
 In field against the cursed Saracen,  
 Although I seeme forgotten in thy fight,  
 Yet now behold me heere a wofull wight:  
 And seeing I liue in such calamitie,  
 Send death to end my dolefull miserie.

Can I distinguish day from darke some night?  
 Or do I know the seasons of the yeare?  
 Know I when spring deckes earth with sweet delight,  
 When summers sun glads earth with his bright cleare,  
 Or when in woods *Autumnus* fruits appeare?  
 O no, of nought but winter can I tell,  
 Whom by his boystrous blasts, I know right well.

Where

VWhere is become that azure concauite,  
That doth so many wonders rare infold?  
VWhere all the host of starres so infinite?  
Where daies great monarch drawne in carre of gold?  
Where nights bright queene, so beautilous to behold?  
O still, they do remaine in heau'ns faire frame,  
Although I neuer more shall see the same.

VWhere now the valley greene, and mountaine bare,  
The riuer, Forrest, wood, and crystall springs,  
The Hauke, the Hound, the Hinde, the swift-foot Hare,  
The Lutes sweet straine, the voice, that sweetly sings,  
And Princely sports in courts of mightie Kings?  
VWhere now are these? ô let not memorie  
VWith thought of these augment my miserie.

Heere do I sit in shades of darkenesse grim,  
VWhile others walke in light at libertie,  
Heere I in waues of wofull teares do swim,  
Condoling my unhappie miserie,  
VWhile others laugh, and sing for iollitie:  
Send then, O God, send death for my reliefe,  
Too heauie is the burthen of my griefe.

Thus many times with bitter plaint and mone,  
To vtter woes in words I did assay,  
VVitnesse ye wastefull walles, whose flintie stone  
Haue euen dropt teares, to heare me night and day,  
VWith pitious voice lament mine owne decay,  
Oft wishing death, which sorow in the end,  
And *Henries* vnkind scoffe did timelesse send.

For as he should vpon a solemne day  
Make triall of a scarlet vestiment,  
The cape being strait, the which he did assay  
To put vpon his head, by chance did rent,  
VWhich with this scornefull scoffe to me he sent,  
Vnto our brother beare the same, said he,  
We know he hath a sharper head then we.

The



The garment being brought, the rent I found,  
 At which my troubled thoughts so grieved were,  
 That many doubts did in the same abound,  
 Which made me aske of him, that did it beare,  
 If any one before the same did weare;  
     Who told me of the Kings disdainfull scorne,  
 And how by chance the same by him was torne.

Affliction bleeding fresh at this wide wound,  
 My heart griefes burthen could no longer beare,  
 But downe I cast my selfe vpon the ground,  
 Where I with wretched hands, the hoarie heare  
 From off my aged head, alas, did teare,  
     And when my tongue was free, against my foe  
 I forc'd it vtter forth these words of woe.

Woe, woe is me, that I was euer borne  
 Of halfe so many yeares to liue the space,  
 And in the end to liue my brothers scorne,  
 Yea trebble woe to me, since such disgrace,  
 Doth in despight my former deeds deface;  
     Then perish all my deeds, be neuer seene,  
 Die same with shame, as it had neuer beene.

Could not disdainfull *Henrie* be content,  
 Into his hands my Kingdome to surprise,  
 Could not my thraldome cause him to relent,  
 North' vnsustained losse of both mine eyes  
 His rage' gainst me his brother yet suffice?  
     But must he thus my Princely state abuse,  
 And as an almesman his owne brother vse?

Why haue yee then, ah why haue yee thus long,  
 Ye vnremorsefull fates produc'd that thread  
 Of sloathed life, by life to lengthen wrong?  
 Why clip ye not my clew? why am I fed  
 With breath of life, and yet in life am dead?  
     Curst be such fate, and curst that fatall hower,  
 When first begot, I came within your power.

Hardned with griefe, in spight of death to die,  
Thenceforth as loathing life I stopt mine eares,  
When hungrie food for appetite did crie :  
And while with hunger nature slowly weares,  
My food was sighes, my drinke griefes mournfull teares,  
Famine at length did blow the banefull breath,  
Whose bitter blast did strike my soule with death.

Euen as the naked woods, whose greene is lost,  
Clad all in hoare, their ruth do seeme to show,  
In teares turn'd r'ysicles by wintrie frost ;  
So I my head made white with age and woe,  
While from th'eyes organs teares downe drizeling flow,  
When as I did perceiue approching death,  
Thus tooke my last farewell with fainting breath.

Adiew the daies, that did my dole prolong,  
Adiew the nights, that vexed me so soe,  
Adiew false Fortune, cause of all my wrong,  
Who laughes to scorne the fame I won of yore,  
Adiew ô wrongfull world for euermore,  
Ye that conspir'd my sorowes to renew  
Both daies, nights, fortune, world and all adew.

These hands to thee (ô God) that for a gift,  
Thine owne deare Sonne for sin to death did yeeld,  
These hands, I say, to thee I now do list,  
Which once did beare thy badge in brazen shield,  
Against the Pagan foes in many a field,  
Beseeching thee, from whom all mercies flowes,  
To grant such grace, as death may end my woes.

Twice fortie yeares and more, my daies haue ben,  
And twice fiftene the Ram his race hath runne,  
Since first, ô Cardiffe, as in darke some den,  
Within thy walles mew'd vp from sight of Sunne,  
Forlorne, to mourne my fortunes I begunne :  
Then pitie take, ô God, on th'aged blind,  
Death now begins my captiue bands t'vnbind.

658 *Robert surnamed Curthose, &c.*

Leade on, leade on, vnto that heau'nly place,  
Where in eternall blisse my soule must dwell,  
Flie faith before, sue penitence for grace,  
Backe, backe, my grieffe, and vnto *Henrie* tell,  
*Beauchampe* is dead, Cardiffe adew, farewell;  
This said, I downe did sinke into my bed,  
In which my soule did leaue the bodie dead.

Thus hast thou heard the Normans blind Duke tell  
His fame in forren parts, the wretched wracke  
Of his renowne, and cause for which he fell.  
The Iudge of heau'n to punish is not slacke,  
Where men do cast heau'ns gifts behind their backe :  
Of which let my sad life in Cardiffe lead,  
A lasting Mirrour be, though I be dead.

THE



# THE MEMORABLE LIFE AND DEATH OF

King RICHARD the first, surnamed  
Cœur de Lion.



**T**His Prince, quoth *Memorie*, did live too long,  
At his sterne brothers hands to beare such wrong,  
Which yet reuenged was by Gods owne hand,  
Upon himselfe, his children, and his land.  
Two sonnes he had, of daughters also twaine,  
Of which three drown'd, were swallow'd in the maine,  
The fourth a daughter was, which Maud by name,  
Of whom Plantagenets two Houses came:  
Duke Gefferie of Anion noble Knight,  
Upon this Maud begate that worthie wight,  
Duke Henrie, second King that bore that name,  
Though second to no King in deeds of Fame,  
Who yong, yet forc'd th' usurper Stephen in fight  
To leaue to him the crowne, his due by right.  
He in chaste bed begot three sonnes and one,  
Hight Henrie, Richard, Gefferie, and Iohn:  
Mongst whom that Richard when both Henries dide,  
On Englands throne did sit as supreme guide,  
Since Williams conquest, only he of Kings  
His host in person gainst the Pagan brings,  
He sackes Messina, bears the Cypriotes bold,  
Captines their barbarous King in gyues of gold,  
Takes Acons towers, is of the French enuide,  
And left forlorne, yet after quells the pride

X x 2

of

Of Saladine in field, after whose flight  
 He makes all Syria subiect to his might:  
 Prince Iohn rebels, the valiant King is sold  
 To captiue bands, and bought againe for gold;  
 At his returne he crownes himselfe againe,  
 And is by traytors hand vntimely slaine:  
 The truth of which that we exactly heare,  
 • Fame sound thy trumpe, and cause his ghost t' appeare.

## Another Argument.

Fames siluer trumpes farre-flying sound, doth make  
 King Richard Cœur de Lions Ghost t' awake.



He wrath of heau'n doth most pursue those men  
 With secret iudgement of disaster fate,  
 That gainst their parents haue rebellious ben,  
 Nature displeas'd at such vnkindly hate  
 Against it selfe, it selfe doth aggrauate,  
 Causing the starres at such abortiue birth,  
 With bad aspects to frowne vpon the earth.

Seldome such cursed infects in our kind  
 Escape the scourge of hatefull destinie,  
 Vnhappie chance in iudgement is assign'd  
 Till death, to follow such impietie,  
 Which to the world my life might testifie,  
 If any in this age with painefull pen,  
 Had made the same a Mirrour vnto men.

Why should the glorie of so great a King  
Be darkned by obliuions cloudie frowne?  
Why should this age as loathing euery thing  
Of th'elder world, my Trophies all cast downe,  
And let my deeds in waues of silence drowne?  
As if twixt best and worst no ods there were,  
When both alike are laid vpon the bere.

Long hauing slept, and now rouz'd vp by Fame  
That keepes the due reward of doing well,  
In hope thy pen will helpe to raise my name  
Out of obliuions den where it did dwell,  
In course I come my stories truth to tell,  
That by the praise, or dispraise of my name,  
Others may make a Mirrour of the same.

Of noble *Henrie*, second of that name,  
The second sonne I am of sonnes twice two,  
Yet second vnto none in worthie fame,  
If yeelded were to me my praises due,  
As may appeare by that which shall ensue:  
First *Richard* call'd, first true borne English King,  
That wore the crowne since Normans conquering.

In large discourse to light I will not bring,  
The obloquie of that now loathed crime,  
In stubborne youth against my Lord and King,  
Blushing, I wish all such records of time  
In darknesse dead, and wrapped vp in slime:  
Yet seeing that truth bids hide no part of blame,  
I will in brieife blaze out mine owne defame.

My fathers browes with prints of age replete,  
Fortune that erst did smile, began to frowne,  
Abus'd by flatterie and his owne conceit,  
As bent with wilfull hands to hasten downe  
The Statefull dignitie of his renowne:  
His eldest borne he made his fellow King,  
From whose ambition his distresse did spring.



662 *King Richard the first.*

Yong *Henrie* sharing equall dignitie,  
 And hauing set one foot within the throne,  
 Puft vp with pride to make a Monarchie  
 Of his new State, he would be King alone,  
 A partner in the crowne he would haue none :  
 Which pride of mind with bad aduice borne higher,  
 Caus'd him rebell against his royall fire.

To strengthen his ambition yet but yong,  
 The false French King in person did support  
 His part in field; and to be yet more strong,  
 The Scot and Flemming he did both exhort  
 With them gainst aged *Henrie* to consort,  
 To whom both I and *Gefferie* my brother  
 Did giue consent, excited by our mother.

Not one of vs whom natures band did bind  
 With due alleageance to our fire and King,  
 Did vnto natures selfe not proue vnkind,  
 Yet could not power preuaile, nor enuies sting  
 Against our fire, whom heau'n did helpe to bring  
 Our stubborne neckes againe beneath his yoke,  
 Our knees did stoope to his victorious stroke.

Oft did we threaten ruine to his State,  
 His Norman Dukedome with warres wastefull spoile  
 We did deface, and sought to set debate  
 Twixt him and his; yet after all our toile,  
 At his weake hands we did receiue the foile:  
 So iust is heau'n to patron right gainst wrong,  
 And guard the weake with strength against the strong.

To future time the King to leaue report  
 Of our rebellion and his long vnrest,  
 Did cause to be depainted in his Court  
 A Pellican, who breeds beneath his brest  
 Foure yong with tender care in his warme nest,  
 Of which three waxing strong, vnkindly rise  
 And pecke his brest, the fourth peckes out his eies.

By the three first, he did decipher forth,  
*Geffrie*, my selfe, and *Henrie* his first sonne;  
The fourth was stubborne *Iohn* his yongest birth,  
Of whom when he was likewise left alone,  
He beat his manly brest with age foredone,  
And ending griefe in death, to vs vnkind,  
My selfe and *Iohn*, he left his curse behind.

The sinne that drew these plagues vpon his head,  
Was wanton lust and loose lalciuious life,  
Burnt with desire, he left his lawfull bed,  
For which the iealous *Queene* his angrie wife,  
Twixt him and vs stirr'd vp debatefull strife:  
Mischiefe pursues the steps that false do proue,  
In the firme couenant of sinlesse loue.

Vnhappie we, his gracelesse sonnes that were  
The rods of heau'ns reuenge for his misdeed,  
Did the reward of our rebellion beare,  
In vs our fathers curse, the plaguefull meed  
Of disobedience after did succeed,  
The rods, with which *Ioue* executes his ire,  
He oft in iudgement casts into the fire.

When *Henrie* crown'd a King in royall throne  
And made in state coequall with our sire,  
Attempting oft the soueraignetie alone  
In sway of scepter, which he did aspire,  
And yet could neuer compasse his desire:  
With indignation at his fortunes crost,  
Being stricken to the heart his health he lost.

And seeing in sicknesse with repentant eies,  
The vglie shape of sinne, heart-freez'd with cold,  
Of deathspale terror, he for mercie cries,  
And begs but this, that he may but behold  
Our fathers face, ere he be wrapt in mould;  
Which last request our father him deni'd,  
Doubting deceit in death when *Henrie* di'd.

My yonger brother Britaines *Gefferie*,  
 A partner with vs in rebellious pride,  
 To pay iust paines for his disloyaltie  
 Vnto our father, bruized on the side  
 With fall from off his horse, vntimely dide,  
 In youth cut off, as most vnworthie life,  
 That with his father liu'd in rebell strife.

This vengeance for such disobedient sin,  
 Vnto my brethren as in mercie sent,  
 Might to my future deeds haue caueats bin;  
 But I in heart too stubborne to relent,  
 And proud Prince *Iohn* did once againe consent,  
 To lift rebellious hands against our fire,  
 In his last daies when age did rest require.

The French Kings power we did support in field,  
 And did in armes the aged King constraîne  
 To such dishonor'd tearmes of truce to yeeld,  
 That he in heart vnable to sustaine  
 The griefe of such disgrace, with sorow slaine,  
 In those last words which dying he did breath,  
 To vs his curse most iustly did bequeath.

After his death, to shew that griefe and shame  
 Of my misdeeds, did put his soule to flight,  
 His cold dead corps as I beheld the same,  
 Streaming out blood did shew the great despight,  
 That it conceiu'd at my detested sight,  
 Which forc'd griefes drops to dew my manly face,  
 Toucht at the heart with shame of such disgrace.

Thus hauing blaz'd out those vnnaturall crimes,  
 The wicked brood of my degenerate pride,  
 I will no longer vilifie thy rimes:  
 Thou now to tell what after did betide  
 Vnto the house of Fame, thy Muse must guide,  
 And mount her thoughts to th'highest pitch of glorie,  
 In lostie straine to sing my golden storic.



No sooner was the kingdomes scepter seene  
In my right royall hand, but that in mind  
Transform'd I was from what I once had beene,  
And turn'd my back to fore-past shame; heau'n shin'd  
Vpon my head, thoughts only now enclin'd  
To actions of true praise did heau'n aspire,  
Forren affaires gaue wings to my desire.

For absolution for my trespasse done  
Against my fire, when I did vnderstand  
How *Saladine*, the Pagan Prince, had wonne  
The sacred Salem and the holy land,  
Which Christian Princes did of late command;  
The Christian badge I bore vpon my brest,  
And did direct my iorney towards the East.

The ablest men through my large Emperie,  
That I could chuse for this so great affare,  
From England, Guien, Poyctou and Normandie,  
From Britaine and from Aniou did prepare  
Themselues in best habilliments of warre,  
T'insue their fathers steps, and gaine againe  
What they had wonne, and we could not retaine.

Report from Rome did tidings daily bring,  
Who stood in feare of th'Heathens bold assay,  
How mightie *Saladine* the Pagan King,  
Had proudly purpos'd Palestines decay,  
To glut the gulse of his vnsaciate pray,  
Wishing vs hasten to the Christian aid,  
Who ouer matcht with power, were much dismay'd.

The warre-god rouz'd with ratling drummes alarme,  
Rose vp and left his louely lemmans bed,  
Himselfe he for the field did brauely arme,  
Tooke vp his mightie launce, and boldly led  
Our battels forth, with crosse-fam'd ensignes spred,  
On which as marching we infixt our eies,  
We hastned on to meet our enemies.

Leauing

666 *King Richard the first.*

Leauing my kingdomes state beneath the sway  
 Offoure estates, in peace to keepe the same,  
 I crost the seas and tooke my readie way  
 To Lyons that French towne; where when I came  
 The King I met, then *Philip* call'd by name,  
 Who for this great affaire had vow'd to goe  
 With his support against the common foe.

Our armies being ioyn'd, we marched on,  
 Where that strong bridge that ouerlookes the waue  
 Of Rhodanus, beneath our feet did grone,  
 And brake, where many, whom no helpe could saue,  
 In that blacke strugling streame did find their graue;  
 At which dismai'd, to part we did agree,  
 And after both to meet in Scicilie.

From hence ore aged *Tythons* purple bed,  
 For Scicilie thy Muse must take her flight  
 To mount Pelorus, on whose loftie head,  
 Let her insift and view our nauall might  
 Afloat vpon those seas, so faire a sight,  
 King *Philip* on the shore with his French powers  
 Did then admire from off Messanaes towers;

There do behold my men in thickest throng,  
 Scaling Messanaes walles, and beating downe  
 The citie gates in wreake of that foule wrong  
 Done gainst vs all by that iniurious towne,  
 Who with first conquest did our sword renowne:  
 Vpon whose walles our banners we did pight,  
 Which did the false French *Philip* much despight.

In spight of hate the cause we did protect  
 Of our Queene sister, *Ioan* of Scicilie,  
 Whose husband dead, Prince *Tancred* late elect  
 To sway the scepter of that Emperie,  
 Did with vnfit repulse her due denie,  
 Till now at length he by our power compell'd,  
 Did yeeld her dowrie, which he long withheld.

Keeping

Keeping the feast of his natiuitie,  
Whose birth true peace t'all humane soules did bring,  
In *Tancred's* Court, there first the treacherie  
Of faithlesse *Philip*, that ignoble King,  
Did shew it selfe; who did intend to bring  
All my designements for the Christian aid,  
To ill effect by plots which he had laid.

The stout Scicilian King he did excite  
T'invade my campe, and that he might not faile,  
He wisht him take th'aduantage of the night;  
And lest my dreaded might his mind might quaille,  
He with his power would helpe him to assaile ;  
So much did he maligne my names renowne,  
Which all true noble hearts with praise did crowne.

But I that did preferre a royall minde  
Before base thoughts of griping auarice,  
And Prince-like did with bounties hands strike blinde  
The eyes of enuie in mine enemies,  
Did finde such grace, that none could preiudice  
My name or state, but euen amongst my foes  
I found such friends as would the same disclose.

*Tancred* that did admire the royalties,  
That in my Kingly brest did make repose,  
Could not conceale the French-mans treacherie ;  
But with a Kingly sp'rit disdainning those,  
That traytors were, this treason did disclose:  
Seldome base treacherie it selfe can seat  
On the high pitch of Kingly bred conceat.

*Philip* disgrac'd, did launch into the deepe,  
Being bound for Acon that besieged towne,  
Where leauing him, thy Muse her course must keepe  
Vnto that land, whose name did first renowne  
The Queene of loue, and her first altars crowne ;  
Whence she may safely see how *Neptune* raues,  
And wrackes my ships in the Pamphilian waues.

When



668 *King Richard the first.*

When launcht vpon the seas my ships were seene,  
 From the Scicilian shore with that sweet Maid,  
*Nauares faire Berengaria*, my new Queene :  
*Neptune* as if he did intend t'haue pray'd  
 On my late chosen loue, began t'inuade  
 My blacke flectes wooden walles, which he did batter  
 With bounding billowes of his rough rouz'd water.

Tempestuous winds, whose swelling cheekes did draw  
 The louring clouds full burthened with blacke showers,  
 Flew on the waues, which breaking with the flaw,  
 Foaming white froth, did rise like lostie towers,  
 In roring traine, trooping vp all their powers,  
 Darknesse did hide the chearefull face of heau'n,  
 Our ships disperst, were each from other driuen.

T'encrease our feare, and make the night more grimme,  
 Through heau'ns thicke clouds pale lightning still did flie,  
 Whose dazeling flash our mazed sight did dimme,  
 While the worlds soueraigne in the thickned skie,  
 Aboue our heads did thunder horrible,  
 From whence his darts with sulphurie flash he threw,  
 Which brimstone-like did fauour as it flew.

The seas did swell, and proudly braue the heau'n,  
 The windes did bellow and the billowes rore,  
 Many tall ships with gust of tempest driuen,  
 To saue themselues from spoile, all desperate bore  
 Vnto the hauens of the Cyprian shore,  
 Vpon whose strand the barbarous Cypriotes stood  
 T'encrease their woes that did escape the flood.

Of those whose barkes did perish in the deepe,  
 Some hauing gain'd the shore with life halfe drown'd,  
 They tooke, whom as their captiues they did keepe,  
 And some by swimming hauing footing found,  
 Comming on shore with death they did confound :  
 Which when I heard, the storme once blowen away,  
 Such wrong with iust reuenge I did repay.

The depth of danger we did vndergo  
To gaine the shore, such odds there was in fight;  
Yet at the last our foes their backs did show,  
And left the shore to vs, but after flight  
*Ifakius* their stout King resumming sp'rit,  
Troopt vp his people, summon'd far and neare,  
And threatned fight when day light should appear.

But to preuent his threats, before the day  
His treasure, standard, horse and royall armes  
In field we tooke, from whence he fled away  
Despoil'd and naked, fearing th'horrid harmes,  
Which through his tents did ring with our alarmes;  
That night, whose next daies light did promise faire  
Vnto his hopes, did end them in despaire.

Heere could I tell the conquest and rich spoile,  
Which for those wrongs, that we did erst sustaine,  
My souldiers made on Cyprus fruitfull soile;  
How false *Ifakius* yeelding did remaine  
With me in hold, and fled away againe,  
Whom after taken for his trespassse past,  
In guiuers of gold I then did shakle fast.

But deeds of more import are to be told,  
Thy Muse must launch with vs from Cyprus shore,  
That on the surging seas she may behold  
Prince *Salphadines* huge barke, whose bosome bore  
Such furniture for warre, sent to restore  
The weakned strength of Acon almost lost,  
Then round besieged by the Christian host.

*Salphadine* the  
brother of *Sal-*  
*ladine*.

To whom like floting *Delos* on the waue  
We gaue the chase, till turning backe from flight,  
With all her figh'ts set vp she did vs braue,  
And fiftene hundred men all arm'd for fight,  
Vpon her deckes did shew themselves in fight,  
Whom in our gallies thronging in thicke croud,  
My souldiers did assaile with clamours loud,

Oft times with valour the repulse they gaue  
 To vs, that sought to boord their ship and scale  
 Her wooden walles, so high aboue the waue,  
 Till from our bowes, shafts thicke as winters haile,  
 Their stoutest hearts with deadly wounds did quaile,  
     Who shrinking from the fight my men did boord,  
     And in their furie did not spare the sword.

Then did appeare the ruine of the foe,  
 Gasping for breath in vaine, sweet life they craue,  
 The blood of wounded men did streaming flow  
 Into the flood, and heere and there it gaue  
 A crimson colour to the siluer waue :  
     Whereby through th'English fleet each little boat  
     In Pagan blood triumphantly did float.

With that great monster barke two hundred men  
 Referu'd from death, in triumph we did scower  
 The seas; to Acons siege begirted then  
 By all the Christian host, from whose watch-tower  
 The foe-men viewing my approaching power,  
     And hearing of my deed vpon the deepe,  
     No longer did intend the towne to keepe.

Yet after my arriue they being fed  
 With lingring hope, did change their first intent,  
 Gainst vs the towne did proudly beare her hed:  
 For hearing of a priuate conuoy sent,  
 With fresh supplie for their prouision spent,  
     Though faint for food, yet they did after sheeld  
     Their walles with stout defence and would not yeeld.

To frustrate Acons hopes of such supplies,  
 And with some high aduenture to renowe  
 Our English name, finding by my espies  
 The passage where the carriages came downe,  
 From Babylon to that distressed towne;  
     I with a band of choice selected men,  
     Departed from the Christian host vnscene.



From vnder couert of a thicke-set groue,  
On the Carauan first the charge we gaue,  
Three thousand burthened Camels in a droue  
We from the conuoy tooke, who for to saue  
The rest from spoile, at first aloofe did waue,  
But when we towards them made, though more they were  
In number farre, they tooke the wings of feare.

With many a thousand mule, and many a beast  
Of other burthen, we return'd with speed  
Vnto the Christian host, where we did feast  
Vpon the prey; the towne of this our deed  
Inform'd by fame, and forc'd by hungrie need,  
Her gates did open of her owne accord,  
To saue her sonnes from warres reuengefull sword.

Heere must thy willing Muse desist to tell  
Our happie hopefull conquests in the East,  
Cauils breake forth, enuie rouz'd vp from hell,  
Creepes into false King *Philips* cankred brest,  
Who with old hate of my good hap posselt,  
Doth by his plots the Austrian Duke excite,  
To ioyne with him to worke vs all despight.

As still th'infection of this foule disease,  
Contagious venome in their breasts did breed,  
So my names greatnesse daily did encrease,  
While they on spleene nere satisfied did feed,  
Fortune still grac'd me with some glorious deed:  
Vertue enui'd shines brighter, like the Sun,  
Which breakes-through clouds, with which it was orerun.

With enuious eyes, impatient to behold  
The golden beames of my sun-shine like fame,  
*Philip* with Austrian Duke hight *Leopald*,  
Without respect vnto our Sauours name,  
The cause for which to Palestine we came;  
Seeming heart-sicke, did thence depart away,  
Hoping to leaue me to the foes for pray.

He

He gone, the hand of heau'n that doth dispose  
 The course of things, did beare before my brest  
 The shield of safetie gainst our Pagan foes;  
 With my finall troope their powers in field suppress,  
 The bordring Christian held his right in rest;  
 No crosse euent while I did there abide,  
 In honor'd deeds of armes did me betide.

If thou desire those famous acts to know,  
 Mount *Perseus* horse, to Ioppa take thy way,  
 Which at this time that fatall stone can show,  
 To which the Virgin faire *Andromeda*  
 In bands was bound, to be the monsters pray;  
 There on that rocke thy Muse may sit and see  
 Those deeds of fame, that then were done by mee.

Affur can speake my praise, before whose wall  
 Great *Saladine* with all his Heathnish host,  
 In battell did beneath mine ensignes fall,  
 Who in my passage seeking to haue croft  
 My way to Ioppa, on that salt sea coast,  
 Fought from noone-tide vntill the setting Sun,  
 And then did flie, the field we Christians won.

In fortie yeares before the Saracen  
 Such losse did not sustaine in Palestine,  
 Nor in one battell lost so many men;  
 The towring state of mightie *Saladine*  
 In this fight shaken, daily did decline:  
 That ancient kingdome of the Syrian land  
 Did fall from him, and was at our command.

From wel-wall'd Afcalon, that ancient towne  
 The Pagans fled with all their golden good,  
 Darus did stoope her pride, Affur came downe  
 Vpon her knees, Ioppa the port that stood  
 Vpon the Syrian shore, before the flood  
 With generall deluge did the world orespread,  
 Did beare the Christian badge vpon her head.

To follow Fortune brauely marching on,  
Who with auspicious looke did seeme to smile,  
We did direct our course to Babylon;  
But she false Ladie did my hopes beguile,  
And forc'd me with mine armie to recoile:  
Fame ouer seas on her vnluckie wing  
Sad tidings from the West to vs did bring.

Backe backe to England with a griued heart,  
Leauing these blest affaires of th' holy one  
Of Israel, we must with grieve depart:  
*Philip* my foe excites my brother *Iohn*  
In my long absence to aspire the throne;  
My Englands rockie bounds ring with alarmes  
Of factious traytors, *Iohn* is vp in armes.

Warn'd by report, my course I did direct  
For Englands bounds. But heere thy Muse must know  
My fathers curse began to take effect;  
Heau'n seem'd to frowne, the sea became my foe,  
And earth conspir'd to worke my greater woe;  
By seas darke waues and froward winds from heau'n,  
Vnto my foes at shore I vp was giuen.

By tempest driuen, from danger to be free,  
I made hard shipwracke on the Istrian strand,  
Depriu'd of all my traine, excepting three,  
Enforc'd I was to make my way by land  
Through Austria, to Vienna, that doth stand  
Vpon Danubius bankes, that Dukedomes feat,  
The bulwarke now gainst Turkish *Mahomet*.

There being descri'd vnto mine ancient foe  
The Austrian Duke, I was giuen vp for pray;  
Who like himselfe, himselfe to me did show,  
Bearing in mind the malice of that day,  
When I at Acon for his proud assay,  
In taking for his lodging in the towne  
The Palace vp, I cast his ensignes downe.



Yet with this Duke not long was my abode :  
 For when report of my captiuitie  
 Was newly set on wing, and flown abroad,  
*Henrie* then Emperour of Germanie,  
 Forgetfull of Emperiall royaltie,  
 Of that false Duke that had me fast in hold,  
 Greedie of prey, did purchase me for gold.

Vpon that man, whom Fortune doth begin  
 To leaue forlorne, who will not seeme to frowne ?  
 When he is sunken vp vnto the chin  
 In waues of sad distresse, all thrust him downe,  
 And suffer him in wretchednesse to drowne :  
 They that did enuie my great State before,  
 Did wish such State might nere betide me more.

Ambitious *Iohn*, and *Philip* that false King,  
 Taking the time to perfect their intent,  
 To *Henrie* did a golden message wing,  
 In hope if he to set me free was bent,  
 Such purpose with corruption to preuent :  
 Which when with terror stricken I did heare,  
 No hope I had, no comfort did appeare.

Ignoble age branded with this foule crime,  
 This blemish thou canst neuer wipe away;  
 When true record shall tell to future time,  
 How most vniust the Christian did repay  
 His backe returne, that did through death assay,  
 Gainst Paganisme t' aduance the Christian name,  
 Euen children shall vpbraide thee with the same.

In tempest of this trouble long being tost,  
 Sore grieu'd in mind for my captiuitie,  
 At length compounding with my greedie host  
 Th' Emperour *Henrie*, hight of Germanie,  
 With ransome to redeeme my libertie ;  
 An hundred thousand pounds I did agree  
 To giue to him before I could be free.

Now

Now is my journey set on foot againe  
For my deare England ; now false *Philip* stormes,  
Now *Iohn* repents, and feare doth him constraîne,  
In peace to lay downe his rebellious armes,  
And by our mother seeke to shun those harmes  
Approching on ; t'whom I in reuerence  
Of her estate, gaue pardon for his offence.

In England safe arriu'd, the people greet  
My glad returne with bright bone-fires and bels,  
My royall London in each seuerall street,  
By her large gifts and golden glorie tels  
Within her walles what faithfull subiects dwels ;  
And I in hope that heau'n would blesse my reigne  
With better fortunes, crown'd my selfe againe.

But on the swift wings of reuenge for France,  
Hasten thy Muse to Vernuile that strong towne,  
There see French *Philip* flie before my lance,  
And at Vandosme how his armes cast downe,  
He flies, and leaues vs treasure and renowne :  
Of which two flights, this age doth since that time  
To his disgrace record a shamefull rime.

Disgrac'd, he calls the Britons to his aide,  
With their yong *Ar:hur* sonne of *Gefferie*  
My brother dead, for which with wrathfull blade  
I entred his rich Dukedome Britanie,  
And vengeance tooke for his disloyaltie ;  
Whence, when my wreake was past, I did aduance  
With ensignes spread into the bounds of France:

Where heau'n did blesse me with such fate in fight,  
That *Philip* in each field I did repell :  
Let Gamages and Vernon speake his flight,  
And at another time let Gylfords tell,  
How flying from Curseilles, with his horse he fell  
Into the waues of Geth, the bridge brake downe,  
Whom mongst his men the streame did almost drowne.

Repulst with shame, he casting in his mind,  
 With rags of honor, how to patch the rent  
 In his wide wounded name, this shift did find;  
 Out of the greatnesse of his mind he sent  
 This challenge bold; If I durst giue consent,  
 That fīue for him in field should hazard life,  
 Against fīue men of mine to end our strife.

To this bold offer I did gladly yeeld,  
 Yet interposing this condition,  
 That he as chiefeſt champion in the field,  
 Should mongſt the fīue vpon his part make one,  
 Gainſt me on th' aduerſe part to fight alone;  
 From which, without reſpect vnto a name,  
 Mongſt men renown'd he did reuolt with ſhame.

Yet was a truce concluded twixt vs both,  
 To which with willing minde I did encline,  
 For that I then had bound my ſelfe by oath  
 Once more to ſhape my courſe for Paleſtine,  
 To employ my valour gainſt great *Saladine*:  
 But what I did decree, death ſoone preuents,  
 Heau'n beares the chiefeſt ſtroke in our intents.

Thy Muſe muſt now put on a mourning weed,  
 Death doth begin to ſhew his ghawſty face,  
 With ſad teares mourner-like let her proceed,  
 To Chalus Cheuerell that fatall place,  
 Where death with his cold armes did me embrace;  
 There let her ſtand, and on that townes ſtrong wall  
 Behold the manner of my hapleſſe fall.

My treaſure ſpent by my long warres with France,  
 And gainſt the Pagan for the Eaſt parts bound,  
 I was inform'd that in my land by chance  
 A Britiſh Vicount, *Widdomer*, had found  
 A wealthie treaſure hidden vnder ground;  
 For whom when I had ſent, he guiltie fled  
 To Chalus Cheuerell to hide his hed:

Whom



Whom I did follow, hastned on by fate,  
And did besiege the towne, where in mine ire  
For such indignitie against my State,  
I made my vowes thence neuer to retire,  
Vntill I should obtaine my iust desire :  
Three daies with fierce assault I did assaile,  
But all in vaine, my power could not preuaile.

The towne so strongly situated was,  
And the stout foes imboldned by the same,  
That of our powers they did little passe :  
Whose stubborne pride of strength that I might tame,  
I chose a Captaine, *Marchades* by name,  
To walke with me, and view that fatall towne,  
Where t'vndermine her walles and cast them downe.

Each step I treade doth hasten on my end,  
And leads to death vnthought vpon, vnscene ;  
For as with eyes infixt I did attend  
The townes foundation, loe an arrow keene  
Sent from the towne wall, wounded me betweene  
The necke and shoulder with his venom'd poynt,  
Iust in the natiue closure of the ioynt.

Deepe was the wound and full of deadly paine,  
Yet did it not my mightie minde appall,  
Before the towne in siege I did remaine,  
Vntill her people did for mercie call,  
And prostrate at my feet did humblie fall :  
Whom when the raging souldiers in their ire  
Would haue deuour'd, I spar'd from spoile and fire.

But death doth hasten my vntimely end,  
The wound lookes blacke, the poison doth appeare  
In his effects, and bids me to commend  
My soule to God; my friends who held me deare,  
All round about me stand with heauie cheare :  
And when I knew that breath began to vade,  
I call'd for him that had my life betray'd.

678 *King Richard the first.*

Vnto the man before me brought, whose name  
*Bertram de Gord' an* was, these words I spake,  
 What iust offence, quoth I, did cause thee aime  
 At my deare life? or wherefore didst thou take  
 Me for thy marke, and in thy aime forsake  
 Hight *Marchades* my friend that by me stood,  
 When thou didst shoot thy shaft to shed my blood?

The man with courage turn'd this stout reple:  
 Because, said he, thou in thy warres didst kill  
 My father and my brethren, therefore I  
 Did vow in my reuenge thy blood to spill;  
 Which since I haue attain'd and haue my will,  
 What do I care though all thy friends do weepe,  
 Seeing that mine shall not vnreuenged sleepe?

I did admire that his sterne words were such,  
 And yet forgauē his fact, and gaue command  
 That none amongst my friends with violent touch  
 On him should after lay offensive hand;  
 And that he might not in their danger stand,  
 I gaue him twentie crownes to beare him thence,  
 From those that seem'd to threaten his offence.

Thus with my chiefeſt foe my peace I made,  
 And when I ſenſible felt natures waſte,  
 To friends about me ſuch like words I ſaid:  
 Quoth I, come neere, and ſince all hope is paſt  
 Of longer life, whoſe line long cannot laſt,  
 Attend my words, and witneſſe after death,  
 What in my will I to the world bequeath.

To *Iohn* my brother I reſigne my crowne;  
*Arthur* is French and rebell to the State:  
 Seeke not with wilfull hands to haſten downe  
 What I haue built by future times debate:  
 Factions will grow, and I foreſee the fate,  
 The woſull fate that England will betide  
 When I am gone, that did enrich her pride.

Not long thy King, deare England, can I be,  
Deaths cold begins into my heart to creepe,  
No more thy fame can be aduanc'd by me,  
To *Iohn* the Prince I tender thee to keepe,  
When I with death haue laid me downe to sleepe :  
Thus death when I ten yeares had been a King,  
T'vntimely end my life and reigne did bring.

My deeds I did atchieue with much vnrest,  
Death with blacke period did my deare life close,  
In prime of age approuing heau'ns behest,  
Which seldome doth allot long life to those  
That to their parents proue rebellious foes :  
Of which that I may testimony giue,  
Let *Cœur de Lion* in remembrance liue.



# THE VNFORTVNATE LIFE AND DEATH OF King I O H N.



**T**His Prince to future time, quoth Memorie,  
Remaines a Mirrour of true charitie,  
Who at his death that traytour did forgine,  
Whose bloodie hand did him of life deprive :  
But Marchades for vengeance did suruiue,  
The traytour taken he did fley aline.  
Now to the next, whom vp from graue we bring,  
Prince Iohn the brother of the late dead King :  
He takes the crowne as due to him of gift,  
At whose good fortunes many hands do lift.  
Philip beyond the seas innades his lands ;  
Arthur in Anion With his British bands,  
Pursues the aged mother of the King,  
Who to there scue all his powers doth bring ;  
Takes Arthur captiue, and for his disdaine  
Sends him to Rouen Castle, whence againe  
He nere returnes : wonders in hea'n are seene,  
Treason amongst the Peeres, the wrathfull spleene  
Twixt Romes proud Innocent and stout King Iohn.  
The French afresh innade, the King finds none  
To take his part : the Irish do rebell ;  
The Welch breake forth, both whom he doth compell  
To stoope their pride : the curse of Innocent,  
Against whose pride the King stands stiffely bent.  
Philips huge Nanie doth on England frowne,  
The King vnto the Legate yeelds his crowne :

*The Lords rebell, the King is left forlorne,  
Abus'd, renil'd, and made his peoples scorne:  
Seekes th' aid of strangers, and in his fierce ire,  
Flies ore the kingdome like a flaming fire.  
The Barons flie from him, and seek: to bring  
The French Prince Lewis in, to make him King;  
He lands in Kent, London receiues his traine,  
From th' haplesse King all fals away againe;  
The French mens pride the English sore opprest,  
King Iohns reuenge, poore Englands woes encreast:  
In midst of hope t' expell his enemies,  
The Wretched King at Swynsted poysoned dies.  
All which, since many writers in his daies,  
Of very malice writ in his dispraise,  
That we may heare, let Fame with Summons call  
His Princely ghost, to tell his tragicke fall.*

## Another Argument.

*Fame cals King Iohn; his griened ghost doth wake,  
Comes vp from graue, and heere his turne doth take.*



**D**iscord the daughter of dissension,  
Home-hel-hatcht furie with bewitching charmes,  
Doth sooner ruine *Cæsars* royall throne,  
Then all the imminent inuading harmes,  
That can inferred be by forren armes:  
Where people hate, and where the Prince doth frowne,  
What might builds vp, dissension soone puls downe.

Of

Of which I once that sway'd this scepter State,  
 Vniustly wrong'd by Peeres, vnkindly sold  
 To wretched fortune by my subiects hate,  
 A Mirror might haue been in lines of gold,  
 If to this age my storie truth had told:  
     But th'vnkind age presents to iudgements eye  
     My shame at large, but let my praise go by.

To whom shall I my many wrongs complaine?  
 Since false traditions of those enuious times,  
 Inuented by my foes, do yet remaine,  
 Liuing to euery eye in forged rimes,  
 As matter for the sceane obiecting crimes  
     Vnto my charge, which firme in censure stands,  
     Though nere enacted by my guiltlesse hands.

The long concealed grieve of discontent,  
 Which for such vniust scandall I sustaine,  
 Vp from the graue my griued ghost hath sent,  
 On such sterne people iustly to complaine,  
 That vilifie my praise with lips prophane,  
     Speaking what then the superstitious wits  
     Vnto this age recorded haue in writs.

Could not the enuie of that age be quell'd  
 With my last houres vntimely tragedie?  
 Could not these burning veines with poison swell'd,  
 Their deadly hate against me satisfie?  
 O no, in death their malice will not die:  
     For which now summon'd by the trumpe of Fame,  
     I gladly come to put away such shame.

My royall birth *Plantagenet* can show,  
 Stout *Cœur de Lions* life declares the same,  
 Who was the second sonne as thou dost know,  
 Vnto King *Henrie* second of that name,  
 Who grew so great in wealth, in strength and fame,  
     His yongest sonne I was, by name hight *Iohn*,  
     Next after *Richard* seated on the throne.

Thy



Thy lines with spot of that disloyaltie  
Against my fire, Ile not defile againe,  
Nor will I tell that false conspiracie  
Against my brother *Richard*, to obtaine  
From him his life, his kingdome, and his raigne :  
For he at large doth in his tragedie,  
Declare the manner of my treacherie.

Ambitious ayme at greatnesse in the State,  
Most incident to men of mightie mind,  
At first did bring me in my brothers hate ;  
Yet in the end such fauour I did find,  
That he to me, though I so most vnkind  
Did oft times seeke the fall of his renowne,  
Forgaue my fact, and gaue to me his crowne.

With free consent of all this kingdomes Peeres,  
Aduanc'd I was to all the royalties  
Of my late brother dead, and thrice three yeeres  
Inthron'd I was, before my haplesse eies  
Were made beholders of those miseries,  
Which in deep waues of woe did England drowne,  
And brought confusion to my State and Crowne.

In my first rise vnto the kingdomes State,  
False France did frowne, and stirred vp the fire  
Conceal'd in ashes of our ancient hate,  
The yong Duke *Arthur*, as he did require,  
Gainst vs rebell'd and did with him conspire ;  
Both stretching forth their enuious hands, to crop  
My new growen greene vpon our Cedars top.

On the swift whirlewinde of tempestuous warre,  
Into Touraine and Aniou th' vtmost bound  
Of this our Empire, then inlarg'd so farre,  
They furiously did breake, where what they found  
In my defence, they laid it waste on ground ;  
Of which the Duke proclaim'd himselfe the Lord,  
And sought to obtaine it by the threatfull sword.

Warres fearefull earthquake shaking more and more,  
 The state of Aniou, I did vnderstand,  
 How th'aged Queene my mother *Elinor*,  
 Besieged was by *Arthur* with strong hand,  
 Within a tower; which on that coast did stand :  
 Who fore opprest, and in her mind dismai'd,  
 In such distresse did call me to her aid.

Incens'd to heare my nephewes vnkind deed  
 Gainst her now in her age, that gaue him breath :  
 As dutie bound me, on the wings of speed  
 I hastned to the rescue, to vnsheath  
 My angrie sword, whose edge did threaten death ;  
 A filiall loue to rescue her from harmes,  
 Both day and night did make me march in armes.

Before the foes of my approach did heare,  
 Such expedition thither I did make,  
 That at their backes my ensignes did appeare ;  
 At which dismai'd, their siege they did forsake,  
 And most did vnto flight themselues betake :  
 Of whom were many slaine that stood in fight,  
*Arthur* vnhurt was taken in his flight.

T'whom brought captiu'd before me, thus I spake :  
 Cofin, quoth I, what madnesse was that same,  
 That moued you these warres to vndertake ?  
 Why do you thus your royall friends defame,  
 In bearing armes in false King *Philips* name ?  
 Preferre you him in your esteeme more deare,  
 Then me, that am to you in blood so neare ?

For shame that French mans company forsake,  
 Let not his counsell tempt you any more ;  
 Turne vnto me, so shall I euer take  
 Your cause as mine, and you againe restore  
 Vnto my wonted fauour as before :  
 With gentle speech thus did I him entreat;  
 But thus he made replie with many a threat.

Tyrant, said he, thou dost detaine my right,  
I am, thou knowest, true heire to Englands Crowne :  
Though vniust fortune in this lucklesse fight  
Looke blithe on thee, and on my State do frowne,  
Heau'n may againe aduance what now is downe :  
My friends be free, though I in bands be bound,  
That will not rest vntill thou be vncrown'd.

The arrogant deliuerie of this speech,  
Vnto th'impeachment of our royall right,  
Did in our former loue make such a breach,  
That with contracted brow for such despight,  
We did in rage command him from our fight,  
And did this cruell paine on him impose,  
That he for such offence his eyes should lose.

But when such readie instruments of ill,  
Who for reward act any villanie,  
To Rouen castle came t'effect my will;  
*Hubert de Bourgh* a man of valiancie,  
That then had *Arthur* in his custodie,  
Withstood their purpose, and his part did take,  
Saying, that I those words in furie spake.

The heate of anger cool'd, conscience began  
In th'eare to whisper how I had offended,  
And when I heard how *Hubert* valiant man,  
Preuented had what I in rage intended,  
As reason would, his courage I commended :  
Yet after this by *Arthurs* haplesse woes,  
I did incurre the scandall of my foes.

Close kept in Rouen castle by that Knight,  
Whose wals his steps from starting thence did bound,  
Casting in mind how to escape by flight,  
At last vnfortunate a way he found  
To climbe the wall, that did begirt him round ;  
A forward mind impatient to sustaine,  
The losse of freedome did procure his baine.



Haste prickt him forward to redeeme the time,  
 Greedie desire his freedome to regaine,  
 About the castle walles did cause him clime;  
 From whence as enuious fate did first ordaine,  
 He downe did fall into the riuer Seyne:

Whose waues against that castle wals did swell,  
 Where to the world he breath'd his last farewell.

He dead, vnto my charge false *Philip* laid  
 That in his blood I had imbru'd my hands,  
 And in reuenge thereof did craue the aid  
 Of many Princes, who with warlike bands  
 Did in their rage depopulate my lands:

T'whose distresse with aid I could not come,  
 Worse fortunes did befall me heere at home.

Mischiefe on mischief fals t'encrease my woes,  
 At home my faithlesse Barons do rebell,  
 The Irish rise, the Welch turn'd treacherous foes,  
 And enuie, lest this monster I should quell  
 Of many heads, her selfe comes vp from hell,  
 And stirres vp Rome to ioyne her hands with hate;  
 No King did fall beneath so hard a fate.

The heau'ns foretold such things before their time,  
 Before my haplesse hand that cup did take,  
 In whose blacke deadly wine my death did swim,  
 Th'whole aggregate of heau'n did seeme to shake,  
 Sad signes on earth my tragicke fall forespake:  
 Seldome such fatall deeds of death are done,  
 But prodigies do their euent forerun.

Before the founder of that famous tower,  
 Which ouer looks our Thames siluer cleare,  
 Did in the Senate meet his liues late hower,  
 Horrid ostents and accents full of feare,  
 To many Roman eyes did oft appeare,  
 The graues did open, and the dead did rise,  
 Filling the streets with lamentable cries.

Before

Before stout *Brutus* that proud Roman Lord,  
Whose bloodie hand strooke mightie *Cesar* dead,  
With fatall blade his owne deare bodie gor'd,  
Strange apparitions, full of feare and dread  
Foretold his heart blood should ere long be shead :  
Dead *Cesars* ghost spake to him in his tent,  
The night before his tragicke deaths euent.

Before proud *Commodus* that Roman King,  
With violent poyson did the combate trie,  
Heau'n many wonders vnto light did bring,  
And many dreadfull meteors blaz'd in skie,  
Flames of bright fire out of the earth did flie,  
Before he tooke that fatall cup of wine,  
Of faithlesse *Martia* his false Concubine.

Before those mischiefes then were set abroch,  
Which did infect the peace of my estate,  
Before that lucklesse houre did then approch,  
In which that desperate villan did await  
With deadly wassaile to abridge my fate :  
Heau'n did behold the earth with heauie cheare,  
And plaguefull meteors did in both appeare.

Fiue moones were in heau'ns concaue nightly seene,  
As if that heau'n vpon our state below,  
Foreseeing our harmes compassionate had been,  
And had foresent them with their shine to show  
To purblind England her approaching woe :  
Who not being warn'd by them of future harmes,  
Was after wakened by tempestuous stormes.

The earthquake-making God, to warne vs all,  
With violent hand shooke earths foundation,  
And from his thickned clouds in stormes let fall  
Such showers of ycie bals, that vnto none  
In former times the like had ere been knowne :  
For euery hailestone of such thicknesse was,  
That it in compasse did foure inches passe.

Fire making rupture through the earth did breake,  
 And burned many a towne and steeple high,  
 Ghosts in high-waies were often heard to speake,  
 And spirits in shapes of birds in darksome skie,  
 With fire in their beakes about did flie ;  
     Wherewith they did afflict much scath and woe  
     Vpon the countrie, flying to and fro.

O stubborn England, that with such foresigne  
 From future euill couldst not warned bee ;  
 When heau'n and earth destruction did diuine,  
 For thy rebellious sinne to fall on thee,  
 Why didst thou close thy eyes and would'st not see ?  
     When God did thunder iudgement in thine eare,  
     Why wert thou deafe, as if thou would'st not heare ?

For pitie reade thy ruine, drawing nigh,  
 Vpon the crystall battlements of heauen,  
 Where grau'd in golden letters to each eie,  
 Thou maiest behold thy wretched kingdome giuen  
 Into a strangers hand ; thy sad King driuen  
     To flie from thee forlorne and leaue his State,  
     Sold to misfortune by his subiects hate.

Let times blacke hand blot out the memorie  
 Of that vile age, and let it not be said  
 That *Iohn* did euer guide this Emperie,  
 That future time with shame may not vpbraid  
 This nations name, by whom I was betraid,  
     And say that subiects yet did neuer bring  
     Such grieuous wrongs vpon a wretched King.

To guide thy Muse, that she the cause may know  
 Whence first these euils in the State did spring,  
 To blood-built Rome, our Albions ancient foe,  
 Nurse of all factions, let her take swift wing,  
 That when this wofull storie she shall sing,  
     She truly may define the Roman hate,  
     Which first did broch these mischiefes in our State.

When



When as our Englands Metropolitan  
Leauing his life, had left at emptie chaire,  
I did elect a right religious man,  
Who with the best might in those daies compare,  
For habitude to manage that affaire;  
In whose behalfe at Rome I did entreate,  
That he might be installed in that seate.

Great Rome then in the ruffe of all her pride,  
Deiects my suite with proud contempt, and chose  
*Langton*, a man vnfit that place to guide,  
On which such trust in State we did repose,  
Since he was nurst in France amongst our foes;  
And might in time, bearing such rule in State,  
Vnto my fortunes worke vnluckie fate.

For this with Romes proud Priest thus I contend,  
Thinke not, said I, that I that right will yeeld,  
On which my royaltie doth sole depend,  
The same in spight of hate I trust to shield,  
While I shall liue this scepters state to wield:  
No power on earth in my despight shall place  
A stranger in my Realme to my disgrace.

If my decreed election may not stand,  
I vow by heau'n, henceforth I will restraine  
Those passages to Rome out of this land,  
Which you hereafter will repent in vaine,  
Since by the same you haue no little gaine:  
For what need we to Rome a gadding go,  
Since many learned men this land can show?

Hence grew the hate that after did ensue,  
Heaping on wrongs vpon my griued head:  
Romes *Innocent* when he these lines did view,  
Kindled with wrath, on raging furie fed,  
Which through his brest a deadly venom spred:  
Whose breath did soone infect our subiects blood,  
And bred a plague vnto the generall good.

Thinking it shame to his pompaticke State,  
 To winke at my contempt of his command,  
 With lips prophane, big swolne with eager hate,  
 He breaths his curse gainst me, and gainst my land,  
 To last so long as I his will withstand;  
 And lockes vp all Church gates by his great word,  
 Forbidding vs acceffe vnto the Lord.

Thou proud vsurper of our *Peters* key,  
 Behold thy sinne, and blush at thy foule shame,  
 Why didst thou locke the gate that leads the way  
 Vnto the holy place? why didst thou name  
 Thy selfe the rocke on whom that power that came  
 To saue the world, his sacred Church should found,  
 And yet didst cast it then vnto the ground?

My people frightned with the roaring threat  
 Of wrathfull Bulles to England daily sent,  
 Their due alleageance to their Lord forget;  
 Th'inglorious Peeres, as if the gouernment  
 Had been transferr'd from *Iohn* to *Innocent*,  
 Did shrinke from me, and would not by me stand,  
 For th'impeacht priuiledge of our free land.

Yet could all this not stoope my noble hart,  
 The rebell Priests, that did at his command  
 Pronounce his curse prophane, did feelee the smart  
 Of their offence, and from my furious hand  
 T'escape my vow'd reuenge, did flie the land,  
 Leauing their sweet possessions for a pray,  
 Which to my friends I freely gaue away.

After this curse it seem'd my blisse begun:  
 For when the stubborne Irish did rebell,  
 Meth witnesse be of my atchieuements done;  
 And let cold Snowdens barren mountaines tell,  
 How the rebellious Welch my hand did quell:  
 No wofull fate befell me at this season,  
 Till my false Peeres began to practise treason.

Infected with this curse, and hauing lost  
My wonted loue, they did with Rome consent:  
For as to Wales I marched with my host,  
The Scottish King their malice to preuent,  
Did send me letters of their whole intent,  
How they were bent, if I did forward goe,  
To kill me, or betray me to my foe.

Perplex in mind, thenceforth I stood in feare  
Of ruine threatned to my life and State:  
France did oppresse me, and the Welch did beare  
Rebellious armes: but such was my hard fate,  
None could oppose them through my Barons hate:  
Yet I, on whom mine owne no mercie haue,  
In their distresse to strangers comfort gaue.

To me with care oppressed, the Scottish King  
Letters did send full fraught with lines of woe,  
Which vnto me his sonne the Prince did bring,  
By which he moued me, though once my foe,  
On his oppressed age remorse to show:  
For his base subiects gainst him did arise,  
And for his age his person did despise.

A mightie host with speed I did prepare,  
With which enrag'd, I into Scotland went,  
Where, in that warre my sword but few did spare,  
That gainst their aged King their powers had bent,  
To take from him his crowne and gouernment:  
*Guthred mac William* cause of all this strife,  
Did with a traytors death shut vp his life.

But let vs turne vsbacke from Scotlands bounds,  
At home to view th' effects of Roman hate:  
There see how *Innocent* inflicts fresh wounds  
Vpon the mangled bodie of our State,  
Who since that no old mischief could abate  
The spirit inuincible of my great mind,  
To make me stoope, new mischiefes now did find.



By power of his vsurpt authoritie,  
 He did absolue all subiects in my land,  
 That by alleageance were oblig'd to me ;  
 Then would he put into King *Philips* hand,  
 The crowne and royall scepter of this land ;  
 If he from hence could me expell by might,  
 Or take my life away by treacherous flight.

Thou that dost ride vpon the backes of Kings,  
 Yet feines to walke the steps of our deare Lord,  
 Thou that dost make a cloake of holy things  
 To hide thy shame, and leau'st the sacred word,  
 To oppose the Lords anointed with the sword :  
 Is this the path that th'holy one did passe ?  
 When he to *Cesar* gaue, what *Casars* was.

How canst thou wash thy hands of these foule crimes,  
 When thou didst make this kingdomes crowne my shame ?  
 Let not posteritie in future times,  
 Impute this fact to Englands *Iohn* for blame,  
 That Rome did force him stoope to such defame :  
 Since mine owne friends with all the world did frowne,  
 Before proud Rome could cause me yeeld my crowne.

See on the seas where France her way doth take,  
 To plucke me from my throne by force of hand :  
 See how my faithlesse Barons me forsake,  
 And rather readie be themselues to band  
 Against their Prince, then in his quarrell stand :  
 Yea see my household folke do me forgoe,  
 And lift vp rebell hands to helpe my foe.

The stiffe-neckt Priests the subiect to excite  
 Against his King, a prophet did procure,  
 Who by the skill of his propheticke sight,  
 Of peace to come the people should assure,  
 And that as King I should not long endure :  
 To which th'unconstant people credit gaue,  
 Whose minds in State do alterations craue.

In this distresse, in vaine I strue to stand  
 Against th'approching shame which I lament,  
 Besieged round with feare on euery hand,  
 Not knowing how such mischief to preuent,  
*Pandulph* the Legate comes from *Innocent*,  
 To know if yet th'effects of his proud frowne,  
 Had in such dangers brought my stomack downe.

O vnkind England now behold and see  
 Thy wronged King forlorne, and forc'd by feare  
 To yeeld his crowne vpon his bended knee.  
 O deepe disgrace, that any Prince can beare,  
 O that such pride in Prelates euer were:  
*Pandulph* in signe that I my sinnes repent,  
 Receiues my crowne giu'n vp to *Innocent*.

Remitting former faults with gracious doome,  
 And hauing kept my crowne for fise daies space,  
 As made contributorie vnto Rome,  
 The same againe he on my head did place,  
 And with my former title did me grace:  
 To the French King likewise with speed he went,  
 Charging him leaue his course for England bent.

But he in hope the Diademe to gaine,  
 Would not desist: but with a nauie came  
 Of twice foure hundred ships vpon the maine;  
 Whose powers t'oppose, proud *Pandulph* did proclame,  
 That all men should in *Innocentius* name  
 Lift vp their hands t'auert those threatned harmes,  
 Whereby the shores were stufte with men of armes.

Fise hundred saile well man'd against the foes,  
 I launcht into the seas with them to fight;  
 And for the Generall of the fight I chose  
 My bastard brother, *William Longspath* hight,  
 Of those our troublous times the brauest Knight,  
 Who at this time his valiancie did show,  
 In this sea-fight against th'invading foe.

Gainst whom they fought with such successfull hands,  
 That on our side the conquest did remaine :  
*Philip* disgrac'd with his dismembred bands,  
 Vnto his home returned backe againe,  
 There to recure the losse he did sustaine :  
     While I in vaine do seeke to heale my State,  
     All rent and torne by mutinous debate.

Out of the ruines of my countries woe,  
 What I to raise did carefull hands applie,  
 My rebell Barons downe againe did throw;  
 To take aduantage, while my miserie  
 Is yet but fresh, they me in field desie,  
     For that to their demands I gaue no care,  
     Which to mine honor preiudiciall were.

By friends forlorne, they forced me by might  
 To yeeld to them, to my disgrace and shame :  
 The thought of which, and of that great despight  
 Done by *Romes Innocent*, did so inflame  
 My heart with furie, that I did exclaime  
     Vpon my fates that did my daies prolong,  
     In which I was ordain'd to indure such wrong.

Of mine owne seruants left all desolate,  
 But seuen in number did with me remaine,  
 Pursu'd by most disloyall peoples hate;  
 Oft with meane food my life I did sustaine,  
 Left they by poyson should procure my bane :  
     And for my safetie with those few approued,  
     In strange disguise I to and fro remoued.

In this distresse into the Ile of Wight  
 My selfe in secret wise I did conuey,  
 Where while I did remaine, in my despight  
 Each slaue, whose heart my name could once affray,  
 With barbarous taunts vpon the same did play :  
     Some call'd me fisherman, some rousing thiefe,  
     That fled the land, at seas to find reliefe.



Such wrongs with patience I did seeme to beare,  
 Dissembling wrath in my reuengefull mind,  
 To such reports I seem'd to giue no eare:  
 But still did lie, as vnto peace inclin'd,  
 Till I fit opportunitie did find:

For in the end when I return'd againe,  
 For such contempt they paid me double paine.

Receiuing aid from friends beyond the seas,  
 Like to a tempest stooping downe from heau'n,  
 With spoilefull hands my kingdome I did sease,  
 All in my furie were to slaughter giuen,  
 My Barons into flight with terror driuen;  
 Fled from my face, and sought their heads to hide  
 For their misdeeds, in field none durst abide.

They all vnable to withstand my might,  
 Not with submission milde did mercie craue:  
 To do to me and mine the more despight,  
 To France they sent, desiring for to haue  
 Prince *Lewis* to their King, to whom they gaue  
 Their promise to aduance him to the crowne,  
 And as a tyrant King to cast me downe.

King *Philip* softning malice in his mind,  
 And gainst me such aduantage hauing found,  
 Though no pretence of title he could find,  
 Whereon his purpos'd enterprize to ground:  
 Yet stretcht he out his arme our State to wound,  
 And take from me and my posteritie,  
 Our diademe and Kingly royaltie.

For his proud sonne Prince *Lewis* he did send,  
 With many a troope and many a warlike band,  
 Whose wisht accessse my Barons did attend,  
 With all their troopes vpon the Kentish strand,  
 Where with his host French *Lewis* first tooke land;  
 Whence with those traytors he to London went,  
 Which in this treason did with them consent.

Then did begin my former miserie,  
 For those, in whom chiefe trust I did repose,  
 Those stranger souldiers all from me did flie,  
 Except some few, that did lament my woes,  
 And Douer castle kept against my foes,  
     Vnto whose trust I did the same betake,  
     All other seeming friends did me forsake.

But see the iudgement of almightie Ioue,  
 On the disloyall people of this land :  
 The conquering French, whose nature is to proue,  
 Insulting ouer whom they beare command,  
 Now being Lords of all, with heauie hand  
     The English people did begin to oppresse,  
     Who could not helpe themselues in this distresse.

Thus did the King of heau'n iust vengeance take  
 On them, for their vniust disloyaltie :  
 My part he did not vtterly forsake,  
 But in the end did force my foes to flie,  
 And leaue the crowne to my posteritie ;  
     For he did chuse out one amongst the foe,  
     To be our enemies chiefe ouerthrow.

There was a noble minded man of France,  
 Vicount of Melun, and a French man borne,  
 Who falling sicke did waile the sad mischance  
 Of th'English, iustly made false Fortunes scorne,  
 That thus had left their King to liue forlorne :  
     Yea with remorse his conscience it did sting,  
     To see the subiect so oppresse the King.

When death in him began his due to take,  
 He for my nobles secretly did send,  
 To whom with fainting voice these words he spake :  
 My friends, quoth he, vnto my words attend,  
 Which shall ere long for euermore haue end ;  
     Attend I say, conscience bids me impart  
     The things that now lie heauie on my hart.

Woe to the wretched people of this land,  
Which do their Soueraigne Lord and King forsake :  
Woe to your selues, that for your King should stand,  
Of whom a scorne vnto the world ye make;  
And woe vnto your children for your sake :  
Yea woe to England euermore shall be,  
Vnlesse with speed ye seeke some remedie.

*Lewis* our Prince of late hath deeply sworne,  
And with him sixteene Earles and Barons more,  
That ye, that now haue left your King forlorne,  
Shall die the death, or else exil'd deplore  
Your case in forren parts for euermore :  
Then let each Peere with speed draw forth his sword,  
To helpe himselve and his distressed Lord.

If conscience cause me to bemoane the chance  
Of this so braue a King, which ye possesse,  
To whom I am a stranger borne in France ;  
Yea once his foe, though now as ye may gesse,  
I as a friend bewaile his sad distresse;  
How then should ye that are his Liegemen borne,  
For this his sad mishap with sorow mourne ?

Assist him then as dutie doth you bind,  
Pitie your selues and your posteritie :  
And keepe what I haue spoken in your mind,  
Of which no more to you I can descrie;  
For now my heart doth faile and I must die.

*Adieu pourtant, Adieu à chascun amy.*

*Adieu ie dis ma vie ce fini.*

My Peeres forewarned of such treacherie,  
And with remorse viewing their natiue lands  
Betrai'd to spoile by their disloyaltie,  
Did cast in mind how they with helping hands  
Might best restore themselues from captiue bands ;  
And hoping now my grace againe to win,  
From *Lewis* to decline they did begin.

Vpon



Vpon th'insulting French to powre my spleene,  
 Throughout my kingdomes bounds I did proclaime,  
 That all my subiects that had wronged been  
 By forren foes, if vnto me they came  
 With minds for fight, I would reuenge the same :  
 Whereby with speed came many a worthie wight  
 Vnder my standard gainst the French to fight.

Like raging storme blowne out of *Boreas* mouth,  
 With violent furie I did force my way,  
 From East to West, from North vnto the South  
 Destroying all things, that before vs lay ;  
 Which did our aduersaries so dismay,  
 That none durst stand t'oppose vs in the field,  
 But readie way vnto our will did yeeld.

Had proud Prince *Lewis* met with me in fight,  
 Our quarrell by the dint of sword to trie,  
 Soone should I haue obtain'd my kingdomes right,  
 And made th'vsurping Prince from hence to flie,  
 Who did support my Peeres disloyaltie :  
 But treason stretched out her deadly hand,  
 Who twixt the French and my reuenge did stand.

In Swinsted Abbie witnesse of my wrong,  
 A Monke there was, the worker of my bane,  
 Who heard me vow that if I liued long,  
 Through England I would raise the price of graine,  
 To plague my subiects for their proud disdaine :  
 Which was the cause, as fates did first decree,  
 For which this villan Monke did poyson mee.

To vent the poisoned thoughts of his false brest,  
 Loe all alone in dead time of the night,  
 When euery one had laid him downe to rest,  
 When aire was husht, when from the welkin bright  
 The golden stars did cast a glimmering light,  
 He forth did walke into a garden by,  
 For to effect his wicked treacherie.

There

There as this villan wandred to and fro,  
To find some weed that had the power t'expell  
The vitall spirit, or any aduerse foe  
To humane life, some kind of serpent fell,  
Or any thing that did with poyson swell:  
At last an vglie toad he haplesse found,  
Big swolne with poyson crawling on the ground:

With which full glad he did returne againe,  
And to his chamber secretly did goe,  
Where with his pen-knife he did pricke and paine  
The lothsome toade, from whom the blood did floe,  
By which the wicked Monke did worke my woe:  
For poison which the toade did vomit vp,  
With wine he mixed in a fatall cup.

With which to me he came, and thus he spake,  
(My Liege) said he, a cup of wine I bring,  
Of which if that your Grace a taste will take,  
It will abate the edge of sorowes sting,  
Which deeply seemes to wound my griued King;  
With it to Englands health I will begin,  
Whose woes for euermore be drown'd herein.

Thus did this villan drinke, and dranke his last,  
And after vnto me the cup he gaue,  
Of which misdeeming nought, I straight did taste,  
Which done, not all the world my life could saue,  
So deadly was it tempered by the slaue;  
Th'effects whereof before my death were knowne,  
Which came to passe immediatly thereon.

For when the raging venome had disspread  
It selfe throughout my bodie by the veines,  
My blood did boile; my heart began to dread,  
My bodie swell'd, and when no hope remains  
Of any helpe to remedie such paines:  
I for the Monke did call to haue his head,  
But one did answere make, that he was dead.

Then

Then God (quoth I) haue mercie on my soule,  
 For of this wretched world no man am I,  
 Seeing nothing may this venoms force controule:  
 For sensiblie I feele how it doth lie  
 Vpon my woefull heart, and I must die:  
 Wherefore my sonne fetch hither vnto mee,  
 That I before I die his face may see.

The child being brought, for then he was a child,  
 To him I thus did speake with weeping eie:  
 My sonne (quoth I) on whom my hopes I build;  
 Come neere to me, where heere in paine I lie,  
 Come neere and haue my blessing ere I die,  
 Nought else to thee is left for me to leaue,  
 Since of my crowne my foes do me bereaue.

Wherefore ye heau'ns who do behold my woes,  
 Now at my death giue eare vnto my prayer,  
 Protect this child of mine from all his foes:  
 And for your mercies sake this infant spare,  
 Whose tender age doth want your tender care;  
 Else will that roring Lion *Lewis* kill  
 This litle lambe, though he hath done none ill.

And thou (my litle sonne) take heed by me,  
 That thou thy Peeres and peoples loue procure,  
 Contend not thou with thy nobilitie;  
 So shall thy State and kingdome long endure,  
 And thou from forren foes liue safe and sure:  
 For my false subiects vnderfuerd hate  
 Did worke my woe, which I repent too late.

(Renowned *Pembroke*) thou hast left my foe,  
 Be thou Protector to this pretie boy,  
 And for the fathers sake thy fauour show:  
 When I am gone do thou thy strength employ  
 Against all those that seeke this childs annoy.  
 And ye my other Peeres, who once haue ben  
 My foes, proue now true hearted noble men.

Redeeme



Redeeme your countrey from that captiue woe,  
Which from the roote of ciuill discord grew :  
Ioyne hearts and hands against the common foe ;  
Forget old wrongs, vnto the Prince proue true.  
Farewell, my daies be done, I die, adew.

Thus after twice nine yeares of rule in State,  
I lost both life and rule by timelesse fate.

Behold the last effects of *Henries* curse  
On his last sonne, for his rebellious pride :  
Let Princes learne, that where debate, the nurse  
Of discord, doth the Prince and Peeres diuide,  
Nought but destruction can that State betide :  
Of which let that sad time of my short reigne,  
A Mirrour vnto future time remaine.

# THE WOFVLL LIFE AND DEATH OF KING EDWARD the second.



**W**Riters (quoth *Memorie*) were much to blame  
Of Iohn, that noble Prince, to speake such shame;  
But little credit vnto them we giue,  
Since they were foes to him, when he did liue.  
His first sonne Henrie, third of that same name,  
Did him succeed, and with his sword did tame  
That French Prince Lewis, whom he forc'd by might  
To leaue this kingdome, due to him of right.  
Edward his sonne, the first that bore that name  
Since Williams conquest made, whose noble fame  
Shall neuer die, did in the throne succeed,  
And in his daies wrought many a worthie deed:  
Yet neither of these Princes both did feele  
Th'inconstant course of Fortunes froward wheele;  
That Edward of Carnaruan, third from Iohn,  
Is next in course, whom we must stay vpon;  
He in the first spring of his fatall raigne  
Recals the banisht Gaucston againe,  
Exil'd before by his renowned Sire,  
At whose proud taunts the Peeres being set on fire,  
Do quench it with his blood: the angrie King  
Vowes his reuenge, the valiant Breuce doth bring  
His powers into the field, and in the fight  
At Banokesborne turnes th' English into flight:

Heare

Heau'n, dearth, and death foretels the sad euent,  
Which did ensue vpon the river Trent.  
The Queene is sent to France the peacet haue mou'd,  
Proues false, returnes againe with her belou'd;  
Arriues in armes, gainst whom the King craues aid,  
Who left forlorne, and at the last betrai'd,  
Imprison'd, and enforc'd by parliament,  
Vnto his sonne resignes the gouernment:  
On him depos'd, more mischief to inferre,  
His Queene, the Bishop, and her Mortimer,  
In darke enigma do conclude his death:  
And lest that he should seeme t' expire his breath,  
By violent hand a torment they deuise,  
By which the King in Bercklie castle dies:  
Of which that we th' vndoubted truth may haue,  
Let Fame call vp his wronged ghost from graue.

Another Argument.

Fame summons vp the King: in brieft he shoves  
How Queene, Peeres, people, all did him depose.



**T**hat subtill serpent, seruile flatterie,  
Seldome infects the meaner man, that feares  
No change of State through Fortunes treacherie;  
She spits her poison at the mightiest Peeres,  
And with her charmes inchantes the Princes eares:  
In sweetest wood the worme doth soonest breed,  
The Caterpillar on best buds doth feed.

If



704 *King Edward the second.*

If flie dissimulation credit winne  
 With any Prince, that sits on highest throne,  
 With honied poyson of soure sugred sinne,  
 It causeth him turne tyrant to his owne,  
 And to his State workes swift confusion,  
 About his cedars top it high doth shoot,  
 And canker-like deuoures it to the root.

Of which that thou a perfect Mirrour haue,  
 The wronged ghost of that deposed King,  
 Carnarvans *Edward* hath forgone his graue,  
 Who doth with him such dolefull tidings bring,  
 That yet thy Muse the like did neuer sing:  
 Those sad mishaps which she before did show,  
 Compar'd to mine are counterfeits of woe.

To strengthen her complaint before she sing,  
 And drowne her griued thoughts in depth of woe:  
 (Yee mured ghosts, that vnder nights black wing,  
 In vncouth paths doe wander to and fro,  
 And oft in sighfull groanes your grieve do show)  
 Haste vnto vs, and hauing heard our wrong,  
 Help with your shrieks to make a mournful song.

The quill of some sad Turtles wing applie  
 That mourn'd so long, till grieve did strike her dead;  
 Blood be thy incke, which when it waxeth drie,  
 Moistn with teares; and when all thine are shed,  
 From euery eye, that haps these lines to reade,  
 Let euery verse compos'd, such sad sound beare,  
 That for each word it may enforce a teare.

(Sorrow, Distresse, and all that can be found,  
 Which once did helpe me waile my woefull smart,  
 When farall *Bercklys* buildings did resound  
 The echoing complaints of my poore hart)  
 Grant your accesse, and helpe to beare a part,  
 That our sad Muse more ruthfully may sing,  
 The storie of a dead deposed King.

Itell of honie-soothing parasites,  
Of stubborne Peeres, who louing sterne debate,  
Did boldly braue me in two bloodie fights,  
Of a proud Prelates plots, of peoples hate,  
Of the sad ruine of a royall State;  
And of a Queene betrai'd to fond desire,  
Who too too cruell did my death conspire.

To the first *Edward*, since the Normans name  
Grew famous for their crown'd-grac'd victorie,  
The fourth of six of his faire sonnes I am,  
Mongst whom I was ordain'd by destinie,  
To sway the Scepter of this Emperie;  
Before my Kingly father left to liue,  
The first three borne to death his due did giue.

I did suruiue, the yongest of the foure;  
And did succeed my fire in royall chaire:  
But did not treade the path which he before  
Had with his vertuous foot-steps bearen faire;  
Birth binds not vertue to succeed in th'heire,  
Else why did I of such illustrate race,  
Obscure his vertuous deeds with my disgrace?

Had I but tract the steps of such a fire  
To perfect that great worke, which he begun,  
Had princely thoughts but mounted my desire  
T'assay like glorious deeds, which he had done,  
O what a prize of honor had I wonne!  
But discord sent from hell did ruine bring,  
Euen at that time, that I was crown'd a King.

As th'holy Priest with sanctified hand  
The precious vnguent on my head should powre,  
And as before the Altar I did stand,  
Discord the furie sent from that blacke shore  
By damned *Dis* where *Phlegeton* doth rore,  
Shapt like th'appointed Priest whose hallowed hand  
Should me annoint, by me vnknowne did stand:

A a a

Approching

706 *King Edward the second.*

Approching nigh, the venome she did shed  
Of sad *Cocytus* poole, which she did bring  
In her blacke viall on my haplesse head,  
Whose banefull fauour borne on furies wing,  
Did not alone infect th'anointed King;  
But round diffus'd, as sent from Peere to Peere,  
Did poyson those high bloods that present were.

The ranke contagion of this foule disease,  
With raving looke the mightiest in the State,  
Whose desperate rage with remedie t'appease,  
Warre rouz'd himselfe at home, who had of late  
Slept in the bosome of pernicious hate;  
And did incite them in pretence of good,  
With their owne swords to let their bodies blood.

I most remorselesse of that impious age,  
That did not only then deny your aide  
To your deare countrie, when with barbarous rage  
The bordering foes her bosome did inuade,  
And in her wombe such ghastly wounds had made,  
But as a nation borne of vipers brood,  
O shame to tell, did daily sucke her blood.

Great Queene of sea-siedg'd Iles, what canst thou show  
Of that good hap, when *Edward* thy late King  
Did safely bulwarke thee against thy foe?  
Thy *Edward* now doth with his minions sing,  
While thou thy hands in wretchednesse dost wring:  
And *Brewse* doth mangle thee with many a scarre,  
While thy proud Peeres prepare for ciuill warre.

In our discourse, that we a method haue  
Of euery action, let vs briefely tell  
In his due place, which time and order gaue:  
And that we may first know those causes well,  
From whence these sad effects produc'd befell,  
In the respectiue scope of this our storie,  
Let vs looke backe to *Edwards* daies of glorie.



*King Edward the second.* 707

In the fresh blossome of my youthfull spring,  
Sucking the sugered poison of delight,  
Euen then when with strict hand the carefull King  
Kept backe my youth, I on the baites did bite  
Of *Gameston*, that soothing Parasite:  
A young Esquire of Gascoyne in faire feature,  
Shapt like an Angell; but of euill nature.

My royall father, who with iudgements cie  
Could sound the depth of things, perceiuing well  
How follie did by him her charmes applie,  
T'inchaut my youth; such mischiese to repell,  
Did him exile, left by the powerfull spell  
Of his allurements drawne from all renowne,  
I should be made ynworthie of a crowne.

(O prudent Prince!) the depth of that decree  
Which heau'n did purpose by my *Gameston*,  
Too secret was for humane sense to see,  
Who did ordaine, that exil'd Minion  
To ruine *Edward* and thy royall throne;  
For though an exile he did then depart,  
Yet with him went thy wanton *Edwards* heart.

Too late it was that obiect to remoue,  
To whom in Fancies cup I long before  
Had quaff'd so deepe, that surfetting with loue,  
Heart-sicke I was till time did him restore,  
And set him once againe on Englands shore;  
Forgetfull of my faith to *Edward* dead,  
Not to reuoke, whom he had banished.

His bones were yet scarce cold, his royall throne  
Scarce warme beneath me was, when in the same  
I did embrace my deare, lou'd *Gameston*,  
Who as infected with contagious shame  
Of some corrupted place, from whence he came,  
Throughout the land in little space did spread,  
That soule disease which our destruction bread.

In Court the leprous spots of his delights  
 Vnto the Palace wals so fast do cleaue,  
 That from my presence all the noblest wights  
 Withdraw themselues, and in their roomes do leaue  
 Those vp-starts base, who them of grace bereaue;  
 No man is held to be the Kings true friend,  
 But he that doth his *Gaueston* commend.

His lips were made the oracles, from whence  
 I tooke aduice, he in the counsell sits,  
 Graue States as enemies are banisht thence,  
 The shallow-brain'd yong giddie-headed wits,  
 Our wanton humour with best counsell fits,  
 The sage instructions of the wisemans mouth,  
 Do sound harsh musike in the eares of youth.

This was the spring, from whence at first did flow  
 Those streames of strife, which rising like a flood  
 Do ouerwhelme my State in waues of woe,  
 Which threat confusion to the common good,  
 Which first in death do coole my Barons blood;  
 And which yet swelling higher, lastly bring  
 A violent downefall to a royall King.

My *Gaueston* in maiesties great armes  
 Being safely hug'd, no change of fortune feares:  
 He wantons with the King, soothes his owne harmes,  
 He playes the Buffons part, he flouts and ieers  
 The courtly actions of the honor'd Peeres;  
 The great in counsell and the noble borne,  
 Are made the subiect of his hatefull scorne.

Sterne wrath to let loose rage, steps vp from hell;  
 Conducts my Peeres from court vnto the campe,  
 She claps her hands and with a countnance fell,  
 Gnashing her teeth doth fiercely raue and rampe,  
 And with her feet vpon the ground doth stampe:  
 Then whets them to reuenge in their rash mood,  
 Whose furious thirst must be allaid with blood.

Twice was my minion as an exile sent  
To forren shores, their furie to restraine,  
And twice againe reuokte with their assent,  
Who now no longer able to refraine,  
Prouokte with daily wrongs of his disdaine,  
He being betrai'd, for vengeance all do call,  
On Gauers heath where *Gaueston* did fall.

They wreake their vengeance in his reeking blood,  
My sighes they laugh to scorne, while I lament,  
With faire pretence to further common good  
They vnderprop their cause, and to preuent  
The mischiefe, that may grow from discontent,  
To tracke me step by step in euery thing,  
Whom they do please, they place about their King.

Feeding on griefe for *Gaueston* deceast,  
And blushing at such wrong done to my State,  
Reuenge doth burne in my distempred brest,  
Anger takes hands with griefe, all ioyne with hate,  
And to the Peeres threaten pernicious fate,  
Who, lest time weaken rage then too too strong,  
Do giue it strength by adding daily wrong.

In this dissension, while on euery hand,  
We for our owne destruction do prepare,  
Newes from the North giues vs to vnderstand,  
How valiant *Brewse* in his succesfull warre  
Against our powers doth prosperously fare,  
Recouering that from vs againe, with more,  
Which our dread fire had kept from him before.

Beyond the bounds of his owne natiue soile,  
He proudly breakes vpon our bordering coast,  
None seekes t'oppose, he makes no faint recoile;  
The spoile and riches of whole countries lost  
Can hardly bound the furie of his host,  
Neuer did bordering foe inuade so far,  
Or wound our Kingdome with a greater scar.



710 *King Edward the second.*

Tempestuous tidings borne on *Boreas* breath  
 Cooles the hot vengeance of a wrathfull King,  
 And for a while delaies prepared death  
 For his proud Peeres, feare from the North on wing  
 Comes flying fast, and 'bout our eares doth ring,  
 Bidding vs haste, and powre our vengeance forth  
 Vpon our foes, that brau'd vs in the North.

Mustering vp troopes of foot-men for the field,  
 To passe in person for this great affaire,  
 My hopes on number I do vainly build:  
 Our thoughts made aduerse by the former iar,  
 Prepare vs mischief in the following war;  
 Disioyn'd in heart, yet ioyn'd in ranke we goe,  
 To giue a famous conquest to the foe.

Stout *Brewse* renownes his sword with *Edwards* flight,  
 Striuling, whose siege our rescue crau'd, can tell  
 Englands misfortune in that haplesse fight;  
 And Banokesborne, who 'boue her bounds did swell  
 With bodies dead, that in that battell fell,  
 About the bordering brookes hath won a name  
 Fam'd for this field thus fought vpon the same.

O noble nation, t'whom true fame hath giuen  
 A glorious name for deeds accomplished,  
 Equall with any peoples vnder heau'n,  
 Be not dismay'd, 'twas I, 't was I, that led  
 To such mishap, on whose unhappie head  
 Heau'n neuer sinil'd, but with sterne lookes still frown'd,  
 Till wearied with mishaps, I was vncrown'd.

O had I perisht by the sword of *Brewse*,  
 And had not been reseru'd to future daies,  
 To see my Peeres with treason take a truce,  
 And with their swords by all vniust assaies,  
 Attempt to hew downe him, whom heau'n did raise:  
 I had been blest, and had not liu'd to rue  
 The woes yet worse, which after did ensue.

Th'inueterate wounds of wrong infixt so deepe,  
Against my Barons in my swolne heart,  
With drops of blood now made afresh to weepe,  
That I from *Brewse* should thus with shame depart,  
Did so augment my minds impatient smart,  
That by my Peeres mine ire now new stirr'd vp,  
I with their blood quencht in *Bellonaes* cup.

What they do plot is by my powre controul'd,  
What I intend, vnreuerently they crosse;  
What they do wish, I will not; what I would,  
They do gain-say, though to a publike losse;  
Thus vpon mischiefes racket do we tosse  
The common good, till bandied by vs all  
Into confusions hazard it do fall.

Both heau'n and earth, as if in mourning clad,  
They did bewaile, what they could not preuent,  
When on our selues, our selues no pittie had,  
Denide those comforts in due season sent,  
Which to this nation they before had lent:  
As with their anger they would vs recall  
From running headlong, where we needs must fall.

Towards th' Articke side of heau'n ore Albions rocks,  
A blazing meteor stood in th' vpper aire,  
Which with grim looke shaking his dreadfull locks,  
Bids earth be barren, and the world despaire;  
Then cals the furies with the snakie haire,  
To execute that vengeance to succeed,  
Which fates for wretched England had decreed.

Famine, forerunner to deuouring death,  
Haunts euery coast, where food is to be found,  
The fruits are blasted by her banefull breath,  
She makes the clouds to drop, till that be drown'd,  
Which plenties hand had hidden in the ground;  
Then doth she ransacke both the rich and poore,  
Deuouring all, till she can find no more.

712 *King Edward the second.*

If euer pitie moue a stonie eie,  
 Let her present our age for map of woe,  
 There see for food, how little infants crie,  
 Whom, parents wanting, what they would bestow,  
 With griefe are either forced to forgo,  
 Or else with weeping woe to sit them by,  
 Till faint for food before their face they die.

The spouse, that wants to feed her fruitfull wombe,  
 Burying the babe, that neuer came from graue,  
 Cries in her Deares deare armes for death to come,  
 Who mad with sorrow and in hope to haue  
 That left of death, which loue desires to saue :  
 A horrid thing to tell, to saue his owne,  
 Steales others children for to feed vpon.

When leane-fac'd famine, who with furious thirst  
 Coasting the countrie, through the land had run,  
 Began to breath as hauing done their worst,  
 That other furie pestilence begun  
 To finish that, which they had left vndone,  
 Who'boue our heads in the infected aire,  
 Her poysned shafts for battaile did prepare.

Her angrie arrowes euery way do flie,  
 Thoufands on either hand in death do fall;  
 But happie they in blessed peace to die,  
 Not left with vs to liue, when death did call,  
 To see blood-thirstie warre the worst of all :  
 That vniuersall flood of woes powre downe  
 In seas of blood, this wretched land to drowne.

In midst of these extreames with griefe cast downe,  
 The measure of our miserie to fill,  
 My stubborne Peers take armes and proudly frowne,  
 Threatning in rage that little left to spill,  
 If basely I submit not to their will;  
 And exile those, whom they themselues did place  
 In stead of *Ganeston* attend our Grace.

He



He that in bosome of a Prince doth dwell,  
And by endeuour seekes to gaine his grace,  
Though for his seruice he deserue it well;  
Yet as the Deere pursu'd from place to place,  
The enuious dog will haue him still in chase;  
Danger in chiefeft safetie it doth bring,  
To seeme to be familiar with a King.

*Spenser*, the man, on whom at first I frown'd,  
Whom they prefer'd, my *Gameston* being dead,  
Was he, whom they pretend to be the ground  
Of all their grieffe, gainst him they now made head,  
He was of vs too highly fauoured:  
Him must we banish, so they thinke it fit,  
If on our throne in safetie we will sit.

*William de Brewse* in selling *Gowers* land  
To yonger *Spenser* from the other Peeres,  
Who would haue bought the same at *Brewses* hand,  
First blew the coles, whence now that flame appears,  
Which had been hid in anger many yeares:  
This is the cause of their conceiued ire,  
For this in armes gainst me they do conspire.

Disloyall *Lancaster*, that did conduct  
The rebels to the field by letters sent,  
With termes vnfit his Soueraigne will instruct,  
Assigning daies, within whose termament,  
I should reforme such things in gouernment,  
Which he mislikes, thus adding to that fire,  
Which did at length consume him in our ire.

This fire yet burning in our royall brest,  
The Queene doth with complaint her wrongs prefer,  
That in her progresse after long vnrest,  
Our late false Steward Lord *Badelismere*,  
Confederate with rebellious *Lancaster*,  
Vnkindly had deni'd in my despight;  
Her lodging in Leeds castle for a night.

To

To make our furie in reuenge more strong,  
 Letters from Scotland intercepted were,  
 Which touch vs neerer then all former wrong,  
 In number six; the one of which did beare  
 The armes of *Dowglas*, sent to *Lancaster*,  
 In which the *Dowglas* to conceale his name,  
 Vnto King *Arthur* doth direct the same.

Prouokt to vengeance for such treacherous spight,  
 From London with our royall powres we pait,  
 Whose stomackes fill'd with furie for the fight,  
 I vrged forward with the vtmost haft,  
 To lay the Manours and the Lordships wast  
 Of our proud Barons, promising for pray  
 All that was theirs, that came within their way.

Newes of th'vnnaturall deeds which they enact  
 Vpon the loyall people of our land,  
 Hasten vs forward with such speed exact,  
 That ere the *Mortimers*, who both did band  
 Themselues with *Lancaster*, did vnderstand  
 Of our approach, our royall armed traine,  
 At Shrewsburie did front them on the plaine.

Far from confederates amaz'd with wonder  
 At our approach, both daunted to behold  
 Our frownes of lightning, and our threats of thunder,  
 Hang downe their heads, scarce daring be so bold  
 As looke on vs, their fainting hearts wax cold,  
 And on their knees they fall, in hope to stay  
 Our angrie doome, that threatned their decay.

Yeelding to fate by force of destinie,  
 Whose foreappointing prouidence hath power  
 In euery thing t'enforce necessitie,  
 We grant them life, reseruing in the tower  
 That *Mortimer* at London for that hower,  
 In which by destiny it was set downe,  
 That that false Lord should ruine my renowne.

Marching

Marching more northward from the Cambrian coast,  
While vengefull breath the fire of furie fans,  
After such good successe to bring our host  
To Pomfret, which gainst vs our Barons mans :  
At last we lite like flockes of snow-white swans  
Fast by the weeping Eye, which runneth downe  
Into the Trent by little Caldwels towne.

There first did Needwoods-echoing forrest tell  
The stubborne Barons of our whole intent,  
There first they seeke our forces to repell,  
When with their powers our passage to preuent,  
Intended ore the bosome of the Trent,  
They interrupt our purpose with proud braues,  
On Burton bridge ore fishie Trents blacke waues.

The riuers watrie wombe did proudly swell,  
As if it had turn'd rebell with the foes,  
Or as if louing either armie well,  
It would preuent poore England of the woes  
Which must ensue, if both parts came to bloes :  
Her waters rose beyond their wonted bounds,  
And for three daies deferr'd vnnaturall wounds.

*Aquarius* with the foot-bands manly fought  
Gainst those, that on the bridge at Burton stood,  
While with our troopes vnseene we cast about  
Vnder the couert of a leauiue wood,  
Distant three miles from thence, where ore the flood  
Th' whole host did passe by shallowes lately found,  
To meete the Barons vpon equall ground.

The deadly drum doth tell the foes from far  
The fatall march of their approaching King :  
Who seeing their weaknesse to sustaine the war  
Gainst such a powre, which with vs we do bring,  
They turne their backes, swift feare their feet doth wing ;  
Yet stubborne men still to prouoke our ire,  
Before they flie, they set the towne on fire.

Horrou



716 *King Edward the second.*

Horror pursues them euery way they flie,  
 Repentance comes too late to calme our frowne,  
 All former wrongs afresh for vengeance crie,  
 They, that did whilome wish them all renowe,  
 By aduerse Fortune being thus cast downe,  
 Lift vp their hands, yet lower to suppress them,  
 All friends turne foes in pursuite to distresse them.

At Burrough bridge in their vnluckie flight,  
 Where for th'encounter death did readie stand,  
 They were enforc'd in most vnequall fight,  
 For loued life to vse defensue hand  
 Against the stubborne bands of Cumberland:  
 Led by stout *Herckley*, who with bold assay  
 Of his drawne sword began a bloodie day.

In mutuall slaughter, both the hosts do stand,  
 Earth trembling shakes beneath their trampling feet,  
 The singing shafts thicke loos'd on euery hand,  
 Flie to and fro, then hand to hand they meet,  
 And wound for wound each doth the other greet,  
 While ouer head the heau'ns remorsefull stood  
 Dropping downe teares to see their sides drop blood.

Valiant *Bohune*, Herfords vndanted Lord,  
 That stood in fight by foes besieged round,  
 His heart not female made to flie as skar'd,  
 Neuer gaue backe, but brauely kept his ground,  
 Till life gaue backe from that same deadly wound,  
 Giu'n by a stout Welch Britaine, that did stand  
 Beneath the bridge with fatall speare in hand.

This lucklesse chance so terrifi'd the foe,  
 And gaue such strength vnto the Northerne bands,  
 That th'aduerse part their backs began to show,  
*Clifford*, though wounded with a shaft, yet stands  
 With *Lancaster* in fight, till on all hands,  
 Opprest with multitude, themselues they yeeld  
 To conquering *Herckley* victour of the field.

Thus

Thus haucie *Lancaster*, that did not feare  
To tempt his Soueraignes peace with periur'd hate,  
Who in the morning was the mightiest Peere  
That 'gainst his Prince did euer moue debate,  
By night was made the meanest in the State.  
In right or wrong, who euer lifts his hand  
Against his Prince, his cause doth seldome stand.

Not he alone made forfeit of his head,  
Who in this proud rebellion led the ring,  
The fatall axe strooke many others dead,  
Hewing downe all, that had conspir'd to bring  
Their powers for fight against their lawfull King.  
Twice eight great Barons and as many Knights  
In death paid paines for wrong t'our kingly rites.

O age infortunate, when subiects pride  
Did force their Soueraigne to such deeds of woe,  
That when all men had laid remorse aside,  
The Sunne in heau'n his griefe in shame to show  
Six houres with blood-red cheeks on th'earth below,  
Did blush to see her soile drinke vp their blood,  
Who liuing oft in her defence had stood.

Imprudent Prince, since rage did lift thy hand  
To lop the pillars of thy kingdome downe,  
On whose supportfull powers thy State should stand;  
Looke for a ruthlesse ruine of thy crowne,  
Looke helpelesse now in wretchednesse to drowne:  
The dance vnto destruction they haue led,  
And the same footing I the King must tread.

When th'hand of *Ioue* the mightie men shall take  
From any State, for their rebellious pride,,  
By such foresigne this vse we well may make,  
Some after-storme of vengeance will betide  
That haplesse land, who euer it doth guide.  
The sad effusion of the noble blood,  
Portends confusion to the common good.

With

With dolefull pen I could bewaile their woe,  
 Whose wofull wants did after proue me weake;  
 But far more horrid things we are to shew,  
 To those blacke deeds, of which we now must speake:  
 They before spoken did that ice but breake,  
     At which we falling in did helpelesse drowne,  
     Once fallen, all do helpe to keepe vs downe.

Not *Herkleyes* treason plotted in that truce,  
 Which for advancement most ambitious man,  
 He did intend t'our aduersarie *Brewece*;  
 Nor the new troubles, which *Valoys* began  
 In our dominions *Guien* and *Aquitaine*,  
     Shall be the subiect of our sadder verse;  
     Matter of more importance we rehearse.

O *Isabel* my Queene, my vnkind Queene,  
 Thy shame must be the subiect of our song,  
 Had not the weaknesse of thy faith been seene,  
 When faithlesse thou wast led to do that wrong  
 To him that liu'd in loue with thee so long;  
     That royall blood in *Berklie* castle spilt,  
     Had now not stain'd our storie with thy guilt.

The scene of lust foreruns the act of blood,  
*Priapus* doth his lustfull breath inspire  
 Into the Queene, the Oceans waue flood  
 Cannot extinguish fancies burning fire,  
 Nor coole the scalding thirst of her desire;  
     With heate of lust her inward heart doth gloe,  
     T'imprisoned *Mortimer* my mortall foe.

Heere let not any take offensive spleene,  
 Or taxe these rimes, for that to light they bring  
 Th'incontinence of our disloyall Queene;  
 Nor thy Muse grieue this argument to sing,  
 Which is confirmed by the wronged King:  
     Foule is the fault, though nere so quaint the skill,  
     That conceales truth to lessen any ill.



*Wigmores* false *Mortimer*, (whose fatall name  
Vniuocall to him of all his line;  
Whether from feare of death we fetch the same,  
Or of the dead seas sinke we it define,  
The deeds of death t'ensue doth well diuine)  
Referued was by fate within the Tower,  
With time to turne the glasse of my last houre.

On him the Queene by loose affection led  
Did cast her fancie, burning in the flame  
Of priuie lust, which strong desier fed;  
And wanting her delight in wanton game,  
To coole her lust-burnt blood with dregs of shame,  
Did cast about how she might him release,  
That he might giue her loue-sicke passions ease.

It is not bands, nor walles, nor thousands spies  
That can the womans wicked will preuent;  
Let loue intreate, set shame before her eies,  
Let plighted faith, first virgin vow'd consent,  
And the wombes fruit that giues loue most content,  
Perswade with her; yet can they neuer stay  
Her wanton will, if she will go astray.

By sleepeie potion of effectuall power  
To charme the sense, whether by her conuey'd,  
Or by himselfe deuised in the Tower,  
*Segraue* the Constable was captiue made,  
With many more to senselesse sleepe betray'd,  
While *Mortimer* vnthought vpon escapes,  
And vnto France his prosperous iourney shapes.

Thus far did Fortune with my Queene conspire,  
And after this good hap to giue full ease  
Vnto the longing thirst of her desire,  
Tels her how France inuades beyond the seas,  
Which vp in armies she needs must go t'appease:  
When resolution hath prepar'd the will,  
It wants no helpes to further any ill.

Through

Through our neglect of homage to be made,  
 Constrain'd thereto by our home-bred debate,  
*Valoys* her brother did our lands inuade,  
 And through late wounds made in our mangled State,  
 In armes vnable to withstand his hate :

To treat with him of peace our *Queene* we sent,  
 In her vow'd faith being too too confident.

O powre diuine, what mortall wight hath wings  
 To soare the height of thy vnknowne decree?  
 Reason, that hath such power in search of things,  
 Proues then most blind, when most it seemes to see,  
 In vainly arguing of what must bee ;  
 When reason bids no danger to suspect,  
 Time hastens swift confusion in effect.

The *Queene* effecting that, for which she went,  
 With these conditions reunites the peace,  
 That to such couenants I should consent,  
*Aniou* and *Aquitaine* I should release  
 Vnto my sonne, my title should surcease :  
 And he to France as in times past 't had bin,  
 Should do his homage for his right therein.

Pleas'd in this peace, my selfe, or my yong sonne  
 Inioyn'd in person to confirme these things,  
 The *Spencers* both being into hatred run,  
 Not daring be from ynder my safe wings,  
 So absolute we thinke the power of Kings,  
 Perswade me heere to stay and send my sonne,  
 In hope thereby, what they did feare, to shun.

Thus all hands helping, *Isabel* againe  
 To forward that which she on foot had set,  
 I hauing past my title t' *Aquitaine*  
 Vnto the Prince my sonne, she sees no let,  
 But that more easly she the rest may get ;  
 So large a share cut from vs by her skill,  
 She hopes to haue the whole or want her will.

Hauing obtain'd in France what we require,  
She call'd vpon to make returne with speed,  
Protracts the time, and feasting her desire  
So long with *Mortimer*, that she doth need  
Excuse to warrant her presumptuous deed;  
Giues flat deniall to her Lords command,  
Not to returne except with force of hand.

Many, that wau'ring wish'd a change in State,  
And more, that on reuenge so long had fed  
For losse of friends, that fell in that debate  
Betwixt vs and our Barons, daily fled  
Vnto the Queene, whose heart being stricken dead,  
As wanting strength to manage her affaire,  
They do reuiue with powre by their repaire.

While in the French Court, yet vnfrown'd vpon  
By *Charles* her brother King, she did abide,  
Our Exceters true Bishop *Stapleton*,  
Ioyn'd in commission with her to decide  
The iar'twixt vs and France, now seeing her pride  
Burst out in plaine reuolt, returning ouer  
The seas from her, did all her drifts discouer.

Thus their close treason bare and naked made,  
As blushing at their open shame descride,  
To cloake the cause of their intent t' inuade,  
They vow no more to brooke the *Spencers* pride,  
Nor shall the Queene vniustly be denide  
The presence of the King, they all will die,  
Or order things that stand in State awrie.

King *Charles* her brother, while they thus deuise,  
Whether with our rich gifts or promise won,  
Or with respect to his owne royalties,  
Or that he would not be a looker on,  
While vnto maiestie such wrong was done;  
First wooes our Queene for peace, whom wilfull bent,  
He exiles France to frustrate her intent.



722 *King Edward the second.*

Who now would thinke that she should euer find  
A hopefull helpe her weaknesse to repaire?  
Bewitching beautie, O how dost thou blind  
The eyes of man! thy foule is deemed faire,  
Thy euill good, thy vice a vertue rare:  
In thy distresse although thy cause be wrong,  
Thou mou'st remorse and mak'st thy partie strong.

Those yonger bloods, *Arthois* and *Beaumont*,  
Without respect vnto her causes right,  
Those certaine helps to her do oft recount  
In *Heinault* to be found, if she excite  
The Earle thereof to pitie her sad plight;  
Which by a match pretended might be done,  
Betwixt his daughter and the Prince our sonne.

As they gaue counsell, so it came to passe,  
She t' *Heinault* goes with *Beaumont* for her guide,  
And with kind welcome entertained was.  
Where while *Heinault* and she with ioy prouide  
To make his daughter our yong *Edwards* bride,  
To England lets turne backe, and see at home  
How we prepare against the storme to come.

To stand vpon our guard against such harme,  
And backe our cause against inuading ill,  
All castles and strong holds with men we arme,  
The coasts are kept, beacons on euery hill  
Are set for spies; O had the ioynt good will  
Of subiects loue with me their Soueraigne bin,  
Th' inuading foes had found hard entrance in.

In vaine, O wretched King, thy hopes haue trust  
On broken faithes of subiects daily fleeing:  
Thy lot is cast, from throne thou shalt be thrust,  
Thy foes shall of thy subiects at their meeting,  
In stead of blowes, be welcom'd with kind greeting:  
Thou only seek'st to keepe out th' vnkind Queene,  
While heere at home worse dangers are vnseene.

Whilſt now my State begins for to decline,  
In whom, alas, ſhould I my truſt reſoſe?  
My brother *Kent* then reſident in Guine  
For ſome diſpleaſure done to him by thoſe  
'Bout vs at home, reuolts vnto our foes:  
(O faithleſſe *Kent*) thou art the firſt ſhalt rue,  
That euer thou to *Edward* waſt vntrue.

Treaſon tranſports, what traytors looke for heere,  
The Queens ſtout champion *Iohn of Beaumont* comes  
With his proud troopes, three thouſand men well neere,  
Promis'd rich pay in ranſacke of our ſummes,  
Who now aboard with trumpets and with drummes,  
Vrg'd by the haſtie Queene to launch the deepe  
With winde-wing'd ſailes the ſeas ſoft boſome ſweepe.

O let the windes their forward courſe reſtraine,  
Wing not ſuch miſchiefe to our natiue ſhore,  
Let the proud billowes beate them backe againe;  
Or if they needs muſt come, let the ſeas rore,  
Hurle them on rockes that they may neuer more  
Be ſeene in England in pretence of good,  
To bathe their hands in *Edwards* royall blood.

Orwell thy hauen firſt did let them in,  
Harwich with bells did welcome in the ir fleet:  
No ſooner did our *Iſabel* begin  
To preſſe the ſandie ſhore with wanton feet,  
But our Earle Marshall with his powres did greet  
Her ſafe arriue, whoſe part, falſe Peere, had bin  
To haue oppos'd her at her entrance in.

The brother to that Lord that loſt his head,  
*Leiſters* great Earle did now liſt vp his hand,  
As in reuenge of *Lancaſter* late dead,  
T'whom many a Peere linckt in rebellious band  
Of grudges paſt, in the Queenes cauſe doth ſtand:  
And leſt they grieue in conſcience to betray  
Their lawfull King, the Church leads them the way.

724 *King Edward the second.*

Herfords proud Prelate, *Torleton*, who before  
Conuicted was for treason gainst his King,  
When armes gainst vs our stubborne Barons bore,  
Shrowded till now beneath the Churches wing,  
Fled to the foes, and in his heart did bring  
That horrid treason hatcht before in hell,  
Cause of all after mischiefe that befell.

The newes of this new innouation made,  
And of the Aliens lately set on land,  
With terrour doth my fainting heart inuade;  
All holds about vs readie open stand,  
To yeeld possession ere the foes demand:  
Whose first smal troope now made a mightie force,  
Into the land they take their forward course.

London denies to lend her Sou'raigne aid,  
To whom inforc'd at length to bid adew,  
As doubting there to foes to be betrai'd,  
With both the *Spencers* vnto Wales I flew,  
There by some powre my hopes yet to renewe,  
Hoping amongst the Welch more faith to find,  
T'whom from my youth I had been euer kind.

But thus forsaken, whither shal I run?  
Where shall I shadow me with safeties wing?  
Since that a wife, a brother, and a sonne,  
Pursues a husband, father and a King.  
Pitie adew, my wrong shall neuer wring  
Remorse from others: Wales conspires my woe,  
And with false England turnes vnto my foe.

Pursu'd on euery hand, and forc'd to flie  
My natie soile to shun deaths dangerous dart,  
My fortunes on the surging seas to trie  
In a poore barke, from England we depart  
To th' Ile of Lunday with an heauie heart,  
Whom from the maine land Seuerne doth diuide,  
In which we hope in safetie to abide.



But eu'n that little good doth seas denie,  
With angrie looke the heau'ns behold the maine,  
Gust after gust the winged winds do flie  
Vpon the waues, who puffed with proud disdaine,  
Will vs deuoure or driue vs backe againe:

As if too much they thought that little land  
For him that late had Kingdomes at command.

Remorselesse waues haue we a kingdome lost,  
And yet our barke do ye denie to bring  
To this small plot of ground two miles at most.  
O woe to tell that once so great a King  
Should stoope his minde vnto so small a thing,  
Content to share the meanest part of many,  
And yet deni'd to be possesse of any.

Long did we wrestle with the waues and winde,  
But all in vaine we strue, for neuer more  
Shall friendlesse *Edward* any comfort find:  
Our barke distrest, her tackle rent and tore,  
At length arriues vpon Glamorgan shore,  
Where *Spencer*, *Baldocke*, *Reding* markt for death,  
Go all with me t'a castle called Neath:

With vaine suppose of safetie in that hold,  
While there in secret we our selues repose  
To the Lords *Zouch* and *Leister* we are sold,  
Who by rich gifts often corrupting those  
That our vnknowne abode could best disclose,  
With violent hands do sease their wished pray,  
And beare vs thence each one a feuerall way.

*Leister*, thy King is now thy captiue made,  
Reuenge is in thy hand, where is thy spleene?  
Though vnto thee thy Soueraigne was betrai'd;  
This be thy praise, thou wouldst not with our Queene  
In *Edwards* wrongs be any deeper scene;  
While in thy Killingworth thy King remains,  
Nought doth he want that to a King pertaines.

With a strong guard from starting there kept sure,  
 Our friends meane time being seas'd on by the foe,  
 Both *Spencers, Reading, Daniel, Milcheldoure*  
 In death do happily shut vp their woe,  
 As pointing out the way that we must go:  
     *Baldocke* in prison by a milder fate,  
 Struck dead with grief preuents their deadly hate.

They, that vnto the King induc'd by reason  
 Did loyall proue, were traytots to the State:  
 O impious age, when truth was counted treason,  
 Heere noble *Arundell* I waile thy fate,  
 Whose blood drunke vp by *Mortimers* sterne hate,  
 Did manifest the spleene, on which he fed  
 Against his King, for whom thy blood was shed.

Since they by death t' offence haue paid their due,  
 Who late alone in your displeasure stood,  
 Whom should your deadly hatred now pursue?  
 If they were only foes to common good,  
 That made you satisfaction with their blood:  
     Why is your Liege Lord as a common foe  
     Ref'ru'd a captiue Prince for worser woe?

Bloodie reuenge your hatred cannot bound,  
 So wilfully to greater mischiefe bent,  
 The poore imprison'd King must be vncrown'd,  
 At London by the States in Parlament,  
 It is decreed by mutuall consent;  
     *Edward* must be depos'd from royall throne,  
 Where he had fate now twice ten yeares and one.

O righteous heau'ns, if ye haue powre t' oppose  
 Fraile mans vnrighteous thoughts in euery thing;  
 Then suffer not, ah suffer not my foes  
 Thus to go on, that are about to bring  
 Such wofull tidings to a wretched King:  
     In thrall though I abide, this grace yet giue,  
     That I at least a captiue King may liue.

Strengthened

Strengthened by will, though not by force of lawes,  
To Killingworth th' appointed States are come,  
Where, as in censure of some weightie cause,  
Twentie and foure agreed vpon their doome,  
In order sit within a goodly roome,  
And thither do their King to iudgement call,  
Who should haue fate chiefe Iudge about them all.

From secret closet, though alas full loath,  
Forth am I brought in mourning weeds, that show  
His griefe of mind, whose bodie they do cloath;  
And when I would conceale my inward woe,  
With head declining downe as I do go,  
The griefe I would not see, I see in teares,  
Which fallen from mine eies the pauement beares.

In presence being come and silence made,  
*Torleton*, whose lookes did wound me with despaire,  
A man in tongue most powerfull to perswade,  
Stands vp, and as design'd for this affaire,  
Doth in few words effectually declare  
The common peoples will, the Peeres consent  
That I thenceforth resigne my gouernment.

O heere, what tongue can vnto vtterance bring  
The inward griefe, which my poore heart did wound?  
So far it past all sense in sorrowing,  
Passion so powrefully doth sense confound,  
That in a swoone I falling on the ground,  
Faine would haue di'd, but *Leister* standing by  
Steps in, and doth that happinesse deny.

Recall'd from death by those that stood about,  
When breath through griued brest found passage free,  
In these sad words my woes I breathed out:  
O powrefull God, since 't is thy will that wee  
Do leaue our crowne, I grudge not thy decree;  
Thou art most iust in all, thou gau'st a crowne,  
But ah, mine owne misdeeds haue cast me downe.



To you I yeeld what wrong doth wrest from me,  
 Since with one voice ye say it must be so,  
 And beg this mercie in my miserie;  
 That since your hate hath brought me to this woe,  
 It heere may end, no further let it goe.

He whom once King your hate could not forgiue,  
 Will be no King so he haue leaue to liue.

Heere teares did choake the end of my sad words,  
 And while my state in silence I deplore,  
*Trussell* in name of all the English Lords  
 Renouncing th'homage due to me before,  
 Deprives me of the same for euermore;

Leauing his Liege that was of most command,  
 The most dejected subiect of this land.

But Steward of our house in th'open hall,  
 Protracts no time by any long delay,  
 But breaking of his rod before them all,  
 Resignes his office, all depart away,  
 Many that would in loue, yet dare not stay:

This was my fate, thus did false fortune frowne,  
 Ah God that euer King was so cast downe!

Yet fortune hath not spent her vtmost hate,  
 With patience we must arme our selues more strong,  
 Scarce will fraile eares belieue what we relate,  
 When now thy Muse shall tune her mournfull song,  
 To sadder times that she may waile that wrong,  
 To which with grieve for guide we now proceed,  
 Whose woes wil make the hardiest heart to bleed.

Our iealous Queen, whom conscience doth torment,  
 Fearing lest *Leicester* so neare alli'd,  
 In pitie of our state should now relent,  
 Tels *Torleton* of her doubts what might betide,  
 If in his keeping we do still abide,

Who fearing vengeance for his owne offence,  
 Giues her his counsell to remoue me thence.

Leister constrained by expresse command,  
To the Lord Berkley doth his charge restore;  
Whence he conueies me with an armed band  
Vnto his castle seated neare the shore,  
Gainst which great Severnes raging waues do rore:  
But Berkley, thou with Leister art too kind,  
Edward with thee doth too much fauour find.

Oh gentle Berkly, whither wilt thou go?  
Why dost not stand by thy sad Sou'raignes side?  
For pitie leaue him not vnto such woe,  
Which Gourney and Matreuers do prouide,  
Such woe did neuer any King betide:  
But with command they come, thou must depart,  
And leaue thy King, although with heauie heart.

To Gourney and Matreuers by decree  
In his owne castle he resignes his right;  
Who lest that any friend should priuie bee  
To my abode, do beare me thence by night  
Vnto Corfe castle, whence with more despight  
Through draknesse and blind waies in poore array,  
To Bristow castle they do me conuey.

By night conuey'd thus rudely to and fro,  
Lest by my friends from them I reser'd bee,  
At last since none, whom they do feare, do know  
Where I am now become, they do agree  
To Berkley backe againe to go with mee,  
Staying a time, till night with dewie dampe  
Should choake daies light and put out Phœbus lampe.

Then do they set me on a beast foreworne  
In stead of stately steed, whereon to ride,  
And for no crowne I had my head t'adorne,  
Bare I do sit, except the heau'n to hide  
My woefull head all couering they denide,  
While sharp winds in my face the weather blowes,  
And with their nipping cold augments my woes.

When

730 *King Edward the second.*

When out of East the day began to peepe,  
Who, as if she my ruefull case did mone,  
Vpon my head her dewie droppes did weepe,  
The right hand way they left and iourn'ing on,  
Where Seuernes siluer waues doth play vpon  
The marish Greene, they forced me to light,  
There to haue flaine my heart with sad despight.

In stead of royall chaire, they set me downe  
On a mole-hill (was neuer King so yfde)  
And *Gourney*, wretched man, in stead of crowne  
With wreath of grasse my royall browes abusde,  
Patience perforce it might not be refusde;  
Then while in wretched case my hands I wring,  
In scorne the villaines bid auant sir King.

While thus I sit all carefull comfortlesse,  
With pitious lookes cast vp in wofull wise,  
Calling the heau'ns to witnesse my distresse,  
In stead of teares, the starres like weeping eies  
Drop downe their exhalations from the skies;  
And *Tithons* bride new rising from her bed,  
Beholds their leaudnesse with a blushing red.

Yet to my plaints no pitie they do yeeld;  
But bent to adde more grieve to my disgrace,  
In rustie murren with foule water fill'd,  
A villaine comes with hands yncleane and base,  
To shaue the heare both from my head and face:  
Who, when warme water I desire to haue,  
Replies, that cold will serue his turne to shaue.

With eyes full burthned with a showre of teares,  
Do ye, quoth I, now helpe me with your might  
To waile the sorrowes, which my sad soule beares,  
Open your floud-gates wide, and in their sight  
Let vs haue water warme in their despight:  
This said, the teares did downe my cheekes distill,  
As if they stroue t'effect my wofull will.

Hence



Hence in this plight to Berkley am I brought,  
Where bidding comfort euermore farewell;  
And feeding long on care and pensive thought;  
At length I am shut vp in darksome cell,  
There to the senselesse walles my grieve to tell,  
Deni'd the comfort of heau'ns common light;  
Bound while I liue to liue in endlesse night.

My sterne tormentors moued with remorse,  
Wish death to end my miserable care;  
Yet nature will not violently force  
Way to a lingring death, they do prepare  
By cold, long watching, fast and euill fare;  
But, I euen made insensible in woes,  
Suffer with patience all they can impose.

In hollow vault, through which the channell past  
From forth the towne beneath my chamber flore,  
Dead carcasses and loathed things they cast,  
Whose grieuous stinch did grieve my senses more  
Then all the grieve that I endur'd before;  
And forc'd me search the walles for open place,  
To some without to waile my woefull case.

Vpon a time I through a crannie spi'd  
Men hewing timber on the greene fast by,  
To whom with drearie deadly voice I cri'd,  
O who will helpe me wretch, that heere do lie  
In torment worse then death, yet cannot die?  
If any there do mourne mans wretched case,  
Helpe me, ah helpe me from this loathed place.

The poore mens hearts are pierc'd with point of woe,  
And trembling horror doth their hearts appall  
For ruth of wronged King cast downe so low,  
Vnable t' helpe me, vnto God they call,  
That he may yeeld reliefe to wofull thrall:  
Who giuing eare to mine and their request,  
At length in death doth giue my sorrowes rest.

**Mischiefe**

732 *King Edward the second.*

Mischiefe from those that guiltie of offence,  
Did wish my death in letters sent doth bring,  
A darke Enigma bearing double sense,  
Which is vnpointed left a doubtfull thing,  
Either to kill or not to kill the King,  
As in such tearmes King *Edward* blood to spill,  
Refuse ye not to feare I count it ill.

The bloodie villaines construing the same,  
Vnto that sense, for which it then was sent,  
Watch for the night, whose cloudie cloake of shame  
With darknesse should conceale their damn'd intent,  
Day did abhor the thing 'bout which they went,  
And fled away, grim night on th'earth did frowne,  
And I in carefull bed had laid me downe.

Where for musitian that with sweetest breath,  
Had wont to lull my watchfull sense asleepe:  
The ghastly Owle the fatall bird of death,  
That on my chamber walles her Inne did keepe  
In my poore trembling heart impressed deepe,  
The feare of death with her too deadly note  
Which oft she shrieked through her balefull throte.

The murmuring noise of the rude waters rore  
Which not far thence into the seas do fall,  
Where Seuernes billowes beat vpon the shore,  
And bellowing winds which iustling gainst the wall  
Like deaths shrill whistlers at the cranies call,  
Through darknesse and deepe silence of the night,  
Our troubled heart with horror doth affright.

On fearefull things long musing I do lie,  
At last with sleepe oppress, in slumber cast,  
Vp flew the doores and in the murderers flie,  
At which awakt, and suddenly agast,  
As from my naked bed I thought t'haue past,  
They with rude hands do hold me downe by force,  
While with vaine words I seeke to moue remorse.

Ye deadly instruments of others ill,  
Grant one request, which dying I do craue;  
Since ye be bent this royall blood to spill,  
Send me not hence with torture to the graue;  
'Tis life ye seeke, the only thing I haue;  
Which yet shall vade on wings of willing breath,  
Since better tis to die then liue in death.

By this they with maine strength do me compell,  
Strengthlesse for breath to yeeld to their intent:  
And then, O horrid, shamefull thing to tell,  
By force they thrust an hollow instrument  
Much like a trumpe into my fundament,  
By which they do preuent the mone I make  
By sudden death, as thus to them I spake:

Ah why, why thus torment ye me with smart?  
Leaue off to grieue: not one word more I said,  
They had by this time thrust me to the hart  
With steele red hot: to sleepe me downe I laid,  
And with the pray'rs which godly folke had made,  
When from the castle they did heare my cries,  
My soule on mercies wings did clime the skies.

Thus hauing heard my lamentable fall  
Procur'd by stubborne Peeres disloyaltie,  
And peoples wilfull hate, the spring of all  
First flowing from deceitfull flatterie,  
That deadly bane t'all princely royaltie:  
Amongst the rest in place with painfull pen  
Insert it for a Mirrour vnto men.

THE



THE LAMENTABLE  
LIVES AND DEATHS OF  
THE TWO YONG PRINCES, EDWARD  
the fifth, and his brother RICHARD  
Duke of Yorke.



**T**H' afflictions, which this wronged King did beare,  
He dead, said Memorie, reuenged were:  
Like Vulcans bride, at Nottingham, his Queene  
In th' armes of Mars-like Mortimer was soene;  
He for such deeds, as all true honor staines,  
By ignominious death did pay iust paines;  
By righteous doome till death she liu'd in thrall,  
Within the circuit of a castles wall:  
Her first-borne sonne, the second Edwards heire,  
(She being to French King Philip call'd the faire,  
Left liuing of his line) by her made claime  
Unto his right in Franco, and gain'd the same.  
He dead, the second Richard, second sonne  
To his first-borne, his fatall raigne begonne:  
Richard depos'd, Henrie ascends the throne,  
Heire to Duke Iohn, King Edwards fourth borne sonne,  
He dispossess Lord Roger Mortimer,  
In Richard daies proclaim'd apparant heire,  
Who had Duke Lionels daughter for his mother,  
Edwards third sonne, to Iohn the elder brother:  
Yet did this Henrie after much vnrest  
Die in the throne of Englands crowne possesst;

And

And to his Henrie did bequeath the same,  
The fifth and most illustre of that name:  
Who in those few yeares of his happie raigne  
Did the French crowne to Englands right regaine;  
Did in his manly prime, left his yong sonne  
Henrie the sixth to sit vpon the throne:  
Gainst whom Plantagenet, Yorkes noble Duke  
Stood for his right, who his iust title tooke  
From Lionel, fourth by descent from him;  
Yet in his quarrell lost both life and lim:  
His sonnes reueng'd his death, put Henrie downe,  
Edward his eldest did obtaine the crowne;  
In peace retain'd it, left it to his heires,  
Who are the next, that in their turne appeares;  
For they except, heere none exempted be,  
Since the sad second Edwards tragedie.  
Two noble youths are left in yongest yeares  
Vnto the guidance of the iarring Peeres,  
Edward the eldest comes from Ludlowes towne  
To London, with intent to take the crowne,  
His vncle Riuers, Vaughan and Lord Grey  
By Glosters plots, who sought their lines decay,  
From him remoued are, yong Yorke his brother  
Doth flie to sanctuariewith his mother;  
Whom Richard his false vncle thence doth bring  
Into the Tower vnto the uncrown'd King:  
Vsurps the crowne, puts both the youths to death,  
Who twixt the sheets betraid, expire their breath:  
The truth of which that we may heere partake,  
Their princely ghosts let Fame from sleepe awake.



Another Argument.

At Fames first call the Princes both ascend,  
And both by turne do tell their tragicke end.

Richard



Richard.



What wit so sharpe is found in age or youth,  
That can distinguish trust from treacherie?  
Falschood puts on the face of simple truth,  
And masks in th'habit of plaine honestie,

When she in heart intends most villanie :

The Panther with sweet fauour of her breath

First charmes their sense, whom she hath markt for death.

Of which that future time may mirrours haue

By the fourth Edwards murdered Progenie,

Vp, (brother) vp and let vs leaue our graue

In this nights vision call'd by Memorie,

To tell the truth of our sad tragedie,

That Princes happily by vs may learne

Trust from false treason truly to discern.

And thou O mournfull Muse, that didst of yore

Th'inurious wrongs of many a Prince complaine,

Helpe two depōsed Princes to deplore

The wretched fortunes which they did sustaine.

Matter thou hast that fits a ruthfull straine,

How Richards treason twixt the sheets did smother

The infant orphants of his Kingly brother.

That



That we may keepe *decorum* in discourse,  
And into order may digest it well,  
Let vs alternally succeed in course :  
And that we turne by turne may truly tell  
Of euery circumstance, as it befell,  
(Brother) do you begin to mind to call  
Our vncles treason and our tragicke fall.

*Edward.*

Must I begin those bloodie pathes to goe,  
In which the prints of *Glosters* steps remaine?  
Draw neere then all, that list to heare of woe,  
And while our restless wrongs I do complaine,  
If you lament our losse of life and raigne,  
Your sighes soft breathed in still plaints of pitie,  
Be the sad musike to our dolefull dittie.

The sonnes we are of that renowned Lord  
*Edward* the fourth, who did the right restore  
To *Yorke* againe with his victorious sword;  
Which *Lancaster* in three descents that wore,  
The royall crowne had kept from vs before,  
Ending those iarres, which *Gaunts* ambitious son  
With royall *Richards* blood had first begun.

Three brothers had he, whom by fates sterne will,  
Remorselesse death vntimely did deuoure,  
Rutlands yong Earle, whom *Cliffords* sword did kill,  
*Clarence*, that Duke, who in the fatall Tower  
In *Malmsey* But did meet his liues last houre :  
*Richard* the yongest, who was stain'd with guilt  
Of *Clarence* blood and ours, both which he spilt.

O that desire of rule so much should blind  
The eyes of men, or that to gaine a crowne,  
The godlike part of man, th'immortall mind  
Of wrathfull heau'n should dare t'incurre the frowne,  
And cast it selfe from glorie headlong downe!  
O soule ambition, had thy guilt not stain'd  
This tyrants deeds, what glorie had he gain'd?

C c c

For

For though, he from his mothers painfull throwes,  
 Mark't for a plague into the world was brought;  
 Yet with his sword gainst our *Lancastrian* foes  
 In many bloodie broiles he manly fought:  
 And by his courage high achieuements wrought,  
     Great *Warwicke*, *Oxford*, *Clifford* and the rest,  
 Did finde a valiant heart in *Richards* brest.

But where are now those deedes, or who can say,  
 That they with praise doe glorifie his name?  
 How can he euer hope to wipe away  
 Those spots of blood vpon the face of Fame,  
 Making his deedes to blush at his owne shame?  
     What deedes of fame he did are, not his owne,  
     His euill deedes remaine to him alone.

With their shed blood thy lines I will not staine,  
 Whom wrackt by troops to graue his hand did send,  
 To him in his succeeding tragicke straine,  
 The sad report thereof I doe commend;  
 Enough it is to tell of our owne end,  
     To which I will proceede, first setting downe  
     The plots our vncke vsd t'obtaine the crowne.

When on the throne my kingly father sat,  
 All noise of warre new husht euen in the greene  
 Of peace late growne, discord did set debate  
 Betweene the kindred of our mother queene,  
 And twixt the peeres, who with malignant spleene,  
     Did swell to see them fauor'd of the King,  
     From whence our future ruine first did spring.

On this as on a platforme firme and sure,  
*Gloster* did build his hopes for future daies;  
 Yet *Englands Edward* hoping to procure  
 Peace twixt both parts, did seeke by oft assaies  
 To appease the strife, which priuie hate did raise:  
     And at his death did cause them each to other  
     To giue their faith, as brother vnto brother.

The King scarce dead, from London swift report,  
With mischief at her heeles or'e hedge and heath  
To Ludlowe came, where then we kept our court,  
And there with pallid lookes halfe out of breath,  
She tels the tidings of our fathers death,  
    Bidding me now beware vnhappy fate,  
    And looke about in this new change of State.

Though time with so few yeeres my youth had crown'd,  
That yet scarce fourteene times the heauenly Ram  
Had push't his hornes against the newyeares bound,  
Since first into the world to light I came;  
Yet of my fathers death, when lucklesse fame  
    Had rung the dolefull knell; then did I know  
    The danger which I was to vndergoe.

Nurst from my cradle in true discipline,  
In my weake childhood I had scand this theame,  
That if th'ambitious with cleere sighted eyne  
Could but discerne what fortune gaue to them,  
When they had gain'd a kingdomes Diadem,  
    They would account that day their blisse to ende,  
    In which their steps the throne did first ascend.

Our vncle *Riuers*, who my Gardian was,  
With vs at Ludlowe, then being resident,  
Did muster vp his powers with vs to passe  
To London by short iournies, with intent  
All danger in our passage to preuent;  
    But *Gloster* did intrappe both him and me,  
    And by his plots did frustrate his decree.

By wicked wits, the Queene he doth perswade,  
To thinke that since by her deceased King,  
Berwixt the Pceres a vnion had beene made,  
With such a power, it were a dangerous thing,  
The Prince her sonne, to London vp to bring:  
    Distrust might soone disturbe the quiet state,  
    And giue new life to the old dead debate.



Blinded with this deceit, our carefull mother  
 Directs her letters, bearing such effect  
 Vnto our vncle *Riuers*, her deare brother,  
 Who doubting lest his foes might ought obiekt  
 Thauē gone amisse, while he did vs protect,  
 Dismiss his powers, and only did retaine  
 Those, that before were of our daily traine.

All readie now to hoise vp happie saile,  
 For London we our fatall course do stere,  
 Our hopes do promise vs a prosperous gale;  
 But once set forth, clouds thicken in the cleare,  
 A storme before vs plainly doth appeare,  
 And with a gust in gulfe of woe cast downe,  
 Vnhappie I made shipwracke of my crowne.

At Stonie-Stratford, being vpon my way,  
 The bloodie Bore, my vncle, that did aime  
 At Englands Diadem by our decay,  
 With that false Duke, disloyall *Buckingham*,  
 With show of humble loue in presence came;  
 But after tender of their duties done,  
 To put their plot in practise they begun.

They falsely did accuse of treacherie  
 My two halfe brothers by our mothers side,  
 Lord *Marquesse* and Lord *Grey*, then standing by,  
 Obiecting gainst them both, that prickt with pride  
 They sought the Realme and me, yet yong to guide  
 And with our vncle *Riuers*, thought to bring  
 The noble Peeres in hatred with the King.

Without respect vnto our princely State,  
 With violent hands they beare them both away,  
 Too weake were we of power t'auert that fate,  
 Which in our sight did threaten their decay,  
 Our words were weaker, *Gloster* bore the sway:  
*Riuers* my vncle, *Vaughan*, *Grey* all three,  
 After that time I neuer more did see.

Rob'd of my friends, to London we are led,  
Vpon the way mourning with sighes and teares,  
The wretched fate to fall vpon my head,  
Griefe with a multitude of pensiue feares  
Sits heauie on my heart; yet in my cares  
*Gloster* to please me, sings this Syrens song,  
All should be well, when nought was ment but wrong.

Conuey'd to London, where while I abide  
Within the Bishops place, I little knew  
Of any tidings, that did then betide,  
The tyrant, (brother *Yorke*) then aim'd at you  
To hasten that, which after did ensue:  
Then take your turne againe, and briefly tell,  
What in my absence vnto you befell.

*Richard.*

I shall obey, and truly bring to light  
The darke dissembling, and the much vntroth  
Of periur'd Peeres, to rob vs of our right,  
How our Queene mother carefull of vs both,  
With me to holy sanctuarie goth,  
And of our vnckles plots to bring me thence,  
Which was the on'y bar to his pretence.

When Fame with terrour vnto our Queene mother,  
Then dewing our dead fathers cheekes with teares,  
Brought the surpris of her two sonnes and brother,  
O how those tidings tingled in her eares!  
Suspitious thoughts begat a thousand feares,  
Forecasting by that vnexpected harme,  
The greater mischiefe of a following storme.

In this distraction of a doubtfull mind  
In change of State, seeing such crosse fortunes frowne,  
And doubting in distressefull times to find,  
Her friends turn'd foes to helpe to plucke vs downe,  
And to bereaue vs of our fathers crowne:  
With me to sanctuarie she did goe,  
There to remaine in safetie from our foe.

Of which, when tidings to the tyrant came,  
 As one deprived of his wished pray,  
 His wits best engines he begins to frame,  
 And if they faile, he doth resolute assay  
 With hands prophane to fetch me thence away :  
     While from his reach I there did safely won,  
     He could not finish what he had begun.

Which our Queene mother did presage before,  
 And thought by force of sanctuaries right,  
 Safely to shield vs from the cruell Bore,  
 Who with his tuskes the elder durst not smite,  
 While I the yonger liu'd in such safe plight ;  
     By death of th'one, the crowne how could he gaine,  
     If th'other after liuing did remaine ?

The subtill tyrant to effect his will,  
 This faire pretence vnto the Peeres doth frame,  
 That for th'auoiding of a generall ill,  
 Since to the Prince and them it was a shame,  
 That causelesse I should sanctuarie claime,  
     Vnto the place he thought it no offence,  
     If not by peace, by force to fetch me thence.

Yet to obtaine our mother Queenes consent,  
 Vnto the place before he offer wrong,  
 The Cardinall of Yorke for that intent  
 A man graue, sober, subtill, wise and strong  
 To charme an eare with his inchanting tongue,  
     He doth select to further this affaire,  
     And to his vnknowne plots way to prepare.

When he with many more in presence came,  
 He with faire speech begins to greet our mother ;  
 Then tels, how to the Prince it was a shame,  
 That she should keepe me there, as if one brother  
 Did liue in dread of danger by the other,  
     What griefe my absence was vnto the King,  
     What comfort by my presence I should bring.

Proceeding



Proceeding on vnto the future ill,  
Which might ensue by ouer much distrust,  
The strengthening of her inconsiderate will,  
With sanctuaries gift by claime vniust,  
The priuiledge of the place by them discust,  
Found not of force to her to yeeld the same,  
Who did not truly want, what she did clame.

The Queene effectually doth answere all,  
He turnes replie, she doth reioyne againe,  
And puts such questions to the Cardinall,  
That at a *non plus* set, he doth remaine  
In silent pause, till chafte in tearmes more plaine,  
He threatfully declares the Peeres pretence,  
Who had decreed by force to fetch me thence.

With this hard speech, our mother in affright,  
Round set with doubts, not knowing when or where,  
She safely might conuey me from their sight;  
In silence stands, her lookes bewrayes pale feare,  
Which she would vtter, yet doth oft forbear,  
Till taking me by th'hand, sighes forcing teares,  
And teares sad words, no longer she beares.

Behold, said she, I to your trust commit  
This noble Impe, whom with the Prince his brother,  
When in the generall iudgement God shall sit,  
I at your hands will aske: feare with the mother,  
What may betide him taken to another:  
I make no doubt, but ye will faithfull be,  
Yet others may deceiue both you and me.

Heere I resigne, and at that word she paus'd,  
As loth so soone to part with such a thing;  
Then with a sigh to shew, that griefe had caus'd  
That silent pause, to you, quoth she, I bring  
This royall issue of a late dead King;  
Yours be the charge, vnto the child proue true,  
Which said, she thus gaue me my last adew.

744 *The two yong Princes.*

Farewell my little sonne, God be thy aid,  
 With that she turn'd about, and wept for woe;  
 Then being about to part, she turn'd and said,  
 Kisse me my sonne, kisse me before thou go,  
 When we shall kisse againe, our God doth know :  
 We kist, she sigh'd, I wept and did refuse  
 So to depart from her ; but could not chuse.

Leauing the Queene, I absent, to deplore me,  
 For that I was an infant then in yeares,  
 To the Star-chamber in their armes they bore me,  
 Where our false vncke to delude the Peeres,  
 My pensiueneſſe with words of comfort cheeres :  
 Now welcome from my heart my Lord, quoth he,  
 Then tooke me in his armes and kissed me.

Thence (brother vnto you I was conuey'd  
 Then in that place, where Londons Prelats dwell,  
 Whence like two lambes vnto a wolfe betrai'd,  
 We to the Tower were led : where what befell,  
 Since it concernes you most, you best can tell :  
 Be it your turne, our sorrowes to deplore,  
 For I, alas, for sighes can say no more.

*Edward.*

If I must tell the horror of that night,  
 In which by death our soules were set on wing,  
 Let sorrow lend vs her sad pen t'indite  
 In lines of woe, what I to light shall bring,  
 And teach our Muse so ruthfully to sing,  
 That the sad readers ruthfull eyes may drop,  
 Teares at each point, to teach him where to stop.

Within the Tower, of which my brother spake,  
 Lockt vp from sight of all our friends we were,  
 Where while we do expect, when I shall take  
 The crowne on me, t'whom whilome euery Peere,  
 As to their Soueraigne fealtie did sweare :  
 At last report these fearefull newes doth bring,  
 We were depos'd, *Gloster* was Englands King.

Which,

Which, when I first did heare, a thrilling feare  
Ran through my heart, and sighing thus I spake :  
Alas, that I was borne King *Edwards* heire,  
Would God my vncke, though from me he take  
My crowne, which willingly I could forsake,  
Would leaue vs that, which none but God can giue,  
And for my Kingdome giue vs leaue to liue.

Thenceforth the Tower, which late was deem'd my court,  
Is made our prison by a tyrants might:  
Farewell the world, our day now waxeth short,  
Our gladsome sunne of comfort and delight,  
Is ouercast with clouds of enuious night,  
Winter is come euen in our spring of youth,  
Our late sweet smiles are drown'd in teares of ruth.

O noble *Edward*, from whose royall blood  
Life to these Infant bodies nature drew,  
Thy roses both are cropt euen in the bud:  
Why didst thou leaue that Bore in time & ensue,  
To spoile those plants that in thy garden grew?  
Of all that haruest which thy hand did sow,  
Nought haue we reaped but a crop of woe.

Who now amongst thy Peeres of note or name,  
The sad mishap of thy deare sonnes doth mone?  
Wheres *Howard*, *Louell*, *Barkley*, *Buckingham*,  
That bound themselues by oath to thee, that none  
But thy faire sonnes should sit vpon the throne?  
Woe worth them all, they all do now crie, downe.  
With *Edwards* heires, let *Gloster* haue the crowne.

Ah pitie, in what region didst thou dwell,  
Had'st thou been present in those hatefull times;  
Then should not I thy shame, O England tell,  
Nor should I seeke to proue thy wicked crimes  
Vnto thy face in these impartiall rimes:  
Thy Princes, on whose State misfortune frown'd,  
In thy false people pitie seldome found.



Search times records, there see how poysoned *John*  
 Stands vp to witnesse thy sterne peoples hate,  
 See how the second *Edward* thrust from throne,  
 Cries for reuenge on people of that State,  
 Behold thy shame in *Richards* wofull fate;  
     Gainst whom thy nation viremorsefull stood,  
     Till Pomfrets wals were sprinkled with his blood.

But why seeke I (O England) to reclaime thee,  
 By founding former euils in thine eare?  
 That's yet vntold, the which alone shall shame thee,  
 As oft of it as any age shall heare,  
 Tyrants, in whom no pitie doth appeare,  
     Shall thee vpbraide, and blushing at thy shame,  
     For past compare shall register the same.

When as our vncke had obtain'd his will,  
 The crowne scarce warme on his vsurping head,  
 Opprest with care to keepe that gotten ill,  
 He takes no rest of mind in bowre nor bed,  
 Suspition with the guilt of conscience fed  
     Breeds doubts, distractions, horrors in his brest,  
     Which like to hags do haunt him with vnrest.

Each step he treads, by which he climbs his throne,  
 Is grounded on the death of some great Peere;  
 As he ascends, he sees their blood thereon;  
 Set in his chaire, Shame whispers in his eare  
 That's not his place, his nephew should be there:  
     Doubt askes him, how he hopes t'enioy that long,  
     When they do liue, whose right he keepes by wrong.

He that had drunke so oft of murders cup,  
 To reach that height to which he did aspire,  
 Now fills the measure of his mischief vp,  
 And in vaine hope to raise his heart yet higher,  
 Spares not the blood deduc'd from his owne fire:  
     Poore orphanes blood pris'd at a crownes rich wealth,  
     To his sicke State can only promise health.

Whil'ft euery where his wandring eye doth range  
To find some wretch to put this taske vpon,  
All things about vs haue a sudden change,  
Vngrac'd, not car'd for, comforted of none,  
By our owne seruants we are left alone;  
Those that bemone our fortunes dare not stay,  
By feare constrain'd, with griefe they go their way.

Inconfolatly left in wofull plight,  
Each helping other for to waile and weepe,  
In dole we spend the day, and in the night  
Horror and dread of death doth waking keepe  
Our watchfull eyes, and bars them of their sleepe,  
Each little noise, each windie puffe of breath  
Affrights vs infants with th'approch of death.

Thou fatall building stain'd with noble blood,  
Thou den where horror and darke treason lies,  
Say if thou wast, since thy foundation stood,  
More mou'd to pitie humane miseries,  
Hearing the echo of sad sorrowes cries:  
Then when yong *Yorke* with pitious plaints and mones  
Powr'd forth his sorrowes to thy senselesse stones.

Euen as sometimes we see a filly lambe,  
Which for the slaughter in some fold is pent,  
There kept from sight of his deare loued damme,  
Her absence with faint bleating doth lament,  
Whose only sight can giue it safe content:  
So little *Yorke* in vaine lamenting wept,  
That from our mothers presence he was kept.

Oft, wofull child, thus hast thou question'd mee,  
Where is my mother? and when I for woe,  
Haue turn'd my backe and could not answere thee;  
With teares againe, thou wouldest aske to know,  
Saying, I would vnto my mother go;  
But woe alas, what comfort could I giue thee,  
When of all meanes our yncle did deprive mee?

While

While thus we waste in woe, the tyrant King  
 With death to right those, whom he did abuse  
 With wrong in life, finding a way to wing  
 Mischiefe deuis'd, a wretched man did chuse  
 For this affaire, which others did refuse;

*Tirrill* by name, a Knight decay'd in state,  
 Prone t'act this deed in hope of happie fate,

Two desperate villaines, hatefull to those times,  
*Forrest* and *Dighton*, men obscure and base;  
 Yet to the world notorious for leaud crimes,  
 For *Tirrils* gold this damned deed embrace,  
 Who being brought into conuenient place,  
 Wait for aduantage of the gloomie night  
 To couer that, which did abhorre the light.

The night comes on, and murder doth begin  
 To act her part within the fatall Tower,  
 In that dead time of night, the cloake of sinne,  
 In which the clock chimes twelue, the chiefeft houre  
 When sleepe on man and beast doth vse his powre,  
 Both the rude slaues on vs poore infants flie,  
 As we together in our bed did lie.

Betwixt the sheets they keepe vs downe by force,  
 We struggle against death with gasping grones,  
 They in their hard hearts feeling no remorse,  
 To heare poore soules powre forth such pitious mones,  
 As might with pitie moue the ruthlesse stones,  
 Holding the pillowes downe do stop our breath,  
 Vntill we both giue vp the ghost in death.

Thus hast thou heard, how after all his cares  
 King *Edwards* fruit did perish in the bud,  
 By which since we may see how pride prepares  
 Her passage through the spoile of common good,  
 Without respect t'affinitie of blood;  
 That thou may make a mirrour of the same,  
 A place amongst thy Mirrours we do claime.



# THE TRAGICALL LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD the third.



**T**He lamentable fall (quoth *Memorie*)  
Of two such noble youths may mirrours be,  
That man high mounted on ambitious wing,  
T'obtaine a crowne attempteth any thing;  
They dead, their vncles tragedie succeeds:  
His monstrous birth, his shape, his bloodie deeds:  
Horror of conscience haunts him with unrest,  
The mightie Buckingham attempt vblest;  
The tyrant enuying noble Richmonds good,  
By treason seekes to spill his royall blood,  
His strange escape from France to Britania,  
Pursu'd by Landois his false enemy,  
His safe arrine vpon the English coast,  
The skilfull marshalling of either hoast  
On Bosworth plaine, the order of the fight;  
Stout Norfolkes fall, the Kings part put to flight,  
His desperat valour shew'd on th' aduerse force,  
The shamefull vsage of his conquered corse,  
Which that we heare, let Fame his ghost compell  
To leane his graue, that he the same may tell.

Another

## Another Argument.

*Through nights darke shadowes from the house of bale,  
The tyrants ghost comes up to tell his tale.*



Horrour pursues the homicides sad soule,  
Feare hunts his conscience with an hue and crie,  
That drinks the blood of men in murders bowle,  
Suspitious thoughts do rest in life denie,  
Hate seldome suffers him in peace to die,  
By heau'ns inuiolate doome it is decreed,  
Whose hands shed blood, his heart in death should bleed.

I was to noble *Yorke* the yongest sonne  
Of foure, which he begot in lawfull bed,  
First *Edward* was, the next place *Edmund* wonne,  
*Rutlands* yong Earle by *Cliffords* hand strooke dead,  
*Clarence* the third, to death vntimely lead :

I was the last ; of all the foure the worst,  
By heau'n and nature in my birth accurst.

When my sad mother in her fruitfull wombe  
Bore me a painfull burthen to and fro,  
Then the babes infant bed had been my tombe,  
Had not keene rasors to her paine and woe  
Cut me a way, vnto the world to goe :

Nature did grudge to think, that from her wombe  
A man-like monster to the world should come.

When

When first I came into this worlds huge vast,  
My birth was not as others wont to bee ;  
First did my feet come forth, as if in hast  
The child of discord had been then set free,  
To cause the wretched world to disagree,  
Heau'n at that time told b'inauspicious starres  
Nations far off of Englands ciuil warres.

As hunger-steru'd to flesh my iawes in blood  
I readie toothed came, as who would say,  
Nature by signes vnto the world hath show'd  
How fiercely he shall bite another day,  
That in his mothers wombe well toothed lay,  
And maruaile t'was, seeing viper-like he came,  
He was not borne by death of his owne danime.

If like a cunning painter on a frame  
My shape vnto the world I could descrie,  
And with a curious pensell paint the same  
In perfect colours, each spectatours eie  
Would by my lookes into my manners prie :  
The bodies ill-shapte limbes are oft defin'd  
For signes of euill manners in the mind.

Little I was, and of a small compact,  
My left side shoullder higher then the right,  
Both crooked were, and therewithall contract  
Into my backe, so that in all mens sight  
I did appeare a most mishapen wight :  
And hard it was to iudge, if that my soule  
Or limbes ill fashion'd feature were more foule.

The deeds of noble *Yorke* I not recite,  
Done in those fatall daies of miserie,  
Nor tell th'euent of euery speciall fight,  
As at Saint Albones, Bloreheath, Banburie,  
Northhampton, Barnet, Wakefield, Teukesburie,  
Seeing they are often spoken of before,  
By those, that heere their wofull falles deplore,



752      *King Richard the third.*

Th'induction to my storie shall begin  
Where the sixth *Henries Edward* timelesse fell:  
Sonne to stout *Margaret* that noble Queene,  
Of whom since heere no Poets pen doth tell:  
Though hee a peerelesse Prince deserue it well,  
In breefe we will describe the manner all  
Of our sterne deede and his vnhappie fall.

His mother queene, the manlike *Margaret*,  
After so many a fall in fight cast downe,  
With her young *Edward* and stout *Somerset*  
Did lastly hazard all for Englands crowne  
In fight at Teukesburie; but heau'n did frowne,  
*Wenlocke* and *Somerset* fled both away,  
left vs the field, and lost their Queene the day.

The forlorne Prince was taken as he fled  
By *Richard Crofts*, a Knight of Gloster Shire,  
Who hearing of the proclamation spread,  
That, who could bring him forth, should, for his hire,  
Duely receiue a hundred poundes by yeere,  
The Prince he brought to end our ancient strife,  
With promise made, that we should saue his life.

In presence brought, the King to him thus spake:  
Fond wretch, said he, what did thy thoughts excite  
To come within my kingdomes bounds, and take  
Rebellious armes t'oppugne thy soueraignes right,  
And traytor-like in field gainst me to fight?  
To which the Prince, in whose bold breast did lie  
An inbred courage, made this stout replie;

I came (said he) to set my father free,  
Whom thou in hold vniustly dost retaine;  
I came to reobtaine my dignitie,  
And in the throne to seate my sire againe,  
In which as King thou wrongfully dost raigne.  
I am by might enforc'd to stoope to thee,  
Who should by right be subiect vnto mee.

The King being mou'd with this his stout replie,  
Thrust him away, in whose heroicke brest  
My brother *Clarence*, *Hastings*, *Grey* and I  
Did sheath our blades, which fact heau'n did detest,  
Permitting vs not vnreueng'd to rest:  
For none of vs in peacefull bed did lie,  
When from this world our wretched soules did flie.

He dead, his fire, that poore deposed King,  
The aged *Henrie*, sixt of that same name,  
Liu'd in the Tower, depriu'd of euery thing  
Which to a King pertain'd: yet did he frame  
His thoughts with patience to endure the same,  
Liuing a paterne of a patient spirit,  
Who for his fame a golden verse doth merit.

I thought, that while this noble King had breath,  
His friends my brothers peace would still inuade:  
Wherefore I did contriue his sudden death,  
And in the Tower the butchers part I plaide,  
For th'hatefull point of that same bloodie blade,  
Scarce cold with luke-warme blood of his owne sonne,  
Vnlooked for I through his sides did runne.

He dead, the battels fought in field before,  
Were turn'd to meetings of sweet amitie,  
The war-gods thundring cannons dreadfull rore,  
And ratling drum-sounds warlike harmonie,  
To sweet tun'd noise of pleasing minst'rie,  
The haile-like shot, to tennis balles were turn'd,  
And sweet perfumes in stead of smoakes were burn'd.

God *Mars* laid by his Launce and tooke his Lute,  
And turn'd his rugged frownes to smiling lookes,  
In stead of crimson fields, warres fatall fruits,  
He ba'h'd his limbes in Cypris wa:bling brookes,  
And set his thoughts vpon her wanton lookes,  
All noise of warre was husht vpon our coast,  
Plentie each where in easfull pride did boast.

The King who swims in streames of court delights,  
 Plaies like the fish so long with pleasures bait,  
 That on her deadly bañe he often bites,  
 Or like the Mariner infortunate,  
 Sayling in seas where Syrens lie in wait:  
 To please the sense he lends his eare so long,  
 Till he be charm'd with their inchanting song.

Meane time not made to feast an amorous cie,  
 I Fox-like lurking lay about the King,  
 Into the actions of the Peeres I prie,  
 With cautie obseruation of each thing,  
 While with their wanton Sou'raigne reuelling:  
 They vainly spend in *Venus* vassallage  
 The tedious houres of that peacefull age.

But clouds do thicken in this peacefull cleere,  
*Warwicks* faire daughter forc'd by vnkind fate,  
 Forsakes Lord *Clarence* her beloued feere,  
 Who purposing to take for second mate,  
 The only heire of some hie towring State,  
 Did hope t'espouse with nuptials solemnely,  
 Duke *Charles* his daughter, heire of Burgundie.

Which when the Queene and her allies doth heare,  
 At *Clarence* fortunes daily they repine,  
 And to the King in hast this newes do beare,  
 Who to their words his will doth so incline,  
 That *Clarence* match is broke by his designe;  
 King *Edward* icalous of his childrens fate,  
 Gainst *Clarence* in his heart beares secret hate.

This opportunitie I straight do snatch,  
 Striking the Steele while yet the fire is in,  
 In the Kings brest such hatred I do hatch  
 Against our brother, that his hand I win  
 To further me in my intended sinne;  
 For that blind riddle of the letter *G*,  
*George* lost his life, it tooke effect in me.

Thus



Thus hauing halfe my purpose in my hand  
By *Clarence* death, I cast how to confound  
The noble *Queenes* neere kinsmen, who would band  
Themselues gainst me by law of nature bound,  
When *Edwards* bodie should be laid in ground :  
But while the King, my brother did suruiue,  
To worke their woe, nought durst my thoughts contriue.

Yet whom in court I did perceiue, that bore  
A grudging heart against their vpstart state :  
My brothers death to him I did deplore,  
Auouching them with their malignant hate,  
Thaue been the authors of his wofull fate,  
Which at such oddes the Peeres and them did set,  
That neuer age such discord did beget.

Fortune in midst of this their wicked strife,  
With pleasing looke so smil'd on my intent,  
That by the sudden losse of *Edwards* life,  
My Kingly brother, she did seeme t'assent  
To grant me good successe in the euent :  
The King late sick, leaues here the Peeres at oddes,  
And flies the place of mortall mens abodes.

His corps scarce couered with a clod of clay,  
His kingly ghost of heauie newes to tell :  
*Earle Rivers, Vaughan,* and Lord *Richard Grey*,  
The kindred of the *Queene* I did compell  
To follow him, amongst the dead to dwell,  
Vnhappie *Hastings, Buckingham* and I  
At *Pomfret* castle caused them to die.

They dead, Protector by consent of Peeres  
To hold the sterne in State I chosen am :  
My nephew yet being in his yongest yeares,  
Which once attain'd by helpe of *Buckingham*,  
To higher things ambitiously I aime,  
Who for my promise of promotion, gaue  
His minde to mine, in each thing I could craue.

*Hastings*, whose loyaltie stood in my way,  
 Vpon his fall to build my future power,  
 As he at counsell fate vpon a day  
 With other Lordings in the fatall Tower,  
 By my deceit there met his liues last houre ;  
 Where he fond Lord did think himselfe most sure,  
 His best deem'd friends swift death did him procure.

The way made plaine by plucking others downe,  
 That might withstand in such a generall ill,  
 With some pretence of title to the crowne,  
 To win the giddie people to our will,  
 A man whose tongue could honie drops distill,  
 One Doctor *Shaw*, then deem'd a great Diuine,  
 To vndertake this taske we did assigne.

He in a Sermon fitting mine intent,  
 Did seeke to proue my brothers progenie  
 Vnlawfull issue ; and with my consent  
 Chargeth my mother with adulterie,  
 Of *Edwards* and Lord *Clarence* bastardie,  
 Auouching me to be *Yorkes* true borne child,  
 On whom our house their hopes might only build.

To this his sermon, as it was decreed,  
 Rushing amongst the people in I came,  
 Where he most impudent, in hope to breed  
 Affection in the audience did not shame,  
 On me with loud applauses to exclaim :  
 For flying from his text when I came in,  
 In praise of me, thus did the wretch begin.

This is (quoth he) that very noble Duke,  
 The speciall paterne of true chiuallrie,  
 Who both in fauour and in Princely looke,  
 As well as in the minds true qualitie,  
 Doth represent his fathers physnomie :  
 Thus did he seeke the peoples hearts t'incline,  
 But purchas'd nought but his disgrace and mine.

For after, when disloyall *Buckingham*  
Vnto the Commons that set speech did make,  
Which with inuectiue scandall he did frame  
Against the late dead King; when much he spake  
To moue them, me for lawfull Prince to take:  
    Strooke dumbe with shame of so abhorr'd a thing,  
    Not one amongst them crie, God saue the King.

After I had obtain'd by tyrannie,  
The fancied blisse of empire and renowne;  
I thought so long as *Edwards* Progenie  
Did breath on earth, Fortune did seeme to frowne,  
Threatning to cast my new got glorie downe:  
    Wherefore, betwixt the sheets with cruell paine,  
    Vnhappie I did cause them to be slaine.

Thinking thenceforth to enioy all worldly blisse,  
And with my crownes delight my soule to feast:  
What I expect, I do not only misse,  
But am depriued eu'n of that small rest,  
Of which before that time I was possesst:  
    Conscience my former deeds in question brings,  
    And frights my guiltie soule with fearefull things.

Each night, when quiet sleepe should close mine eies,  
Long waking on my pallat I do lie,  
And if by chance sleepe doth my sense surprise,  
Then doth illusion set before mine eie  
My murdered nephewes, who aloud do crie,  
    Calling for vengeance for that bloodie sinne,  
    In strangling them the Diadem to winne.

Then starting vp from forth my naked bed,  
With sword in hand I frantike-like would flie  
About my chamber, and orecome with dread,  
Vnto my guard I oftentimes would crie,  
That treason in my chamber hid did lie:  
    Thus the remembrance of my wicked deed,  
    In me euen sleeping, did strange horror breed.



In day time wheresoeuer I did go,  
 My watchfull eyes I whirled round about,  
 Fearing the onset of some sudden foe,  
 And to be out of dreadfull dangers doubt,  
 My bodie priuily was fenc'd about:  
     Vpon my dagger still I kept my hand,  
     Readie to stab those that by me did stand.

After the murther of my nephewes twaine,  
 Not long it was ere *Buckingham* and I  
 Began to iarre, for which my lawlesse raigne  
 Not long did last, his last conspiracie  
 Did end his owne life and my royaltie:  
     Who gag'd his honor t' helpe me to the crowne,  
     With his owne death did help to bring me downe.

Of Hereford the Dukedome he did claime,  
 Which was the chiefeft cause of our debate;  
 For his pretended title to the same  
 Did touch the Kingly title of our State,  
 For which his sute I spurn'd in spitefull hate,  
     And rated him with speeches minatorie,  
     Which was the fall of my vsurped glorie.

When thus the wrathfull Duke did plainly see  
 His sute reiected, and himselfe despis'd,  
 He cast how to auenge himselfe on mee,  
 And in his thoughts my ruine he deuīs'd;  
 In which a bold attempt he enterpris'd,  
     For he in battell bold himselfe did band,  
     Against me for to fight with force of hand.

Many with him against me did accord,  
 For when the sudden fame abroad was spread,  
 How noble *Richmond* that *Lancastrian* Lord,  
 My brothers heire *Elizabeth* should wed,  
 Many there were that often wisht me dead;  
     Vowing to spend their blood in *Richmonds* right,  
     And to assist the Duke with all their might.

Then

Then were commotions raised euery day,  
The Duke in Shropshire hard by Shrewsburie  
The proud wilde Welchmen troopt in battell ray,  
Who vainly vaunted on their chiuallrie,  
As in the sequell they did testifie :

Yet their example many did excite,  
To moue rebellion to my hearts despight.

In Yorke-shire Marquesse *Dorset* with his crew,  
Gainst me in field to fight were boldly bent,  
In Deuonshire both the *Courtneys* did pursue  
Those that my cause did fauour, and in Kent  
The *Guilfords* were in armes for that intent :

Thus I in euery corner of this land,  
Was round beset with force of foe-mens hand.

Yet from my youth in warre affaires being bred,  
I knew that if in this conspiracie  
I did without delay cut off the head,  
The rest being stricken with timiditie,  
Would soone be quell'd by force or policie :  
Wherefore with all my power I did pursue  
The Duke of Buckingham and his Welch crue.

He towards Glocester his way did take,  
There to haue ioyned with the Westerne powre,  
But as in safetie passage for to make,  
He with his host by Seuernes coast did scowre,  
Heau'ns cloudie mountaines brake, and many a showre  
Through darksome aire, from heau'ns wide floud-gates fel,  
Which made the wombe of raging Seuerne swel.

The shores did shrink, the lustie waues did grow,  
Trees hid their heads, dumbe beasts on hilles were drown'd,  
Infants in cradles wandred to and fro ;  
Yea those that of the floud stroue to win ground,  
Both men and horse the waters did confound :  
And to this day the Seuerne men by name,  
Stout *Buckingham's* great water call the same.

Thus the bold Duke was of his purpose crost,  
 Who of my swift approch, when he did heare;  
 In good array did range his warlike host :  
 But they, before in field we did appeare,  
 Turning their backs put on the wings of feare,  
 Leading their Duke the way, who thus distrest  
 Durst not abide, but fled amongst the rest.

Who tooke himselfe in his vnhappie flight,  
 Vnto his seruants house vpon the way,  
 Hight *Humfrey Banester*, a wicked wight,  
 Who fosterd by this Duke did yet betray  
 His Lord and master, to his liues decay :  
 By him descri'd he in disguise was taken  
 In a darke wood, of all his friends forsaken.

He dead, the rest of his conspiracie  
 Dispers'd their powers, and each one fled his way,  
 Some fled to *Richmond*, then in Britannie,  
 And others here in England lurking lay,  
 Expecting the approch of that wish'd day,  
 When *Richmond* should on Englands coast arriue,  
 Mee of my crowne and Kingdome to depriue.

But I not slacking opportunitie  
 In this beginning of my good successe,  
 Did studdie both by strength and policie,  
*Richmonds* increasing powers to suppressse,  
 Although in vaine; for heauen, his cause did blesse :  
 The peoples loue did towards him incline,  
 Wishing in hart, that he might victor shine.

To giue content vnto my carefull minde,  
 One *Peter Landois* cheefe of Britannie  
 Vnder the Duke, with gold I did so blinde,  
 That hee did promise mee by policie  
 To bring the Earle into my custodie ;  
 The Britaine Duke his friend did only stand,  
 To whom my subiects dayly fled the land.

This



This *Peter* was th' Earles onelie seeming frend,  
And in pretence of loue, a warlike band  
Of men at his owne cost he did commend  
Vnto the Earle, to be at his command,  
When hee should purpose to inuade this land:  
But when towards England hee was in his way,  
His purpose was that they should him betray.

The Earle referu'd vnto more happie fate,  
Informed was of this false treacherie,  
Wherefore t' escape their hands, that lay in wait,  
To take away his life, he priuilie  
Did into Aniou flie from Britannie,  
To which as hee did flie in speedie hast,  
With greedie pursuit hee was follow'd fast:

But in a thick wood standing by the way,  
He in his seruants weedes himselfe did clad,  
And caused him the masters part to play,  
While hee himselfe fast by his side full glad  
On foote did runne like a young lustie lad,  
Whereby at length hee past without mischance  
The British confines to the Realme of France.

Thither stout *Oxford*, his old hate to show  
Vnto our house of Yorke, repaire did make,  
To ioyne with *Richmond* my Lancastrian foe:  
Then *Brandon*, *Blunt* and *Cheyne* did forsake  
Me and my part, with *Richmond* part to take,  
Which newes my daylie dread doth so increase  
That I no houre can liue in restfull peace.

To whom I might giue trust, I did not know,  
Since seeming friends from mee do daylie flie,  
In court each one doth wish my ouerthrow,  
In towne and citie euerie one doth crie  
Shame on my deedes of death and tyrannie:  
Thus in my rule I liue belou'd of none,  
Dreaded of many, hated of euerie one.

To

To my distresse some comfort to applie,  
 And that I may remoue the onely thing,  
 On which Earle *Richmonds* hopes doe most relie:  
 Now such strange mischiese I doe set on wing,  
 That neuer age the like to light did bring:  
     Through blood to incest I intend to swim,  
     To breake the match betwixt my neece and him.

For *Anne* my Queene, great *Warwicks* daughter deere,  
 By poysons force I sent vnto the dead:  
 Which done, my troubled thoughts I vp did cheere,  
 In hope I might my brothers daughter wed,  
 And bring her vnto mine incestuous bed;  
     Foule sinne I now do feare in no degree,  
     That I from feare of *Richmond* may be free.

Her mother Queene (strange that it should bee so,)  
 Wonne with faire words consents vnto the same:  
 Who forc'd by feare, or by distresse brought low,  
 In hope to raise her state againe (fond dame)  
 In vaine doth wooe her daughter in my name;  
     Which heau'n abhorring hastens on my end,  
     And by my death preuents what I pretend.

The royall Virgin doth so much detest  
 My damn'd intent that I no grace can finde,  
 And daily newes my thoughts doe so molest  
 With foes inuasion, that my troubled minde  
 Is altogether vnto care inclinde;  
     Gainst those abroad that doe intend t' inuade,  
     While I prepare, at home I am betraid.

At Nottingham, where then in Court I lay,  
 Inform'd I was, that th' hated enemy  
 Had taken land, at which in much dismaie,  
 Turning my feare to rage, at last I crie  
 For vengeance on my subjects treacherie,  
     And forc'd to trie my cause by bloodie blowes,  
     I mustred vp my men to meeete my foes.

When

When that I heard where *Richmond* did ariue,  
I did digest my bands in battell ray:  
In ranke forth marcht my footemen fiue and fiue,  
Who in that order kept the readie way  
That led directly where Earle *Richmond* lay.  
Then wings of horsemen coasting euerie side,  
Did vnto bloodie battell boldly ride.

In midst of whom, vpon a tall white steede  
Mounted I sat with cruell countenance,  
Still crying out, march on, march on with speede:  
And in this sort without incumbrance,  
To Lecester we forward did aduance:  
Through which we past to Bosworthes ample plaine,  
Where I did end my wretched life and reigne.

And there vpon an hill, *Anne Beame* by name,  
I downe did pight my standerd, and fast by  
My campe in martiall order I did frame:  
*Richmond* fast by vs on the plaine did lie,  
Next morne the chance of battell for to trie;  
For it was euening ere we could attaine  
To meete each other vpon Bosworth plaine.

The sad nights cold forerunner *Vesper* faire,  
Dispreades her golden lockes in Easterne skie:  
Then courts of guard are set with speciall care,  
Lest that our foes aduantage to espie,  
In Ambuskado neere should lurking lie;  
And euery one with hearts to heau'n did pray  
To scape the horror of th'approching day.

The heau'ns that in eternall booke do keepe  
The register, for life or deathes decree,  
By vision strange did shew to me in sleepe,  
That next daies cheerefull light the last should be,  
That in this world I euermore should see:  
As in my tent, on bed I slumbring lie,  
Horrid aspects appear'd vnto mine eye.



762 *King Richard the third.*

To my distresse some comfort to applie,  
And that I may remoue the onely thing,  
On which Earle *Richmonds* hopes doe most relie:  
Now such strange mischiefe I doe set on wing,  
That neuer age the like to light did bring:  
Through blood to incest I intend to swim,  
To breake the match betwixt my neece and him.

For *Anne* my Queene, great *Warwicks* daughter deere,  
By poysons force I sent vnto the dead:  
Which done, my troubled thoughts I vp did cheere,  
In hope I might my brothers daughter wed,  
And bring her vnto mine incestuous bed;  
Foule sinne I now do feare in no degree,  
That I from feare of *Richmond* may be free.

Her mother Queene (strange that it should bee so,)  
Wonne with faire words consents vnto the same:  
Who forc'd by feare, or by distresse brought low,  
In hope to raise her state againe (fond dame)  
In vaine doth wooe her daughter in my name;  
Which heau'n abhorring hastens on my end,  
And by my death preuents what I pretend.

The royall Virgin doth so much detest  
My damn'd intent that I no grace can finde,  
And daily newes my thoughts doe so molest  
With foes inuasion, that my troubled minde  
Is altogether vnto care inclinde;  
Gainst those abroad that doe intend t' inuade,  
While I prepare, at home I am betraid.

At Nottingham, where then in Court I lay,  
Inform'd I was, that th' hated enemy  
Had taken land, at which in much dismaie,  
Turning my feare to rage, at last I crie  
For vengeance on my subjects treacherie,  
And forc'd to trie my cause by bloodie blowes,  
I mustred vp my men to meeete my foes.

When

When that I heard where *Richmond* did ariue,  
I did digest my bands in battell ray :  
In ranke forth marcht my footemen fiue and fiue,  
Who in that order kept the readie way  
That led directly where Earle *Richmond* lay.  
Then wings of horsemen coasting euerie side,  
Did vnto bloodie battell boldly ride.

In midst of whom, vpon a tall white steede  
Mounted I sat with cruell countenance,  
Still crying out, march on, march on with speede :  
And in this sort without incumberance,  
To Lecester we forward did aduance :  
Through which we past to Bosworthes ample plaine,  
Where I did end my wretched life and reigne.

And there vpon an hill, *Anne Beame* by name,  
I downe did pight my stander, and fast by  
My campe in martiall order I did frame:  
*Richmond* fast by vs on the plaine did lie,  
Next morne the chance of battell for to trie ;  
For it was euening ere we could attaine  
To meete each other vpon Bosworth plaine.

The sad nights cold forerunner *Vesper* faire,  
Dispreades her golden lockes in Easterne skie :  
Then courts of guard are set with speciall care,  
Lest that our foes aduantage to espie,  
In Ambuskado neere should lurking lie ;  
And euery one with hearts to heau'n did pray  
To scape the horror of th'approching day.

The heau'ns that in eternall booke do keepe  
The register, for life or deathes decree,  
By vision strange did shew to me in sleepe,  
That next daies cheerefull light the last should be,  
That in this world I euermore should see:  
As in my tent, on bed I slumbring lie,  
Horrid aspects appear'd vnto mine eye.

I thought that all those murdered ghosts, whom I  
 By death had sent to their vntimely graue,  
 With balefull noise about my tent did crie,  
 And of the heau'ns with sad complaint did craue,  
 That they on guiltie wretch might vengeance haue :  
 To whom I thought the Iudge of heau'n gaue eare,  
 And gainst me gaue a iudgement full of feare.

For loe eftsoones, a thousand hellish hags  
 Leauing th'abode of their infernall cell,  
 Seasing on me, my hatefull bodie drags  
 From forth my bed into a place like hell,  
 Where feends did naught but bellow, howle and yell,  
 Who in sterne strife stood gainst each other bent,  
 Who should my hatefull bodie most torment.

Tormented in such trance long did I lie,  
 Till extreame feare did rouze me where I lay,  
 And caus'd me from my naked bed to flie;  
 Alone within my tent I durst not stay,  
 This dreadfull dreame my soule did so affray :  
 When wakte I was from sleepe, I for a space  
 Thought I had been in some infernall place.

About mine eares a buzzing feare still flew,  
 My fainting knees languish for want of might,  
 Vpon my bodie stands an icie dew;  
 My heart is dead within, and with affright  
 The haire vpon my head doth stand vpright :  
 Each limbe about me quaking, doth resemble  
 A riuers rush, that with the wind doth tremble.

Thus with my guiltie soules sad torture torne,  
 The darke nights dismall houres I past away,  
 But at cockes crow the message of the morne,  
 My feare I did conceale, lest men should say  
 Our foes approach my courage did dismay :  
 And as dire need did me thereto constraîne,  
 My troopes of men I marshal'd on the plaine.

Who



Who with swift concurse fill'd the smothered ground,  
And did enranke themselues in braue array,  
The foreward with bold bowmen did abound,  
Commixt with pikes to beare the violent sway,  
When on our front the foe should giue th' assaie,  
And to their forme in fight good heed to take,  
*John* Duke of Northfolke Chieftaine I did make.

After this vantguard I my selfe did goe,  
And round about me chosen men of might  
Did range themselues to shield me from the foe,  
Our skirts were lin'd with horse, and fit for fight,  
Each place was stufte with men in armes well dight :  
In this array I troopt my armed traine,  
To meet Earle *Richmond* on the equall plaine.

Who wisely did his folke to fight instruct,  
*John* Earle of Oxford did the vaward lead,  
The right wing *Gilbert Talbot* did conduct,  
The left wing Sir *John Saunge*, one that fled  
From me to *Richmond* for to saue his head :  
*Richmond* himselfe with *Pembroke* that stout Knight,  
The middle ward did lead vnto the fight.

As thus both hosts stood each in others fight,  
Expecting when the trumpe, whose blast doth breed  
Courage in men, would call them forth to fight,  
Arm'd in bright steele vpon a stately steed,  
From ranke to ranke I rode about with speed,  
And fit for fight, my souldiers hearts to make,  
Hie, and with courage thus to them I spake.

Fellowes in armes, and my aduenturous friends,  
Giue heedfull eare to that which I shall say :  
Be valiant hearted, thinke vpon the ends  
Of fight or flight, of triumph or decay,  
Both which the battell doth propose this day,  
Th' one of which doth bring eternall fame,  
The other ignomie and dastard shame.

766 *King Richard the third.*

O thinke vpon the matchlesse valiancie  
Of our forefathers deeds in former daies,  
And let vs counterchecke the memorie  
Of their stout acts by that immortall praise,  
To which our deeds our names this day may raise :  
Yea let vs thinke gainst whom we come to fight,  
The thought of which might cowards harts excite.

First with our foe-mens Captaine to begin,  
A weake Welch milke-sop, one that I do know  
Was nere before for fight in battell seene,  
Notable of himselfe as guide to goe  
In marshall discipline against his foe :  
But backt by his consorts, a sort of slaues,  
Against his will vs now in field he braues.

And for his company, a sort they bee  
Of rascall French and British runawaies,  
People far more couragious for to flee,  
Then stand in fight, whose faint hearts former daies  
Could witnesse to our land and their dispraise ;  
Who doubtlesse now shall by your valours die,  
Or elsẽ at least from battell wounded flie.

That bearing wounds vnto their natiue home,  
Their fellowes may be stricke with heartlesse dread,  
Fearing in future times againe to come  
Into our kingdome with bold banners spred,  
Gainst souldiers that in Englands bounds are bred :  
Then courage friends, think on renowne and fame  
For which we fight, let cowards flie with shame.

And as for me, assure your selues this day  
I will triumph by glorious victorie,  
Or win a lasting name for liues decay :  
Take then example by my valiancie,  
And boldly fight against youremie :  
You for your wiues and goods, I for my crowne,  
Both for our countries good, all for renowne.

*Aduance*

Aduance them captaines, forward to the fight,  
Draw forth your swords, each man addresse his sheeld,  
Hence faint conceitez, die thoughts of coward flight,  
To heauen your hearts, to fight your valours yeeld:  
Behold our foes do braue vs in the field,  
Vpon them friends, the cause is yours and mine,  
Saint *George* and conquest on our helmes doth shine.

This said, the dreadfull trumpet loudlie blowes,  
To bring them forward to the furious fight,  
Then did the bowmen bend their stift string'd bowes;  
The souldiers buckled on their helmets bright;  
The bilmen shooke their bils, and euerie wight  
Did proue his fatall weapon on the ground,  
Ready prepar'd his foemen to confound.

The archers drew the fatall fight began,  
Thick flew the shafts, many to death were done:  
Which once being spent, close ioyn'd they man to man;  
Then did sterne slaughter through the battell runne;  
Not any one at first his foe did shunne:  
But equallie their heads they vp did beare  
In fight, not stooping vnto seruile feare.

Stout *Norfolke* in the forefront boldlie stood,  
Implying deeds of death against the foe;  
Not fear'd, in midst of dust, of death and blood,  
Th'extreamest of his vtmost strength to show,  
To winne his Soueraignes weale by his owne woer:  
Where he braue Lord, by friends vnkindlie left,  
In manlie fight was of his life bereft.

For in my cheefest hope to winne the day,  
Appointed by the heauens most iust decree,  
My souldiers in the forefront shranke away,  
Which heauie newes declared was to mee  
By one that counsell'd mee away to flee:  
But I his counsell rashly did forsake,  
And vnto him in furie thus I spake:



768 *King Richard the third.*

Cur'ſt be thy coward thoughts that thinke on flight,  
And cur'ſt thoſe traytors that are fled away :  
I am reſolu'd in this daies dreadfull fight,  
To loſe my life, or win a glorious day :  
Flie thoſe that will, for I am bent to ſtay.

This ſaid, my plum'd deckt helme I downe did cloſe,  
And with my eager launce made toward my foes.

Hie was the furie of my desperate fight,  
And like a tempeſt in a ſtormie day,  
When I did ſee vnto my hearts deſpight,  
where *Richmonds* ſtandard ſtood without delay :  
Through th'armed men to it I made my way,  
The which, with *William Brandon* that bold Knight,  
To ground I downe did caſt in *Richmonds* fight.

Many beneath my conquering ſtrokes did fall,  
Each one did flie from me with coward ſhame,  
But one whom Sir *Iohn Cheynie* men did call,  
Who for huge ſwinge of ſtrength did beare the name  
Of all the Captaines that with *Richmond* came,  
Who ſingle did my charge at firſt repell,  
Though in the end, beneath my ſword he fell.

But as with him alone in fight I ſtood,  
Behold with foes I was incircled round,  
Who did imbrue their ſwords in my deare blood,  
Where maſtered with the ſmart of many a woond,  
I bleeding ſeil vnto the duſtie ground :  
Where curſing *Richmond* and his conquering crue,  
Thence in diſdainfull ſort my ſad ſoule flew.

I being ſlaine, thoſe that for me did fight,  
Turning their backes, away forthwith did flie,  
In field my ſlaughtered bodie in deſpight,  
Drag'd from the place where it did bleeding lie,  
Was naked made to euery vaſſals eye,  
Deſpoild of all thoſe kingly robes I wore :  
Thus they to *Leiceſter* my bodie bore.

Behinde

Behind a slaue vpon a halting iade  
All naked as I was, hog-like I lay;  
And in that sort with blood and dust array'd,  
To Leicester they bore me, whence that day  
To field I came in pompe and rich aray:  
Where to the graue my bodie they commend:  
Thus had my bloodie life a bloodie end.

Th'ambitious Prince, whose hand vniustly gripes  
Anothers right to make himselfe a King,  
Suffers the smart of many Furies stripes:  
Th'internall worme his conscience still doth sting,  
His soule t'a fearefull iudgement death doth bring:  
Of which let my vsurped royaltie,  
Remaine a Mirrour in this historie.

My storie told, I may no longer stay,  
My griued ghost doth smell the mornings aire:  
The night on sable wings flies fast away,  
The houres in East expecting daies repaire,  
On cloudie hill sets vp her siluer chaire:  
My guiltie ghost her light may not behold,  
Adew, remember well what I haue told.

*Our night is at an end (quoth Memorie)  
With which we heere will end our historie:  
After this Tyrants fall, that dismall night,  
Which did obscure this Kingdomes faire day-light,  
Did take an end: heere some auspicious star  
Twixt Yorke and Lancaster did end the iar,  
Appointing Richmond that Lancastrian Knight,  
T'moculate his Red Rose with the White.  
Heere therefore with this blissefull unitie,  
We will shut vp our tragicke historie,  
And thou, whose pen we do appoint to write  
Those mirrours past, which thou hast heard this night;  
Awake from sleepe, and let thy willing pen  
Set forth this dreams vnto the view of men.  
This said, with Faine she vanisht from my sight,  
This was the vision of a winters night.*

E e e FINIS.

Thus had on the wall the record stand,  
 Where to the great world's eyes they stand;  
 To tell how many a man had been  
 For aether's sake, who had been  
 And in that first blood and dust array'd,  
 All naked as I was, hog-like I lay;  
 Behind a flap upon a halting side

A few years ago I had a small  
My little girl was very fond of  
On her first birthday she had  
The house in Fall meeting there  
The night on table - a glass of wine  
My friend, John, had been told  
My friend, John, had been told





# ENGLANDS

ELIZA:

OR

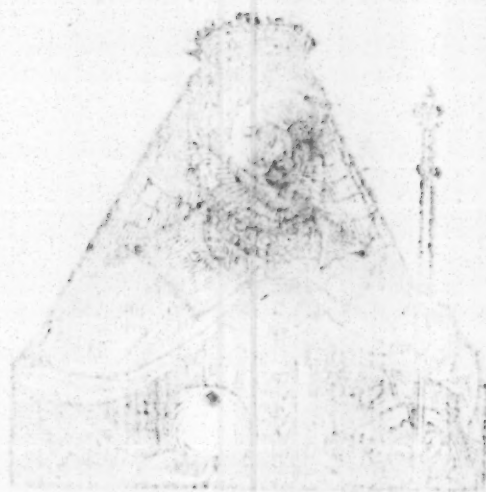
THE VICTORIOUS AND  
TRIVMPHANT REIGNE OF THAT  
VIRGIN EMPRESSE OF SACRED  
memorie, ELIZABETH, Queene of England,  
*France and Ireland,*  
*&c.*



AT LONDON  
Imprinted by FELIX KYNGSTON.  
1610.

# ENGLANDS

THE VICTORY  
THE MOUNTAIN  
THE VIRGIN EMERALD  
THE VICTORY  
THE MOUNTAIN  
THE VIRGIN EMERALD



PRINTED BY  
KINGSTON  
1850

# THE INDVCTION. 775

**I**n that sad month, whose name at first begun  
 From Romes Augustus, great Octavius son,  
 When heau'ns fierce dog, sterne Alhabor did rise  
 To bait the Lion in th' Olympian skies;  
 Whose hot fier-breathing influence did cracke  
 Our thirstie grandame Terraces aged backe:  
 By wrathfull loue, thicke darted from the skie  
 The thunder shafts of Pestilence did flie;  
 In top of heau'n he tooke his wreakfull stand  
 Ore that great Towne vpon the Northerne strand,  
 Of siluer Thamisis, vpon whose towres  
 Downe dropt his shafts, as thicke as winters showres,  
 Which daily did his indignation show  
 In euery place, dispersing worlds of woe:  
 Witnesse ye ghosts and spirits dolefull drerie,  
 Vntimely sent by troopes to Charons ferrie,  
 Leauing your limbes wrapt vpon sheets of clay,  
 As dustie reliques of your lines decay:  
 Tea (thou sweet Genius of that ancient towne,  
 Thou Ladie of great Albions chiefe renowne)  
 Of that sad time a witnesse maist thou bee,  
 When death did take so many sonnes from thee;  
 Whose funcrall rites inconsolate alone,  
 When thou vnkindly left, didst kindly mone,  
 Who staid with thee, alas, to helpe thee mourne,  
 And fled not from thee, leauing thee forlorne?  
 Mongst whom (though I) strooke terror-sicke with dread  
 Of heau'ns hot plague, was one that from thee fled;  
 Yet of thy sight I daily did partake,  
 Which of thy woes a partner did me make:  
 Not far from off that slimie Southerne strand,  
 By which with Isis, Thames runnes hand in hand,  
 In that high mountaine countries fruitfull soile,  
 That nere in sight of forren foes tooke soile,



Where those same famous stout men-mouing wood,  
 Against the Norman Conqueror boldly stood;  
 Was my abode, when foule infections breath  
 In Troynouant imploy'd the workes of death.  
 There in this wofull time vpon a day,  
 So soone as Tythons loue-lasse gan display  
 Her opall colours in her Easterne throne;  
 It was my chance in walking all alone,  
 That ancient castle-crowned hill to scale,  
 Which proudly ouerlookes the lowly vale,  
 Where great Elizacs birth-blest palace stands,  
 Gainst which great Thames casts vp his golden sands.  
 There when I came, from thence I might descrie  
 The sweetest prospects, that the curious eie  
 Of any one did euer elsewhere see,  
 So pleasant at that time they seem'd to mee:  
 It is a choice selected plot of land,  
 In which this ayrie mount doth towring stand;  
 As if that natures cunning for the best,  
 Had choicely pickt it out from all the rest:  
 Beneath this loftie hill shot vp on high,  
 A pleasant parke impaled round doth lie,  
 In which the plaine so open lies to sight,  
 That on this hill oft times with great delight  
 That heau'nly Queene, Plantagenets great blood,  
 The faire Elizacs selfe hath often stood,  
 And seene the swift-foot dogs in eager chace  
 Pursue the gentle Hinde from place to place.  
 From hence recalling my weake wandring eye,  
 I gan behold that Kingly Palace by,  
 Whose loftie towres built vp of ancient time  
 By worthie Princes, to the stars do clime;  
 Proud, that so many a Prince to do them grace,  
 Beneath their roose had made their resting place.

*Fast by this princely house, afront before  
 Thames gliding waues do wash the sandie shore,  
 Whose fruitfull streames with winding in and out,  
 Forcing their way through hollow lands about,  
 From th'Occidentall with swift course do run,  
 Where Hesper bright brings vp the golden Sun :  
 And on the siluer brest of this great lord  
 Of all the deepes, that Albions wombe doth hoard,  
 Downe from the Easterne seas I might descrie  
 Many swift-winged barkes, that seem'd to flie,  
 Cutting their passage through the threatning wane,  
 That 'bout their sides in vaine did rore and rane ;  
 With swelling sailes not fearing sad mischance,  
 Each after other came in stately dance,  
 And nimble capring on the purple wane,  
 With loftie foretops did the welkin braue,  
 Vntill they came vnto that stately place  
 Fam'd for the birth of great Elizaes grace :  
 To which they vail'd their towring tops before,  
 And from their sides the thundring cannons rore  
 Flew as a witnesse of their loyaltie  
 And lone vnto that house of Maiestie ;  
 From thence full fraught with many a precious prise  
 They sail'd along, whereas the passage lies  
 To Troynouant, whose pride of youthfull lust  
 The hand of death had smothered in the dust ;  
 The smiling heauns, that with sweet sunshine howres  
 Did once vouchsafe i' adorne her hie topt towres,  
 Now with grim lookes, which did my heart appall,  
 Did seeme to threaten her approaching fall ;  
 Downe from their clondie browes in threatning pride,  
 Death-darting Pestilence did seeme to slide :  
 Grim-visag'd-like the grizly dreaded night,  
 In noysome fumes and mistie fogs bedight :*

*The aire once pure and thin now wing'd with death  
 Grewe gloomie thick being poyson'd by her breath,  
 In which, I thought, she took her horrid stand,  
 And with fierce look and stiff-bent bowe in hand,  
 She drew her shafts, impatient in her minde,  
 From forth her quiver at her back behinde:  
 Then did I thinke vpon the shreekes and cries  
 Of dying soules, that did ascend the skies  
 By thousands sent vnto the gaping graue,  
 On whom no mercie Pestilence would haue:  
 Ye then (thou glorie of great Albion)  
 Thy sad distresse I gan to think vpon,  
 Thy mournfull widowes groueling in sad swoond  
 On their dead husbands, on the ashie ground,  
 Thy husbands strining to preserue the breath  
 Of their deare spouse from vnrelenting death;  
 Thy Orphans left poore parentlesse alone  
 The future times sad miserie to mone:  
 The thought of which, in that unhappie season  
 With woefull passion did so maister reason,  
 That as I stood vpon that pleasant hill  
 To fancie sweet delight I had no will;  
 But seeking for some groue or gloomie wood,  
 Where I might feede my melancholie mood:  
 Vpon this hils South side at last I found  
 Fitting my thoughts a pleasing plot of ground;  
 It was to wit, that wel knowne happie shade,  
 Which for delight the royall Britaine Maid  
 Did oft frequent, as former times can tell,  
 When her sweet soule in mortall mould did dwell:  
 It is a walke thicke set with manie a tree;  
 Whose arched bowes ore hed combined bee,  
 That nor the golden eye of heauen can peepe  
 Into that place, ne yet, when heauen doth weepe,*



Can the thin drops of drizeling raine offend  
 Him, that for succour to that place doth wend.  
 Where when alone I first did enter in,  
 And call to minde, how that truth-shielding Queene  
 In former times the same did beautifie  
 With presence of her princelie maiestie;  
 (O) how the place did seeme to mourne to mee,  
 That she should thence for euer absent bee!  
 In this sad passion, which did still abound,  
 I sat me downe vpon the grassie ground,  
 Wishing that heau'n into my infant Muse  
 That antique Poets spirit would infuse,  
 Who, when in Thracian land hee did rehearse  
 Ianthees wofull end in tragick verse,  
 Did make men, birds, beasts, trees and rockes of stone  
 That virgins timelesse tragedie to mone:  
 For then I thought, that to that mournesfull place,  
 I might haue sung my verse with lesse disgrace  
 To great Elizaes worth: for who doth bring  
 Her deeds to light, or who her worth doth singe?  
 (O) did that Fairie Queenes sweet singer liue,  
 That to the dead eternitie could giue,  
 Or if, that heauen by influence would infuse  
 His heauenlie spirit on mine earth-borne Muse,  
 Her name ere this a mirror should haue been  
 Lim'd out in golden verse to the eyes of men:  
 But my sad Muse, though willing; yet too weak  
 In her ruderymes Elizaes worth to speak,  
 Must yeeld to those, whose Muse can mount on high,  
 And with braue plumes can clime the loftie skie.  
 As thus I sat all sad vpon the greene  
 In contemplation of that royall Queene,  
 And thinking, what a Mirrour she might be  
 Vnto all future times posteritie,

Inclining

Inclining downe my hed, soft fingered sleepe  
 With pleasing touch throughout my limbes did creepe,  
 Who hauing seas'd vpon mee with strong hands,  
 Bound vpon my thoughts in soporiferous bands,  
 And held mee captiue, while his seruant slie  
 A vision strange did vnto mee descric:  
 For vpon from Morpheus den a vision came,  
 Which were it sent in mightie Ioues owne name,  
 Or by some other power, I wot not well:  
 But as I slept, I say, thus it befell:  
 As at that time in walking to and fro,  
 I bout this pleasant place alone did goe,  
 Each obiekt of the same all suddenlie  
 Seemd strangelic metamorphiz'd to myne eye;  
 The Helliconian spring, that did proceed  
 From th' hoofe of Pegasus that heauenlie steed,  
 And those pure streames of virgin Castalie,  
 The place of Ioues nine daughiers nurserie,  
 Did seeme to haue resign'd their proper place,  
 Transported thither to that lands disgrace:  
 Where, as I thought, I heard an heauenlie sound,  
 Of which the place did enerie where redound:  
 Vnto the which as I attentive stood,  
 Descending downe from out a neighbouring wood,  
 I might behold the sacred sisters nine,  
 Whether from heauen or other place diuine,  
 I am uncertaine; but their way they made  
 Where as I stood beneath the leaue shade:  
 Before them all a goodlie Ladie came  
 In stately portance like Ioues braine-borne dame,  
 To wit, that virgin Queene, the faire Elize,  
 That whilom was our Englands richest prize;  
 In princelie station with great Iunoes grace  
 (Mee seem'd) she came in her maiesticke pace,

Grac'd with the lookes of daunting maiestie,  
 Mixt with the meekenesse of milde clemencie;  
 Such haue I seene her, when in Princely State  
 She goddesse-like in chariot high hath sate,  
 When troops of people with loud shouts and cries,  
 Haue sounded out their Auiies in the skies:  
 And rid each other in the present place  
 With great desire to see her beau'nly face:  
 Mongst whom she came, as if Aurora faire  
 Out of the East had newly made repaire,  
 Making a sun-like light with golden shine  
 Of her bright beautie in the gazers eie.  
 Approching neere the place where I did stand,  
 With gracious beckning of her princely hand,  
 She seem'd to call to me; but sillie I,  
 Daunted with presence of such Maieſtie,  
 Fell prostrate downe, debasht with reuerent shame  
 At sudden sight of so diuine a dame;  
 Till she with gentle speech thus mildely said:  
 Stand vp, quoth she, and be nowhit dismayd;  
 Let loyall lone and Zeale to me inflame  
 Thy Muse to sing the praises of my name;  
 And let not thoughts of want, of worth, and skill,  
 Impeach the purpose of thy forward quill;  
 For though thy homely stile and slender verse  
 Too humble seeme my praises to rehearse:  
 Yet to the world, that I a Mirrour bee  
 Amongst those many Mirrours writ by thee;  
 Feare neither bite of dogged Theonstooth,  
 Nor soone-shot bolts of giddie headed youth;  
 For th'awfull power of my sole dreaded name,  
 Shall from thy verse auert all foule defame:  
 And lest in any point thou chance to faile,  
 Which may my names great glorie ought anaile;



Loe here the cheefest of the daughters nine  
 Of sacred Memorie and loue diuine,  
 Greate Cliones selfe, in order shall rehearse  
 My storie to thee in her stately verse.  
 This said, more swift then lightening from the skie,  
 She on the suddaine vanisht from mine eye  
 With all her nymphes: for none of all her traine  
 Excepting Clio did with mee remaine,  
 Who beeing the first borne childe of Memorie,  
 The Ladie was of noble Historie,  
 A peerelesse dame past al compare to sing  
 The deeds, that vertue vnto light doth bring:  
 In comelie garments, like some virgin maid  
 Of Dians troope, shee trimlie was arraid,  
 Saue goddesse-like her globe-like head around  
 With verdant wreath of sacred bay was crown'd;  
 From which downe either side her comelie face,  
 Her golden lockes did flow with goodlie grace,  
 And in her hand a lute diuinelie strung  
 She held, to which oft times she sweetlie sung;  
 With this she sat her downe vpon the ground  
 And with her fingers made the strings to sound,  
 Vnto the which her sweet voice she did frame  
 To sing the praises of Elizaes name.  
 Which hauing done, she thus did silence break;  
 Would God (quoth shee) her prayes I could speak,  
 Who claimes a greater power her praise to sound,  
 Then Phoebus self; if greater could be found:  
 Yet will I triall make with all my might,  
 With her great fame the golden starres to smite:  
 Which while I sing, heark thou with heedfuleare,  
 And in thy mind the same hereafter beare:  
 This said, she lightlie toucht each trembling string,  
 And with sweet voice did thus diuinelie sing.



**W**hen *Englands Phæbus*, *Henries* hopefull sonne,  
 The worlds rare *Phœnix*, Princely *Edward* hight,  
 To death did yeeld, his glasse of life outrun,  
 And *Phæbus*-like no more could lend his light;  
 Then men did walke in shades of darke some night,  
 Whose feeble fight with errors blacke strooke blind,  
 Could in no place Times faire *Fidess* find.

That blind borne-monster truthes sterne opposite,  
 Begotten first in *Demogorgons* hall,  
 Twixt vglie *Erebus* and grizlie night,  
 The sonnes of truth did horriblie appall  
 With her approach, much dreaded of them all:  
 Who euer came in reach of her foule pawes,  
 She in their blood imbru'd her thirstie iawes.

Witnesse may bee the manie a burning flame,  
 Made with the limbes of Saints to mount on high,  
 Whose constant soules without the least exclaime,  
 In mid't of death downe patientlie did lie,  
 And in bright flames did clime the Clow'd-brow'd skie;  
 Yea let *Elizæes* woes in that blind age  
 A witnesse bee of bloodie Errors rage.

Whose deepe distresse and dolefull miserie,  
 I not assay to sing, but leaue the same  
 To our deare sister sad *Melpomene*,  
 That she her sweet patheticke voice may frame  
 In dolefull dittie to condole the same:  
 I onely here in high Heroick streine,  
 Do striue to sing of her triumphant reigne.

*Ioue* looking downe, from his celestiall throne  
 With eies of pitie on poore Englands woes,  
 Did lend her helpe, when hope of helpe was none,  
 And in his mercy did his power oppose  
 Gainst Errors night-borne children, her cheife foes,  
 Who sought t'obscure with cloudes of enuious night,  
 Her *Cynthias* shine, the lampe of all her light.

But he disperst those cloudes, and droue away  
 The lowring stormes, that ouercast our skie,  
 And made our glorious *Cynthia* to display  
 Her heauenlie shine, to giue them light thereby,  
 Who long before in darknesse bound did lie;  
 For shee it was, who with her sweet repaire  
 From th' hearts of men did banish black despaire.

Euen as that morning starre that doth display  
 Her golden tresses in th'Orientall skie,  
 Brings happie tidings of approaching day  
 To them, that long in bed do restlesslie lie,  
 Expecting comfort from the suns bright eye:  
 So our *Eliza* did blest tidings bring  
 Of ioy to those, whom sad distresse did sting.

No sooner did this Empires royall crowne  
 Begirt the temples of her princelie hed;  
 But that *Ioue*-borne *Astraea* straight came downe  
 From highest heauen againe, to which in dread  
 Of earths impietie before shee fled:  
 Well did shee know, *Elizæes* happie reigne  
 Would then renew the golden age againe.

The heau'ns did smile on her with sweet delight,  
 And thundering *Ioue* did laugh her foes to scorne,  
 The god of warre did cease from bloodie fight,  
 And fruitfull Plentie did her land adorne  
 With richest gifts, powr'd from her plenteous horne,  
 The happie seedes, which th' hands of peace did sow  
 In euerie place with goodlie fruit did grow.

Deuouring



Deuouring *Mulciber*, whose flames before  
 With blood of holy men were heard to hisse,  
 Of Englands happie sonnes were seene no more;  
 But truth and mercie did each other kisse,  
 And brought sweet tidings of their heauenly blisse:  
 All which by powerfull *Ioue* haue granted been  
 For loue t' *Eliza* Albions matchlesse Queene.

Matchlesse for all the gifts of heauenly grace,  
 For natures good and happie destinie,  
 All which in one sole subiect hauing place,  
 If they a mortall wight may beautifie,  
 And giue a Prince earths true felicitie,  
 She truly did enioy, while she did liue,  
 That *Summum Bonum*, which this life could giue.

In th' happie Horoscope of her sweet birth,  
 Both heauen and nature seemed to consent  
 With Fortunes selfe t' augment their fame on earth,  
 Each one in hope to perfect their intent,  
 By this Queene Virgin and her gouernment,  
 And 'mongst themselues, they seemed to contend,  
 Who should to her the greatest gifts extend.

For when from *Annaes* wombe, she came to light,  
 Th' whole aggregate of heau'n from *Ioues* high throne,  
 Vnto the lowest orbe lookt blithe and bright,  
 And in the same, each constellation  
 Vnited was in sweet coniunction,  
 Powing their influence of felicitie  
 Vpon the Virgins blest natiuitie.

Nor can I tell the gifts of grace exact,  
 With which heau'n did enrich her royall mind,  
 Had I a brazen throat or voice infract,  
 A thousand tongues, and rarest words refin'd,  
 With vtterance swifter, then the swiftest winde;  
 Yet were they all too weake at large to tell  
 The gifts of grace, that in her soule did dwell.

Her settled faith, fixt in the highest heau'n  
 Remained firme vnto her liues last date,  
 Nor her vndanted spirit could be driuen  
 At any time one iot thereof t'abate  
 By Spaines sterne threats, and Romes pernicious hate,  
 The ankor of the same, her hope, aboue  
 Stood fixt vpon the promise of great *Ioue*.

Her deeds of mercie, not in hope to merit,  
 Were true ostents of her fidelitie,  
 For which, a name on earth she shall inherit,  
 Which shall outliue the vading memorie  
 Of spitefull Romes defaming forgerie;  
 For not alone did we her bountie know,  
 But forren shores the same likewise can show.

Heau'n hauing dignifi'd her soule diuine,  
 With rarest gifts of goodly qualitie;  
 Dame Natures selfe, as seeming to refine  
 The common mixture of mortalitie,  
 Into a matter of more puritie,  
 Made for her soule a mansion house so faire,  
 That few with it for beautie might compare.

And though her beautie were exceeding rare,  
 Yet Romes *Lucretia* for a sober eie  
 So far renown'd, with her might not compare,  
 Nor the Greekes constant Queene *Penelope*,  
 Might match this maiden Queene for modestie:  
 For *Phoebes* selfe did want her gouernance  
 In modest gesture and chaste countenance.

Thus heau'n and nature hauing shew'd their skill  
 In perfecting a creature so diuine,  
 Fortune, as loth so rare a worke to spill,  
 At our Great Britaine Maid did not repine,  
 But did to her all happinesse assigne,  
 Whereby no Prince on earth yet euer was,  
 That for rare gifts *Eliza* did surpass.

Cease then, yee black-mouth'd brood of Enuies race,  
Men monsters-like, or monsters like to men,  
Whose tongues with scandall tipt, seeke to disgrace  
Our royall Soueraigne, *Ioues* anoynted Queene,  
Whose like in any age hath seldome been :  
Cease vipers, cease I say, from your offence,  
In spitting poyson at such excellence.

Yet, if your English Romanized hearts,  
Gainst natures custome swell with foule defame,  
Brandish your stings, and cast your vtmost darts  
Against the greatnesse of her glorious name,  
Yet shall it liue to your eternall shame ;  
Yea, though Rome, Spaine, and hell it selfe repine,  
Her fame on earth with sun-bright light shal shine.

And while that we, the brood of *Phæbus* wit  
In golden verse her deeds to light can bring,  
On mount *Parnassus*, as we safely sit,  
In such high straine her worth we all will sing,  
That earths whole round of her great fame shall ring:  
For endlesse praise to her well may we giue,  
That did protect our cause, while she did liue.

(O) how the wreath of *Phæbus* flowring bay,  
The victors due desert and learnings meed  
Did flourish in her time without decay !  
Which to obtaine, each one did striue t' exceed  
In high atchieuement of some glorious deed :  
Though now, alas, such custome is forgot,  
And loue of ease great Albions sonnes doth blot.

Lull'd in the bosome of securitie,  
Vpon th'ignoble bed of idle ease,  
Fouly defacing true nobilitie,  
Few now do care, but how they best may please  
The hungrie fancie of sweet loues disease,  
That pitie t'is so many a worthie wight,  
Lets honor flie for fancies fond delight.



But wake (yee honor'd Impes of noble race)  
 Rouze vp the dying sparkes of courage bold,  
 Tis *Clyo* speakes to you, that she may place  
 Your lasting praises, writ with lines of gold,  
 In flying Fames great booke to be inrol'd,  
 Yea let your fathers late done deeds inflame  
 Your sleeping thoughts to gaine a glorious name :

Who thought it not true honors glorious prize  
 By nimble capring in a daintie dance,  
 To win th' affects of womens wanton eies,  
 Ne yet did seeke their glorie to aduance  
 By only tilting with a rush-like lance,  
 But did in dreadfull death themselues oppose,  
 To winne renowne against *Elizæs* foes.

How stoutly did they march in honors field,  
 In stately station like the sonnes of Fame,  
 Led by renowne, who nere did let them yeeld,  
 Though drown'd in death in midst of martiall game,  
 Till by their deeds they gain'd a glorious name,  
 Whose valour still *Eliza* did direct  
 Each where to beat downe wrong and right erect.

*An. Reg. 2.* When Englands Scotland in distresse did stand,  
 Ambitious *Guise* intending her decay,  
 Englands faire Virgin lent her helping hand,  
 And soone did chace th' insulting French away,  
 That proudly did their ensignes there display:  
 For that braue Lord great *Grey* of Wilton hight,  
 Did force them thence by warres impulsue might.

*An. Reg. 4.* When France within it selfe diuided stood,  
 Th' aspiring *Guise* in hostile furie bent  
 Against braue *Condie*, Prince of royall blood,  
 Then our faire Queene all danger to preuent,  
 Great *Warwicke* ore the seas broad bosome sent,  
 Whose dreaded powers our Calice losse had quited,  
 Had heau'n not sicknesse through his host excited

When

When Irelands great *Oneale*, first that did moue  
The Kernes and Gallowglasses, men of might,  
Vnto their Soueraigne to renounce their loue,  
Hight *Henrie Sidnie* that heroick Knight,  
Did oft times turne him to inglorious flight,  
Till traytor-like mongst friends he found his fall,  
Who hew'd his bodie into pieces small.

*Ano Reg. 9.*

Nor heere renowned *Rando*/braue Esquire  
Can I forget to giue to thee thy right,  
When with thine owne few troopes, whose hearts on fire  
Thy valour set, thou put'st to shamefull flight  
This *Shane Oneale*, and all his host in fight:  
Where though thou fell in venturing past the rest,  
Thy name shall liue in Fames great booke exprest.

*An. Reg. 8.*

And heere at home, when in the North did rise  
The louring stormes stirr'd vp by discontent  
Of peace-disturbers, who did enterprize  
By force of hand their Soueraignes right to rent,  
And take from her this kingdomes gouernment,  
Then stood vp many a loyall hearted Peere,  
To shield her safe from threatning foe-mens feare.

*An. Reg. 12.*

For well they knew, with right it could not stand,  
That any one their Soueraigne might displace,  
And take the Scepter from the Princes hand:  
The rule of many is absurd and base,  
One Prince must sit inthron'd in iustice place;  
For many heads, what bodie euer bare,  
That was not monster-like and out of square?

Which little did those iarring members know,  
When with their banner of the fiue wounds spread,  
And holy-seeming crosse, a fained show  
Of their vngodly zeale, they first made head  
At Durhams towne against their Soueraigne dread,  
Where their first outrage men did vnderstand,  
In tearing th'holy writs of Gods owne hand.

Gainst whom, these great *Heroes* vp did stand,  
 Renowned *Sussex*, th' eldest sonne of Fame,  
 Great *Warwicke*, *Rutland*, and stout *Cumberland*,  
 Bold *Denorax*, *Howard* Lord of Effingham,  
 Braue Lord of Perham *Willowby* by name,  
*Scroope*, *Euers*, *Knoles*, all men of famous might,  
 From whom their foes to Scotland tooke their flight.

L. D. And thou braue *Hunsdon* borne of Princes blood,  
 Though last in place yet not the least in name,  
 When a disloyall Lord vndaunted stood  
 To bid thee battell, to thy endlesse fame,  
 Thou mad'st him flie the bounded field with shame:  
 'Gainst whom with thy few troopes, thou didst aduance  
 And authoriz'd high seruice with thy lance.

Vpon the bankes, where siluer *Chelt* doth glide,  
 With his three thousand men in armes well dight,  
 He stoutly stood and did thy charge abide,  
 Gainst whom with fisteene hundred thou didst fight,  
 And forc'd him yeeld vnto thy powerfull might:  
 For heartlesse from the field away he fled  
 To Scotland by, to hide his shamefull hed.

And as the Lordly Lion, king of beasts,  
 When he by chance hath lost his wished prey,  
 Runs roring through the wood, and neuer rests  
 Till he haue truly tract the readie way,  
 Where he may follow his escaped prey:  
 So noble *Hunsdon* with his conquering crew,  
 His flying foe to Scotland did pursue.

Anno eodem 1.2. With that stout sonne of *Mars*, great *Sussex* bent,  
 T'inferre reuenge vpon the borderers by  
 For misdemeanor done, much time he spent  
 In making hostile spoile on th'enemie,  
 That sought to succour rebels treacherie:  
 Which done, loden with honor and rich spoile,  
 They made returne vnto their natie soile.

Thus



Thus did these Lords to their faire virgin Queene,  
 Returne with glorie got from euery place,  
 Though at her greatnesse with malignant spleene,  
 Many leaud sonnes of Enuies hellish race,  
 Did much repine, and sought her names disgrace :  
 For spitefull Enuie neuer doth repine,  
 But where true vertues glorie most doth shine.

Downe in the deepes of earths profunditie  
 Her dwelling is, in dungeons darksome blind,  
 Where she nere sees the bright sunnes cheerefull eie,  
 Ne comfort of the wholesome aire doth finde,  
 Toft to and fro by gentle breathing winde ;  
 But with the *Furies* of the Stygian flood,  
 Sits low in hell in hate of humane good.

The restless grieve, which carking care doth breed,  
 Her thoughts with endlesse torment doth oppresse,  
 Her woes of others welfare do proceed,  
 Ne euer is she scene to laugh, vnlesse  
 At lucklesse hap of others ill successe ;  
 For others happinesse her woe doth bring,  
 And all her ill from others good doth spring.

To this foule helhound from that blood-built towne,  
 Which Tyburs siluer armes doe round imbrace,  
 Blind Error came, where truth was troden downe,  
 Since bloodie *Phocas* to the worlds disgrace,  
 Did seat the first false Priest in *Casars* place ;  
 And thence did Error take her speedie flight  
 To Enuies caue to worke the world despight.

Where when she came before the hags foule sight,  
*Elizaes* glorie she did oft propose,  
 And more to whet her forward to despight,  
 She shew'd how Truth and Loue their two chiefe foes,  
 On that faire Virgin only did repose,  
 Which Enuies malice did so much augment,  
 That she throughout the world with Error went.

Blinde Error bore foule Enuie on her backe,  
 And ouer many kingdoms tooke their flight,  
 Where Enuies poison mixt with Errors blacke,  
 In scalding drops, as they did flie, did light  
 Vpon the limbes of many a wretched wight,  
 Which through their veins diffus'd did swiftly run,  
 Choaking that loue, that in their hearts did won.

At length to Rome with Error, Enuie came,  
 Where gorg'd with fulnesse of excessiue feast,  
 Finding proud *Pius*, fift of that false name,  
 Laid on soft couch his heauie head to rest,  
 She laid her scuruike fist vpon his brest,  
 And from his feet, euen to his sleepe head,  
 She made her poison canker-like to spread.

And with more malice to augment his hate,  
 She did propose vnto his enuious eye,  
 Th'admired glorie of *Elizæes* state,  
 And his lost priuiledge and dignitie  
 In this her kingdome of great Britanie;  
 Which did so vex great *Pius*, that on nought,  
 But mischief gainst our Queene thenceforth he thought.

His threatning Bull, whose rore in ages past,  
 The superstitious world did terrifie,  
 Amongst *Elizæes* subiects he did cast,  
 Thereby to alienate their loyaltie,  
 And dutie vow'd to her Soueraigntie;  
 Yea pardon in it he did denounce to all,  
 That from our Queene their dutie would recall.

*An. Reg. 12.* Which Bull, (fond *Felton*) thy unhappie hand  
 Did fixe vpon that Prelates Palace gate,  
 Which doth by *Paules* high trowing temple stand;  
 Where thou did'st iustly meete thy wretched fate,  
 The meed, that traytors steps doth still await;  
 Nor could that Priest remit thy foule offence,  
 Though with large sinne his Bull did then dispence.

And

And though he did denounce both pardon and curse,  
Yet by the one small comfort did'st thou find,  
Ne yet was Englands happie state the worse;  
But as in gloomie caues and corners blinde,  
The suns bright blazing beames most cleare we finde;  
So did the Virgins glorie shine most brim,  
When her proud foes did seeke the same to dim.

For hereupon, when with rebellious sword,  
Those stout strength-breathing Irish vp did stand,  
Renowned *Denorax* Vicount Hereford;  
That most illustrate Lord of high command,  
No sooner did approach with powerfull hand,  
But that the rebels daunted with his name,  
Armes laid aside, in humble manner came.

An. Reg. 51.

Walter Den.  
Earle of Essex.

*Brian Mac-Phelin*, that much scath had done,  
With *Ferdorogh Macgillastick*, that bold Knight,  
By some surnam'd the blind Scots valiant sonne,  
With *Odonel*, *Roze*, *Oge* and *Macknel* hight,  
Did yeeld themselues to famous *Denorax* might,  
Which shewes, that he of heau'n beloued was,  
That without blood could bring such things to passe.

And heau'n, the more to blesse our happie Queene,  
After this Romish Buls loud bellowing rore,  
Three times the famous *Frobisher* was scene,  
In winged barkes full fraught with golden ore,  
Dancing ore *Neptunes* backe to Englands shore:  
For *Iason*-like to his eternall fame,  
Thrice from Catay with golden Fleece he came.

Anno Reg.  
18. 19. 20.

To adde more fame to this for future time,  
Great *Drake* to quell their pride that had set downe,  
Their *Ne plus ultra* in the farthest clime  
By seas, sands, rocks and many a sea-sieg'd towne,  
Did compasse earth in spight of *Neptunes* frowne;  
For which his name with fame for aye is crown'd;  
Whose barke still sailes about the worlds whole round.

An. Reg. 21

And



*Anno Reg.* And thee braue *Holstook* may I not forget,  
 11.15.21. Whose conquering sword on *Neptunes* high command  
*Elizaes* haplesse foes hath often met,  
 And brought them captiue with victorious hand,  
 Rich fraught with spoile to *Albions* rockie strand,  
 Whereby the greatnesse of *Elizaes* name  
 A terror both by land and seas became.

O what a princely charge did she maintaine  
 Of men, munitiō and artillirie  
 In flying castles on the purple maine,  
 Which on the cloudes of *Thetis* liquid skie,  
 Seeming to frisk about for iollitie,  
 Stood like safe centinels 'bout Englands shore  
 Making seas tremble at their cannons rore.

Thus did the heau'ns showre downe felicitie  
 In ample manner on *Elizaes* state,  
 At which *Romes* holie fire did still enuie,  
 Who failing in our English home-bred bate,  
 In foraine shoares shew'd his malignant hate:  
 For by false *Desmonds* meanes he made great show  
 Gainst our *Elizaes* weale to worke much woe.

*Anno Reg.* But heau'n did soone oppose against his might  
 22. Th'heroick spirit, that burned in the hart  
 Of noble *Grey* of *Wilton*, that bold Knight,  
 Who vnto wounds did challenge th'aduerse part  
 In manie a field, who hauing felt the smart  
 Of his keene sword, the stoutest hid hished,  
 And from his furie to the wilde woods fled.

And when th'Iberian troopes did there display  
*Romes* ensigne, in that castle hight *Del Ore*,  
 In *Desmonds* cause against our Queene, great *Grey*  
 Did thunder gainst their walls with cannons rore,  
 Ne would from fierce assault desist before  
 Vnto his furie passage he had made  
 In Spanish blood to bathe his conquering blade.

Thus

Thus all his plots still failing in th'euent,  
 Preuented by heau'ns all-foreseeing eye,  
 A thousand mischiefs now he gan inuent,  
 Inuasion, outrage, murder, treacherie,  
 Sounding the depths of all iniquitie;  
 For all black deedes his vice-blackt thoughts could find  
 He turn'd and return'd in his vengefull minde.

Vpon his furrowed front, the signes of Ire,  
 Furie and rage, did sit like lowring night,  
 And both his burning eyes like glowing fire  
 Beneath his bended browes did sparkle bright,  
 As irefull lightnings of his hearts despight;  
 Yea nought could mollifie his raging teene,  
 But blood and vengeance gainst our royall Queene.

Amongst his holie sonnes he cald a quest,  
 Whose counsell to his mischiefe might giue way,  
 And to his raging thoughts at length giue rest,  
 Setting his wrath on wing against that day,  
 Wherein he purposed Englands swift decay;  
 For by them all in counsell t'was decreed,  
 England should fall, *Eliz.* hart should bleed.

The time was set by stratagems deuise,  
 And force of hands to worke their wicked hate,  
 The persons chosen for that enterprife,  
 All bent to tread downe Englands happie state  
 Beneath the feete of some disaster fate,  
 Boasting abroad before the deed was done,  
 By their firme valor, what rich prize was wone.

The conquerd nations of the Indian soyle,  
 At whose huge wealth the world is made to wonder,  
 Their mothers wombe were forced to dispoyle,  
 And rudely rend her golden ribs insunder,  
 Thereby to set on wing warres roring thunder:  
 For souldiers thoughts on golden wings flie far,  
 And earths rich spoiles are sinewes of the war.

Manie tall Pines were leueld with the plaine  
 By the confederates of the Latin shore,  
 Being taught to flie vpon the purple maine  
 By force of winde and strength of sable Oare,  
 That on the solid ground stood firme before,  
 Whose hugenessse mightie mountaines did resemble,  
 Making the monsters of the deepe to tremble.

The famous Artizans, that by their art  
 Do imitate the thunder of the skie,  
 And digging downe into the earths black hart,  
 With that salt humor, that doth hidden lie,  
 Into the ayre make fierie lightnings flie,  
 Were all imploy'd by Spaines supreme command  
 To hurle their thunder gainst our sea-sieg'd land.

All warre habiliments they did prepare  
 To set sterne *Mars* vpon his conquering feete,  
 Their farre-fetcht Indian gold they did not spare,  
 That nothing might be wanting, that was meet  
 To furnish out their most vnconquered fleet;  
 Before all which was consummate and done,  
 Bright *Phœbus* oft his yearely race had runne:

Meane time Romes dragon rousde his bloodie crest,  
 And wau'd his wings, from whence that rabble rout,  
 That hell-hatch'd brood, who fed on Errors brest  
 And suck'd her poysonous dugs, came crawling out  
 As was their woont, to flie the world about:  
 For those he hatch'd beneath his shadie wings,  
 T'imploy' gainst Potentates and mightiest Kings.

Anno Reg.  
 23.

Manie of these to Englands shores he sent,  
 All diuerslie attir'd in strange array,  
 Closely thereby to worke his foule intent,  
 And by their presence to prepare a way  
 Against the enterprize of that great day;  
 In which Spaines potent fleette the worlds great wonder,  
 With hidious horror should gainst vs enthunder.

Most



Most of the which (O that times swanwhite wings  
 Could sweepe away record of such foule shame)  
 Were home-borne Impes vntimely shot vp springs  
 Of Britaine brood, Britaines alone by name,  
 By nature monsters borne of foule defame,  
 That sought the ruine, shame, decay and death  
 Of their deare dam, from whom they took their breath.

Vnkindly Impes, euen from your birth accurst,  
 Detested stock of vipers bloodie brood,  
 That sought to satissie your burning thirst  
 By drinking vp your dying mothers blood,  
 Making her death your life, her hurt your good;  
 Your deeds are funke to *Plutoes* darksome den,  
 Shame is your portion mongst the sonnes of men.

Mee seemes, I see them walk about the brim  
 Of black Styx dangerous flood, where *Dis* doth wonne,  
 Prince of dead night and darknesse gloomie grim,  
 Howling for passage, where deep Styx doth run,  
 Although in vaine, their funerall rites not done :  
 For hatefull fowles of heau'n being their best graue,  
 No passage to *Elyzium* can they haue.

Alas, how Error, Enuie and Despaire  
 Did troope them vp to leade them on the way,  
 Error orecaft their skie, darkened their ayre,  
 Obscur'd their sight, then Enuie did assay  
 To make them seeke Truths ruine and decay;  
 Which hauing faild, Despaire to them did bring  
 Confusion, shame, and conscience griping sting.

In fatall barkes fast flying ore the maine,  
 They daylie came with doctrine seeming sound,  
 In which as meritorious they maintaine  
 The bloodie hand, that should his Prince confound,  
 If good thereby to holy church redoun'd,  
 About all whom the self-conceited *Campion*  
 Past all compare, was reckn'd Romes arch Champion.

This

This English Romane wretch with manie more  
 Did spred themselues disguis'd about the land,  
 Seducing daylie both the rich and poore  
 Against their Prince to lift rebellious hand,  
 Renouncing as vniust her dread command,  
 And 'gainst the time appointed to provide  
 With forren force to set vp Romane pride.

And then with dread and horror to dismay  
 Their wauering thoughts, they set before their eyes  
 The generall slaughter of that dismall day,  
 When Spaines black fleet on *Neprunes* liquid skies  
 Should woefull England suddenlie surprise;  
 Wishing them craue the Popes protection  
 T'escape such horror and confusion.

But as the wolfe disguis'd with fleecie skin  
 Of fillie sheep, the shepherd long did blinde,  
 And 'mongst the flock thereby did credit win,  
 Till he at length, did by his bloodie minde  
 Bewray himselfe to be a wolfe by kinde:  
 So they, though making manie Saint-like showes  
 Did by their deeds themselues at length disclose.

With shamefull death, their shamefull liues took end,  
 Leauing on earth for signes of infamie  
 Their totter'd carcases, to which no frend  
 At anie time, could giue due obsequie,  
 Or scarce bewaile their woefull destinie;  
 But lest they were for prey, both daies and nights  
 To black night rauens and to hungrie kites.

*Anno Reg.*  
 24.

Which might haue been a terror vnto those,  
 That after sought the faire *Elizaes* fall,  
 And in their harts did wickedlie suppose  
 To Englands bounds againe back to recall  
 The Popish pride and Romane slauish thralls  
 But after this did manie vndergoe  
 Dire death and shame, to worke *Elizaes* woe.

First

First furious *Sommeruile*, that posting came,  
With his owne hands to act his Soueraignes death,  
Preuented in the way, to shun such shame  
As might ensue, did stop his owne deare breath,  
Thinking the same a far more glorious death;  
But simple man with far more shame thereby,  
Thy trembling ghost vnto the dead did flie.

Anno Reg.  
26.

The next, whose shame no time away shall sweepe,  
Was he, who by the helpe of traytors hand,  
Searching the mightie *Neptunes* waterie deepe,  
Vs'd all his art and skill to vnderstand  
The depth of euery hauen in this land;  
Thereby to giue safe conduct to the foe,  
And bring them in to worke his countries woe.

An. eodem.  
F. T.

He went to that great Gods dread kingdomes bounds,  
Who often chargeth on the clouds in skie,  
Who cusses the seas, who by his power confounds  
High hills and mountaines, who doth terrifie  
Euen the sad ghosts of *Plutoes* Emperie;  
He went to know, what winde the Fleet should wing,  
That should confusion vnto England bring.

(O vnremorsefull man!) (ô wretched wight!)  
Shame to thy selfe and thy posteritie,  
Nor friends nor countries good, to whom of right  
Thy care was due, nor loue of loyaltie  
To thy dread Queene thy heart might mollifie,  
But wing'd with mischiese, hauing once begun,  
Thou to vntimely death didst head-long run.

Whose wretched steps, in that same fatall way  
That leads to house of death, loe many more  
Had follow'd fast in giuing like assay,  
Had not our Queene, whose virgin bosome bore  
A melting heart admir'd for mercie store,  
In pitie far excell'd th' impietie  
Of their false treason 'gainst her Maiestie.

An. eodem.

Out



Read the  
certificat of  
the Princes  
mercie written  
by their owne  
hands. *Ralph.*  
*Hol. pag. 1413.*

Out of her bountious grace and Princely mind,  
She gaue them passage at her owne expence,  
Seldome on earth such mercie shall we find,  
For which strooke blind with shame of their offence,  
Against a person of such excellence,  
They sent their owne hand writs to testifie  
This worthie deed to all posteritie.

*An. Reg. 27.* Yet that vngratefull man, to whom before  
Iustly conuicted for foule felonie,  
Renown'd *Eliza* did lost life restore,  
Sought to enact a bloodie tragedie  
Vpon the person of her Maiestie,  
To wit that boaster, who did beare the name  
Of Doctor *Parrie* to increase his Fame.

The Babylonian bawd, whose strumpet-breath  
Giues life to treason, did with him conspire  
To end their vengeance in the Virgins death;  
And lest his heart should faile and he retire  
From his intent, to wing him with desire,  
His soule from sin, from death, and hell was freed,  
With impious hands to act this tragicke deed.

The foolish man with resolution came,  
As sent from heau'n, yet did it nought auaille:  
For getting licence to this royall dame  
With her to talke alone, his heart did faile,  
Her lookes alone his height of sprite did quail;  
For daunted with her sight, he did repent,  
And closely sought to colour his intent.

He did declare to her, how he had taken  
A solemne oath to take her life away,  
And how her Soueraigntie he had forsaken,  
The Romish beast as supream head t'obay,  
Who by his hands expected her decay,  
To which, he said, he did but seeme t'agree,  
That so it might by him detected bee.

The royall Virgin, when as she did heare  
The wicked purpose of her treacherous foe,  
To shew how little she the same did feare,  
Pardon'd him in secret, that no Peere might know  
His leaud intent, and so might worke him woe :  
O height of Princely spirit, past humane sence !  
O mercie past compare, for such offence !

Yet this false wretch, in whose obdurate heart  
No loyall loue did dwell, persisted still  
In his blacke treason, and did vse all art  
Oft times with dagger, dag or any ill,  
T'effect the purpose of his bloodie will :  
Which once being brought to light for such offence,  
His grudging ghost with shame was posted hence.

Thus Romes blood-thirsting wolues with cruell pawes,  
Sought daily to deuoure our Virgin Lambe,  
And plunge poore England in deaths yawning iawes,  
Hiding for aye the glorie of her name,  
Rakte vp in cinders of a ruthlesse flame :  
Thereby t'extinguish that celestiall light,  
Which Romes red Dragon did so sore affright.

They knew for certaine, while our glorious lampe,  
Our Maiden Queene did liue to lend vs light,  
She would disperse foule errors dismall dampe,  
Which suffocates the soule, and choakes the sight  
With fearefull shadowes of eternall night ;  
Yea much they fear'd pure truths true light diuine,  
Which then in forren shores began to shine.

The sea-diuided seuentene lands great nation,  
The Belgick borderers by the bankes of Rheine,  
Cast off Romes yoke, and left their blind deuotion,  
With one consent beginning to incline  
Vnto a truth more perfect, more diuine ;  
Which they with martyr'd blood did long maintaine,  
Gainst th'inquisition of Rome-wronged Spaine.

*An. eodem.* But at the last, when with warres dreadfull thunder,  
27. *Don Iohn* of Austria and his warlike band,

Began to shake the Belgicke State in sunder,  
To tyrannize and bring them with strong hand,  
Beneath the yoke of *Philips* sterne command,  
The great *Eliza* they did humblie craue,  
Their Belgick State from hostile spoile to saue.

The Briton Maid remorsefull of their woes  
In their defence did lift her royall hand,  
Against the threats of their inuading foes,  
And sent in safe conduct a warlike band,  
VVith fame-grac'd *Norrice* to the Belgicke strand;  
VVhich with his valiant crew he did maintaine,  
Against the incursions of the power of Spaine.

*An. eodem.* Meane time th'vndaunted *Drake* no time did sleepe,  
*Drakes voy-* Vpon the maine King *Philips* powers to sease,  
age to Car- VVho thought himselfe the *Neptune* of the deepe;  
thagena and But of such yoke, the sea-gods sonnes to ease,  
Domingo. *Drake* tooke from him the scepter of the seas,  
And put the same in his faire Soueraignes hand,  
Teaching the deepe to know her milde command.

Her winged Barkes, like sea-Nymphes in their flight,  
The aged sea-gods daughter safely bore,  
Whose nimble dance the deepe did so delight,  
That 'bout their bosomes sweeping by the shore  
The siluer waues did play with wanton rore,  
Thinking themselves releas'd from yoke of Spaine,  
Whose gold-heap'd mountaines did oppresse the maine.

With these vpon the seas, the noble *Drake*  
Did faile as Lord of th'Ocean Emperie,  
At whose dread name th'Iberians hearts did quake,  
Who left the rule of *Neptunes* moistned skie  
To *Drakes* command, and to the shores did flie,  
Whom now for ancient wrongs done long before,  
He with swift vengeance follow'd to the shore.



Braue *Carlile*, *Winter*, *Frobisher* and *Knoles*,  
With many more of *Neptunes* noble race,  
Made peopled cities place for beasts and fowles,  
Burnt bowers, sackt towers, raz'd townes before the face  
Of their base foes, who fled with foule disgrace,  
Leauing wife, children, gold and goods for pray,  
By stranger people to be borne away.

Foure townes in this their voyage they did foile,  
First did Saint Iago by their power decline,  
That done, then Saint Domingo did they spoile,  
Next trowing Carthagena, and in fine  
In Terra Florida, Saint Augustine:  
Thus fortune with rich spoile their deeds did crowne,  
And home they came with glorie and renowne.

And while these valiant men, true sonnes of fame,  
In forren shores our foe-mens force did quell,  
And by their deeds made knowne *Elizæ's* name,  
The stif-neckt Irish proudly did rebell,  
Whose hearts with stubborne pride did euer swell:  
But noble *Bingham*, that illustrate Knight,  
Did bring them downe and tame their trowing might.

When that false traytor, *Mahowne Obrian*  
To Romes proud strumpet bound his loue to show,  
In Thomond with rebellious hand began  
To stirre vp strife, and worke his countries woe,  
In hope to haue been backt by forren foe,  
In warre affaires this *Bingham* far renown'd,  
In castle Clanowen did him confound.

*An. Reg. 28.*  
Taken from a  
note confir-  
med vnder the  
hands of di-  
uers gentle-  
men imployed  
in this action.

And when the *Burkes*, who did false rumours noise  
Of wrong intended gainst their countries good,  
With *Clangibbons*, with *Clandonnels* and *Loyes*,  
Themselues in armes did bound and proudly stood  
On daring tearmes in field to spend their blood,  
Renowned *Bingham* with his valiant crew,  
Did them through woods from caue to caue pursue.

And when the Redshankes on the borders by  
 Incurſions made, and rang'd in battell ſtood  
 To beare his charge, from field he made them flie,  
 Where fiſhie Moine did bluſh with crimſon blood  
 Of thouſand foes, that periſht in the flood,  
 For which braue *Bingham* crown'd with endleſſe fame,  
 Enioyes on earth a neuer dying name.

*Sixtus Quintus*  
 Pope.

Although theſe ciuill warres of home-bred hate,  
 Firſt hatcht at Rome by Englands ancient foe,  
 Did much diſturbe *Elizæ's* bleſſed ſtate,  
 Yet did the royall Virgin not forgoe  
 Th'afflicted Belgians drencht in depth of woe;  
 But to ſupport them gainſt all foes annoy,  
 Earle of Leic. For that deſigne, ſhe *Dudley* did employ.

*Anno eodem*  
 28.

Who *Iaſon*-like to Colchos Iland bound,  
 To fetch the golden fleece by force of hand,  
 With many great *Heroes* far renown'd,  
 Paſt with triumphant ſailes ore ſeas and ſand,  
 From Englands ſhores vnto the Belgicke ſtrand,  
 Where after all their high atchieuements done,  
 Their fleece was fame, their gold was glorie won.

(O noble Virgin) (ô victorious dame,  
 Englands *Bellona*, nurſe of chiuallrie)  
 What age brought forth ſo many ſonnes of fame,  
 In all the worlds thrice-changed Monarchie,  
 As in the time of thy great Emperie?  
 Whoſe deeds from Englands bounds did beare thy name,  
 As far as *Phæbus* ſpreads his golden flame.

Who now arriuing on the Belgian coaſt  
 VVith fatall ſteele did deepe ingraue thy name,  
 Vpon the proudeſt creſts in that great hoſt  
 That with the valiant Prince of Parma came,  
 Enacting wonders for immortall fame;  
 VVitneſſe thoſe famous deeds by *Zutphen* done,  
 Where many high exploits were vndergone.

When

When both the aduerse powres afront did meet,  
Although the foe farre more in number were;  
Yet did our men with *Mars* swift-winged feet,  
Charge on their troopes, whose hearts strooke dead with feare,  
Vnable to resist, they backe did beare,  
T'whom valiant *Audlie* in their faint recøyle,  
With his foot-bands alone did giue the foyle.

Recorded at  
large by I.  
Stow, in his  
Ann. pag.  
1233. taken  
out of *H. Ar-*  
*cher.*

Then th' *Albanois* vnto the rescue came  
With their horse troopes, mongst whom stout *Norris* went,  
And boldly singl'd out a man of fame,  
Gainst whom his pistoll with full charge he bent  
To act his fall; but failing in th'euent,  
His foe-mans head he with the same did greet,  
And made him fall at his victorious feet.

Next noble *Willoughby* with lance in rest,  
Arm'd like the god of warre on winged horse,  
Met Captaine *George*, opposing brest to brest,  
Whom from his steed halfe dead with furious force,  
He downe did beare in his winde-winged course,  
Who falling said, I yceld me to thy might,  
In that I see thou art a seemely Knight.

Lo. Will. of  
Erebeic.

This he spake  
in French.

Then noble *Denorax*, *Mars* his yongest sonne,  
Chear'd vp his troope (fellowes in armes) quoth he,  
The honorable prease let vs not shunne,  
Ne with the dread of death dismaied be,  
But for your countries glorie follow me:  
Which said, he fiercely charg'd on th'enemie,  
And shew'd high prooffe of his stout valiancie.

Rob. Earle of  
Essex.

To second him, *Russell* that martiall Knight,  
Like feathered shaft sent from a stiffe-bent bow,  
Or boysterous *Boreas* in his nimble flight,  
With weightie lance did charge vpon the foe,  
And horse and man to ground did ouerthrow,  
Who with affright did from his furie runne,  
As braying goats the King of beasts doth shunne.

Sir William  
*Russell.*



Amongst them all, that impe of honors bed,  
 That Worthie of the world, that hardie Knight,  
 The noble *Sidnie* to aduentures led  
 With glory-thirsting zeale in deaths despight,  
 Vpon his foes himselfe did noblie quight:  
 For in one skirmish with high valiancie,  
 Thrice did he charge vpon theemie.

But cursed Fortune, foe to famous men,  
 Beholding *Sidnie's* deeds with enuious eie,  
 Turning her malice into raging teene,  
 With deadly shot did wound him on the thigh,  
 Which from a foe-mans fatall peece did flie:  
 Whose timelesse end, if time did serue thereto,  
 I should bewaile in lines of lasting woe.

Many more sonnes of *Mars* his noble race,  
 In this daies fight great fame with perill wonne,  
 Yea many high exploits each breathing space,  
 By many a worthie wight were vndergone;  
 Mongst whom that deed with resolution done,  
 By valiant *Williams*, and the Belgian *Skinke*,  
 Downe to obliuions den shall neuer sinke.

*Anno eodem* For when that well wall'd towne, which Venlo hight,  
 28. Was round about begirted by the foe,  
*H. Archer Au-* Huge spirit and high conceit did so excite  
*thor.* Stout *Williams* mightie mind, to vndergoe  
 Some great attempt, that he full bent to show  
 Prooofe of his valour by some famous act,  
 With hardie *Skinke* this wonder did enact:

When grizly night her iron carre had driuen  
 From her darke mansion house, that hidden lies  
 In *Plutoes* kingdome, to the top of heau'n,  
 And with black cloake of clouds muffling the skies,  
 With fable wings shut vp all wakefull eies,  
 Obscur'd with darknesse grim they both did go,  
 To act this stratagem vpon the foe:

Husht were the winds, the aire all silent was,  
Sad was the night, in skies appear'd no starre;  
Yet through darke horror dreadlesse did they passe,  
And listning vnto euery breach of aire,  
With stealing steps this dangerous worke did dare,  
Whom at the length the dark nights shadie wing,  
Into the foe-mens campe did closely bring.

Where, when they came the vtmost watch they found  
Vpon the ground all carelessly dispread,  
Who tir'd with toile, lay in deepe sleepe fast drown'd,  
And as they slept, each one secure of dread,  
His weapon had fast fixed at his head,  
Mongst whom like hungrie wolues on flockes vnkept,  
Stout *Skinke* and worthie *Williams* boldly slept.

Then death triumpht in slaughter of the slaine,  
Soules strugling in the pangs of many a wound,  
Departs in griepe and makes aire sigh againe,  
Swords blusht with blood, grim horror did abound,  
A crimson dew stood on the grassie ground;  
Disorder, dread, death, noise and darknesse grim,  
In blood and gore of slaughtred foes did swim.

By the still watch and two strong courts of gard,  
Through death, through blood and armes they boldly went,  
Vntill they came, where horrible they scar'd  
The Prince himselfe sweet sleeping in his tent,  
Whom in their power they long'd to circumuent,  
Where many a noble wight fast snoring drown'd,  
In deepest sleepe with death they did confound.

The Prince  
of Parma.

But as their swords they in their foes did sheath,  
At last, through massacres, through shrikes and cries  
Of sad soules groning in the pangs of death,  
On euery side the startled foes did rise,  
And shrikt out thicke alarmes to shun surprise,  
Crying arme, arme, whereby appall'd with feare,  
Th whole host in sudden throngs all gathered were.

Then fled the valiant *Skinke*, blacke death to shun,  
 But hardie *Williams* in contention stood  
 With his great mind, if he more fame t'haue won,  
 Should stoutly stay, and hazard his owne good,  
 With slaughtering sword to shed more foe-mens blood:  
 Whereby at length in depth of danger drown'd,  
 By armed foes, he was incircled round.

But by aduantage of the gloomie night  
 Amongst the foe-mens troopes, vnknowne he goes,  
 And cri'd, where's *Williams*? where is *Williams* hight?  
 To whom againe one answer'd mongst the foes,  
 Pursue, pursue with speed, before he goes:  
 Thus cloudie night this worthie wight did saue,  
 Who shun'd his foes, and fled his darksome graue.

These were the foster children of that nurse,  
 Englands *Minerva*, Queene of glorie bright,  
 Who through the paths of warre their way did force,  
 In armes to get true honors meed by might,  
 And grace their name with title of true Knight:  
 Which honor'd order only vertues meed,  
 Each one then purchas'd by some glorious deed.

But while these Captaines wedded to renowne,  
 True loyall subiects of a royall Queene,  
 On Belgian shores their Soueraignes head did crowne,  
 With conquering wreath of neuer vading greene,  
 In spight of spight for aye fresh to be seene,  
 Romes raging *Python* full of furious wrath,  
 Did once againe belch vp his poisoned froth.

*Anno eodem* 28. Foureteene false traytors from darke treasons den,  
 He vp did call, foule elues of enuious night,  
 Rebels accurst, monsters abhorr'd of men,  
 Who for the black fleet now alreadie dight,  
 To passe th'vnfruitfull deepe with all her might,  
 Should make fit passage gainst that dread full day,  
 By their sweet Prince and countries swift decay.

*Ballard,*



*Ballard*, first author in this villanie,  
Sent from the triple-crowned sonne of night,  
To put in practise this their treacherie,  
Proud *Babington* and *Sanage* did excite,  
VVith vnremorsefull hands of violent might,  
To spoile and ruinate their countries good,  
And bathe their swords in their deare Soueraignes blood.

Six resolute and bloodie minded mates,  
Should haue been actors in her tragedie,  
Then the graue Peeres and honorable States,  
Had been the slaughter of their butcherie,  
And thou (ô glorie of this Emperie)  
Thy lostie towers been-leuell'd with the plaine,  
Thy nauie burnt, and many a thousand slaine.

*Babington*  
made choise  
of the six.

Such dismall deeds and blacke confusion,  
By proud Romes twice-seuen sonnes intended were  
Against the time of that inuasion,  
Report whereof with terror and with feare,  
Swift-winged fame about the world did beare;  
But high heau'ns King, who for his seruant chose  
Our Virgin Queene, their drifts did soone disclose.

Their plot bewray'd, each one did seeke t'escape,  
Vengeance pursuing them from place to place,  
Hight *Babington* attir'd in Rusticke shape,  
With walnut-leaues discolouring his face,  
Did seeke t'escape sad death and foule disgrace:  
And all the rest being clad in strange disguise,  
With trembling feare did seeke to shun surprise.

As guiltie homicides, that in dead night  
Pursu'd for tragick deeds of dismall death,  
To woods and groues disperst, do take their flight,  
Whose gloomie shade they trembling stand beneath,  
With fainting knees, cold spirit and panting breath,  
VVith feare, expecting at their backs behinde,  
The pursuit made at euery puffe of winde:

Euen

Euen so these wretched men, whose selfe-doom'd soules,  
 Now prick't with deepe remorse, did daily looke  
 To be the spoile and prey of hungrie fowles,  
 From place to place their couert passage tooke,  
 Whose hearts the thought of death with horror shooke,  
     Vntill surpriz'd at length, vntimely death  
 To end this feare expir'd their fainting breath.

Of whose surprise, when as the trumpe of fame  
 Had blowen the blast, the subiect euer giuen  
 To blesse the fate of so diuine a dame,  
 For this so strange escape did morne and euen,  
 With praises magnifie the King of heau'n,  
     Imploring still his gracious hands for helpes,  
 Against the danger of that Dragons whelpes.

That day was held diuine, and all the night  
 Consum'd in *Pearls* to th'Olympian King,  
 Then crown'd they cups of wine; and with delight  
 At sumptuous feasts did sit, while belles did ring,  
 And sweet voic'd minstrels round about did sing,  
     Whose suppers saueur wrapt in clouds on high,  
 The friendly winds blew vp into the skie.

And as the siluer Moone in calmest night,  
 When she in shining coach the skies doth scale,  
 As golden starres, that in the heau'ns shine bright,  
 When gentle *Auster* blowes a pleasing gale,  
 Do glad the shepheards in the lowly vaile:  
     So many thousand flames, that glaz'd the skies,  
 Did at that time glad all true English eies.

But most of all, that plentious-peopled towne,  
*Elizae's* best belou'd, faire London hight,  
 Her Mistresse rare escape with ioy did crowne,  
 Whose lostie towers thrust vp themselues in fight,  
 And ioy'd to glitter in the golden light,  
     Affrighting sore sad nights black drowzie dame,  
 With splendor of huge fires refulgent flame.

This ioy once past t'auenge that villanie,  
Which Rome did by this bloodie plot pretend,  
Against *Elizæes* sacred Maiestie,  
The aged sea-gods backe, *Drake* did ascend,  
And towards the foes wing'd with reuenge did wend,  
Mongst whom, his name had been the gastly bug,  
T'affright yong infants at the mothers dug.

His fleet transferr'd, with prosperous gale did sweepe  
Through parted waues of *Thetis* waterie skie,  
Vnto the shores of the Castilian deepe,  
In whose proud billowes he did waisting lie,  
Vntill for truth he heard by his espie,  
Of that prepare, that in Cales harbor lay,  
For Spaines *Armada* gainst th'appointed day.

Then gaue he order for the nauall fight,  
And in the euening tide, when setting sun  
Leaues steepe Olympus to the darkesome night,  
The pine-plough'd seas with black clouds ouerrun,  
To giue the onset valiant *Drake* begun:  
Hurling forth burning flames with hidious rore,  
Of brazen Cannon on th'Iberian shore.

And as, when *Boreas* in a tempest raues,  
Leaping with wings of lightning from the skie,  
Makes clouds to crack and cuffes the swelling waues,  
Who from the storme of his fierce furie flie,  
In roling billowes on the bankes fast by;  
So wrapt in clouds of sinoake and lightning pale,  
With dreadfull fight, *Drake* did his foes assaile.

Six gallies thwart the towne at first did stand  
The violent onset, which the English gaue;  
But had they with strong oares and readie hand,  
Not made swift speed themselues and fleet to saue,  
They with the same had perisht in the waue;  
For *Drake* with fire in hand without delay,  
Had burnt their ships and sunke them in the sea.

*An. Reg. 29.*  
*Drakes voyage*  
to East Cales.  
Out of the se-  
cond part of  
the second vo-  
lume of Navi-  
gations. pag.  
121. Hakluis.

But



But loe a richer prize, he soone had wonne,  
 Which did repay that losse with trebble gaine,  
 Three barks, of which each bore a thousand tunne,  
 And in the deepe such compasse did containe,  
 Seeming like floting mountaines on the maine,  
 With cannons wounding shot he did intombe,  
 With all their men in *Theris* watrie wombe.

Nor yet could this his noble heart suffice,  
 But with more conquest to renowne his name,  
 Thirtie eight ships his valour did surprise,  
 Of which most part with fire he did enflame,  
 The rest he kept for trophies of his fame,  
 Which in the sight of Cales that lostie towne,  
 He brought away in triumph and renowne.

And as a bellowing bull, that doth disdaine,  
 Amongst an heard of cattell grazing by,  
 That any other bull in all the plaine,  
 Should proudly beare his curled head on high,  
 But makes him basely yeeld, or fainting flie :  
 So did great *Drake*, as Lord of all the deepe,  
 His foes on th' Ocean in subiection keepe.

And when of all great *Philips* nauall might,  
 On the seas wilderness none durst appeare,  
*Drake* to prouoke his heartlesse foes to fight,  
 VVith his whole fleet vnto the shore did beare,  
 VVhere three strong holds by him assaulted were,  
 VVith that faire castle of Cape Sacre hight,  
 All which did fall beneath his nauall might.

From thence to seas with his triumphant failes  
 He did returne, wafting vpon the waues  
 Before hight Lisbon, neere to Easterne Cales,  
 VVhere of th' Iberians he the combate craues,  
 Though none mongst them durst interrupt his braues,  
 But fled into the ports and harbours by,  
 VVhere out of danger they might hidden lie.

Yet

Yet thence he rouz'd them, while that heartlesse Knight,  
The Marques of Saint Cruz lay waisting by  
In his swift sayling gallies, in whose fight  
*Drake* burnt and spoil'd his ships and made them flie,  
Who to his care for helpe did seeme to crie;  
Yet durst he not come forth in their defence,  
But suffred *Drake* to lead them captiue thence.

A hundred ships with furniture full fraught  
For Spaines *Armada*, that world-wondred fleet,  
He did dispoile, and some away he brought  
As signes of victorie, which as most meet  
He did subiect at faire *Elizæes* feet;  
The praise of which with humble zeale and loue,  
She offred vp to heau'n as due to *Ioue*.

Such humble thoughts in such a noble mind,  
Do beat downe Pride in chiefe felicitie:  
And such a noble mind in kingly kind,  
VVith best aduice, doth teach true Maiestie,  
To shew it selfe in milde humilitie,  
Such humble thoughts, such noble mind had she,  
Which in her heart, heart-searching *Ioue* did see.

For which in spight of her death-threatning foes,  
As high as heau'n, he did exalt her name,  
And did his blacke death-darting hand oppose  
Against her brauing foes, that proudly came  
VVith all their power gainst such a royall dame,  
Whose mightie fleete, fiteene yeares worke of wonder,  
Now launcht into the seas began to thunder.

For now *Iones* helm'd-deckt sonne, the god of warre,  
Rouz'd from his rest with cannons dreadfull rore,  
Leapt on the earth from out his iron carre,  
Shooke his strong lance, steeped in black blood and gore,  
VVhose brazen feet did thunder on the shore,  
The noise of which that from the earth did bound,  
Made all the world to tremble at the sound,

*An. Reg. 30.*  
1588.

And

And vp from darke some Lymboes dismall stage  
 Ore Stygian bridge from *Plutoes* Emperie,  
 Came nights blacke brood, Disorder, Ruine, Rage,  
 Rape, Discord, Dread, Despaire, Impietie,  
 Horror, swift Vengeance, Murder, Crueltie,  
 All which together on th'Iberian strand,  
 With Spaines great host troopt vp did ready stand.

Fame downe descending from her siluer bower,  
 On Duke *Medinaes* huge black barke did stand,  
 The Generall of all the Spanish power,  
 Whence looking round ore seas, and sea-sieg'd land,  
 Holding her siluer trumpet in her hand,  
 The same she sounded loud, whose echo shrill,  
 With sound thereof the wide worlds round did fill.

Then all th'Iberian Kings stout men of warre,  
 Renown'd for those resplendent armes they bore,  
 Marching beneath his ensignes heard from farre,  
 Who vowing England spoil'd of all her store,  
 Should stoope her Pride, and them outface no more;  
 Made swift repaire in-concourse and thick crow'd,  
 To Spaines black fleet t' effect what they had vow'd.

*Ferdinando  
 Cortez,*

The sun-burnt Spaniards from that Indian shore,  
 Subdu'd by *Ferdinandoes* bloodie hand,  
 Where Perues streames casts vp her golden ore,  
 And Zenewes waues bring to the slimie strand,  
 Pure graines of gold amongst the ruddie sand,  
 Like *Cadmus* bone-bred brood came thicke in swarmes,  
 As newly borne from top to toe in armes.

The captiu'd nations of the Castile King,  
 Luxurious Naples and proud Lombardie,  
 Their troopes in faire refulgent armes did bring,  
 And those of Portugale and Scicilie,  
 With slick-hair'd youth of wanton Italic,  
 T'auenge faire Englands foule supposed wrong,  
 To Spaines *Armada* in thicke troopes did throng.

Readie



Readie t'imbarke vpon the shores they stood,  
Like flowers in spring, that beautifie the plaine,  
Or like May flies orewhelmed by the flood,  
As infinite, as leaues or drops of raine,  
Powr'd from the heau'ns vpon the liquid maine,  
That with their weight, dame *Terraes* aged backe  
Beneath the sway of horse and foot did cracke.

And as blacke swarmes of ants with loaden thies,  
Hauing vpon the flowrie spring made pray,  
In number numberlesse with fresh supplies,  
Climbes some steepe hillock, and through all the day  
By thousands in thick flockes do fill the way;  
So Spaines great host from trampled shores did wend,  
In thronging troopes, their mountaine-ships t'ascend.

And such a blustering as against the shore,  
When as the swelling seas the welkin braues,  
Or storme-driuen billowes on the bankes do rore,  
Or such a noise as in earths hollow caues  
We often heare, when stormie *Boreas* raues:  
Such clamorous noise out of the tumult sprong,  
When they from shores vnto their ships did throng.

Hous'd in their fleet, their ankors vp they weigh'd,  
Hoisted their top-masts with their sailes on high,  
The misens then with winged winds displaid  
Before their hollow keeles, that low did lie  
Within the deepe, made parted billowes flie;  
Their huge big bulks made *Neptunes* back to bow,  
And waues to swell vpon his waterie brow.

Their towring heads, the heau'ns blacke clouds did kisse,  
Borne by the winde-driuen stormie waues on high,  
Their hollow bosomes in the deepe Abyссе  
Amongst the surges of the fish-full skie,  
Like mightie rockes from sight did hidden lie,  
Whose brasse-arm'd sides such compasse did containe,  
They seem'd to couer acres on the maine.

Who

Whoso had seene them on the gulphie flood,  
 He would haue thought some *Delos* now againe,  
 Some towne, some citie, or some desert wood,  
 Or some new vnknowne world from shores of Spaine  
 Launcht off to seas, had wandred on the maine,  
 Peopled with those, that like quické sprites in skie,  
 By little hold-fast all about could flie.

Musket shot  
 could not  
 pierce them.  
*Emanuel Van-*  
*Metran*, in his  
 15. booke of  
 his historie.

Each Barke, whose bulke was prooffe against the wound  
 Of common shot, besides those Buls of brasse,  
 Whose bellowing rore did equall thunders sound,  
 Of such great thickeesse and high building was,  
 That like large towers they on the deepe did passe;  
 For scarce could brazen cannons banefull thunder,  
 With battering bullet beat their sides asunder.

Their vpper deckes, all trim'd and garnisht out  
 VVith sterne designs for bloodie warre at hand,  
 VVith crimson fights were armed all about,  
 And on the hatches many a goodly band  
 Deckt in braue armes, together thicke did stand,  
 Whose plume-deckt heads themselues aloft did show,  
 And seem'd to dance, with windes wau'd to and fro.

With glittering shields their bosomes they did bar,  
 Each one well brandishing his fatall blade,  
 And from their bright habiliments of war,  
 Such blazing shine, as in the gloomie shade,  
 VVe often see by *Phæbus* beames displaid,  
 A splendor vp into the aire did throw,  
 And glittered on the glistning waues below.

Their top sailes, sprit sailes, and their misens all,  
 Their crooked sternes, and tackle eucry where  
 Adorned were with pennons tragicall,  
 VVhich in their silken reds did pictur'd beare  
 The sad ostents of death and dismall feare,  
 Who while their keeles through seas did cut their way,  
 In wanton wauing with the winde did play.

The clangor of shrill trumpes triumphant sound  
And clattering horror of their clashing armes,  
Vpon the bordering shores did so redound,  
That euen the deepe of their intended harmes  
On Englands coasts did sound out thicke alarmes,  
Which strooke a terror to the heart of him  
Who then did border about *Neptunes* brim.

So great a fleet, since that same god so old,  
Grim-bearded *Neptune* bore the sea-gods name,  
The golden eye of heau'n did nere behold,  
Nor *Agamemnons* thousand ships, that came  
To sacke proud Troy, and all her towers enflame,  
Nor that *Eoan* monarches fleet, that scar'd  
The sonnes of Tyrey, with this might be compar'd.

But while this mightie fleet did proudly boast  
Her matchlesse might on *Neptunes* high command,  
Braue *Parma* Lord of all th' Iberian host,  
Both of the horse and foot, that came by land,  
Did troope them vp vpon the Belgicke strand,  
To whom th' assistants of the Castile King,  
Their seuerall troopes of men did daily bring.

Beneath the bird of *Ioue* the Prince of ayre,  
Which th' house of *Austria* in their Ensignes bore,  
The proud Burgundian marcht in armour faire,  
Th' Italian, Germaine, Dutch, and many more  
Of other lands and language, who before  
Had often been renown'd in many a fight,  
For their high valour, and approued might.

Such, and so mightie bands of famous men,  
Adorn'd in richest armes of purest gold,  
Vpon those coasts before had neuer been,  
Nor any Belgian euer did behold  
Such martiall troopes vpon that trampled mold,  
So skill'd in habit of all fights in warre,  
And for fights true direction past compare.



Both horse and foot of Spaines impetuous might,  
 And of the Auxil'arie bands, that came  
 As mercenaries for the bloodie fight,  
 Distinguisht vnder guides of speciall name,  
 Whom hope of spoile did to this warre inflame;  
 Drew towards the shores of *Neptune*, there to meet  
 And ioyne their forces with the Nauall fleet.

Which being titled long before in Spaine,  
 The fleet Inuincible by all consents,  
 In all her pride now floted on the maine,  
 Readie prepar'd t'effect those blacke euent,  
 Prefag'd before by proud Spaines sad ostents;  
 Who by report through all the world had won  
 The name of conquest ere the fight begun.

The threatfull subiects of the Castile King,  
 In this huge fleet did such firme hope repose,  
 That all their sun-burnt brats they taught to sing,  
 Triumph and conquest, which they did suppose  
 Their very threats would purchase gainst their foes,  
 Who like braue Lords, their valour to renowne,  
 Did cast the dice for faire *Elizæ's* Crowne.

Much like the vantage French, when *John of France*  
 In Poyctiers battell with his mightie host,  
 Not pondering in his mind warres doubtfull chance,  
 The gotten victorie did vainely boast,  
 Before that either part had won or lost,  
 Where braue Prince *Edward* with his troope so small,  
 Renown'd his sword with *John of France* his fall.

Euen so this braving fleet, whose dreaded name,  
 Inevitable ruine did foretell,  
 Thought, that the faire *Eliza*, who did frame  
 Her life in happie daies of peace to dwell,  
 Vnfurnisht was such forces to repell,  
 And therefore sent as from King *Philips* hand,  
 A sterne inscription with this proud commande

With

With auxili'arie bands she should no more  
Vphold the Belgian gainst King *Philips* frowne,  
All Spanish prizes back againe restore,  
Build vp religious houses beaten downe,  
And vnto Rome subiect her selfe and crowne;  
All which to do, if that she did withstand,  
Her imminent blacke end was now at hand.

This was sent  
written in La-  
tin.

The noble Queene, who in her royall hand  
Did beare the State and stay of Britanie,  
In deepe contempt of such a baffe command,  
With spirit of princely magnanimitie,  
Did briefly answer this proud ambasie:  
For in prouerbiall words her answer was,  
*Istac ad Gracas sient mandata Kalendas.*

An answer worthie, for the grace it bore,  
The Virgin spring of old *Plantagenet*,  
Who from the foes to shied her native shore,  
Her subiects hearts for fight on fire did set,  
And their bold stomackes did with courage whet,  
Who fir'd with loue of their *Elizæes* good,  
In her defence did thirst to spend their blood.

For when for certaine, Fame th'intended harmes  
Of Spaines blacke fleet to Englands shores did bring,  
How gladly did her people flocke to armes,  
And when the trumpe warres scathfull song did sing,  
About their eares how pleasing did it ring?  
Whose hearts with furie fed, to battell giuen,  
With braue conceits did leape as high as heau'n.

All townes did ring with sudden cri'd alarmes,  
Whence with loud clamour to the marine shore,  
The armed people clustred in thicke swarmes,  
Where red-ey'd *Eris* warres blacke ensigne bore,  
And mongst their troops did sprinkle blood and gore;  
Stirring them vp with eager minds to wade  
Through seas of blood, the aduerse fleet t'inuade.

H h h 2

And

And as the golden swarmes of black-backt Bees,  
 Their thighes full loaden from the flowrie field,  
 With humming noise flie to the hollow trees,  
 Where they with busie paine fit shelter build,  
 Their treasure and themselues from harme to shield;  
 So thicke in armes, th'alarum once begun,  
 Vnto their ships with shouting they did run:

Where with their mutuall strengths they did assay,  
 To hale *Elizæes* fleet from off the shore,  
 Some pumpt, some cleans'd, some drew the stockes away,  
 Some hoist the top-masts, some great burthens bore,  
 The Nauies want with furniture to store:  
 And with their vtmost diligence all wrought,  
 Till to perfection they their worke had brought.

Which from the shores, once launcht into the maine,  
 Not all the world a fairer fleet could show:  
 For though in hugeness, that black fleet of Spaine  
 Did farre surpasse; yet was it farre more slow  
 In nimble stirrage waisting to and fro:  
 For Englands fleet through seas swift passage won  
 With gentle gale, though th'Ocean smooth did run.

To shun their foes, each like a nimble Hinde  
 In *Neptunes* Forrest, on the watrie Greene,  
 Haue skipt from waue to waue, and with the winde,  
 When they list turne againe; they haue been scene  
 Like raging Lions in their heate of spleene,  
 Flie on the Castile fleet to bring them vnder,  
 And with fell rore to teare their sides in sunder.

All readie furnisht waisting to and fro,  
 Ouer the narrow seas deepe sandie beds,  
 They 'bout the coasts themselues did daily show,  
 In th'huffing winds wauing their silken reds,  
 And crimson crosses on their loftie heads:  
 Those ancient badges, through the world renown'd,  
 Which with high conquest, Fortune oft hath crown'd.

Their



Their braue demeanor did so much delight  
The people, that beheld them on the maine,  
That many more all readie for the fight,  
Did make repaire, t'oppugne the fleet of Spaine;  
Then all that royall Nauie could containe:  
Such feruent loue vnto their Soueraignes name,  
With fierie courage did their hearts enflame.

Those stout sea-searchers of the stormie flood,  
The sonnes of *Nereus* broad sea-sayling race,  
And the braue offspring of *Prometheus* brood,  
That with loud thunder-claps their foe-men chace,  
Who in *Elizae's* royall fleet had place,  
Made solemne vowes, backe to returne no more,  
Except with conquest to their natie shore.

Mongst whom the noblest obiect of them all,  
That in the fleete did hold supreamest sway  
Went honor'd *Howard*, as chiefe Admirall,  
Who by his stout demeanor did assay,  
With courage bold to lead them on the way,  
And euery heart did fill with hautie spirit,  
By glorious deeds immortall fame to merit.

Now Earle of  
Nottingham.

Vpon th'*Eolian* gods supportfull wings,  
With chearefull shouts, they parted from the shore,  
While heau'n and earth and all the Ocean rings  
With sounds, which on her wings loud echo bore,  
Of trumpets, drums, shrill fifes and cannons rore,  
To which the peoples shouts on shores fast by,  
Reecho'd in the rockes with loud replie.

While they aboard at sea, so heere at home  
T'auert all harmes, all subiects did prepare,  
In mightie tumult to the murmuring drumme,  
The multitude did make repaire from farre,  
To trie their valour in th'approching warre,  
Thirsting to meet their foes on equall ground,  
All hoping in their fall to be renown'd.

H h h 3

With

With ornaments of warre, the earth did flow,  
 Glazing the skies with armes resplendent light,  
 And euery place in aire, shot vp did show  
 The blood-red crosse, which did conduct to fight  
 Many faire bands, all men of powerfull might;  
 For both of horse and foot, from euery shiere,  
 Thicke squadrons daily did in field appeare.

Th'appointed place of generall meeting was  
 In Essex, on the coast at Tilburie,  
 To which the people in such troopes did passe,  
 That with their traine the shores they multiplie  
 Like *Palamedes* birds that forme the Y,  
 When cloud-like in thicke flockes their flight they take  
 Ore Thracian woods, to *Strymons* seuen-fold lake.

There pight they downe their tents t'oppose all harmes,  
 Set vp the royall standards all about,  
 The faire supporters of *Elizæes* armes,  
 The rampant Lion, and the Dragon stout,  
 And th'ensigne of Saint *George*, which many a rout  
 Of *Mars* his noble race with conquering hand  
 Hath famous made, in many a forren land.

Vnder whose colours like a leauie wood,  
 The host in feuerall bands digested all  
 Inrankt about with shot and pike-men stood,  
 As firme for battell, as a brazen wall,  
 Who to the workes of death did thirst to fall,  
 Inflam'd in heart with burning fire to fight  
 For Englands Virgin, and their countries right.

Well did each horse-man, teach his horse to run,  
 To stoope, to stop, to turne, to breake the field,  
 Well each bold Musketier did vse his gun,  
 Each Launceer well his weightie launce did wield,  
 Each drew his sword and well adrest his shield,  
 Teaching each other by this braue array,  
 How on their foes they best might giue th'affay.

The sound of fifes, of drums, and trumpets shrill,  
And mutuall exhortations for the warre,  
All fainting hearts with manly sprite did fill,  
And th'armed horse, that smell the fight from farre,  
Inraged that the curbing bit should barre  
Their forwardnesse, with neighing loud did crie  
For present combat gainst the enemye.

Thus in the field the royall host did stand,  
None fainting vnder base timiditie,  
But readie bent to vse their running hand  
Against the force of forren enemye,  
If they should chance t'arriue at Tilburie :  
Mongst whom great *Dudlie* bore supreamest sway,  
Against their foes to lead them on the way.

Earle of Leicester.

And as the daughter of the mightie *Ioue*,  
When from the browes of heau'n she takes her flight  
Downe to those sonnes of *Mars*, whom she doth loue,  
In her celestiall armes with glorie dight,  
To bring them dreadlesse to th'approching fight;  
So Englands Empresse, that vndaunted Dame,  
Vnto the campe in glorious triumph came.

*Rich. Hakluyt*  
and *Stow* in  
his *Annals*.

Like noble *Tomiris*, that Queene of Thrace,  
Deckt in rich vestiments of shining gold,  
Vpon a snow-white steed of stately pace,  
Mounted aloft she sate, with courage bold,  
And in her hand a martiall staffe did hold,  
Riding from ranke to ranke, and troope to troope,  
To whom with reuerence all the host did stoope.

Her comely gesture, and her Angels face,  
The lodge of pleasure, and of sweet delight,  
Did make the souldiers thinke some heauenly Grace  
Had left *Olympus*, and with powerfull might  
Had come from *Ioue*, to cheare them vp for fight,  
Her presence did with such high spirit inspire  
Their manly breasts, and set their hearts on fire.



And as *Bunduca*, that bold Britaine dame,  
 When ore this land proud Rome did tyrannize,  
 Her Britaines hearts with courage to enflame,  
 Amidst their troopes all arm'd in seemely wise,  
 Did *Pallas*-like a pythie speech deuise:  
 So our faire Queene, bold spirit to infuse  
 Through all the host, these princely words did vse.

(Captaines and souldiers, men of worthie fame,  
 And most admitted to our princely loue)  
 Thinke, what it is, to win a souldiers name,  
 And fight the battels of the mightie *Ioue*,  
 With safe protection from his power aboue,  
 Faint thoughts from your stout hearts be farre expell'd,  
 And feare of foes with courage bold be quell'd.

If that the foe, dare set his foot on land,  
 We with the best all danger will out dare,  
 And step by step, with you in person stand,  
 To be a partner with you, in that share,  
 Which God shall giue vs, be it foule or faire:  
 Then by my side like loyall subiects stand,  
 And *Ioue* assist vs with his powerfull hand.

This said from ranke to ranke, she rode about,  
 Enabling their endeouours for the fight,  
 And with sweet words from their bold breasts blew out  
 All fainting spirit, and did their hearts excite  
 With ready hands, to vse their vtmost might:  
 Which royall gesture of so faire a Queene,  
 Would haue inspir'd a cowards heart with spleene.

Thus hauing chear'd the common souldierie,  
 The cloudie euen began to shut vp day:  
 Wherefore she backe return'd from Tilburie,  
 And towards that martiall field did take her way,  
 Where as that other royall armie lay,  
 In which did march the Nobles of the land,  
 In rich array, each with his seuerall band.

Troopt

Troopt vp there were in thataine strong-arm'd host,  
Fortie three thousand perfect in the frame  
Of euery fight, who of that time may boast,  
And craue inscription in the booke of fame,  
Thaue been the guard of so diuine a dame,  
Who for her person only chosen were,  
Martiall'd by *Hunsdon* that true hearted Peere.

But while the noble Queene her selfe appli'd  
Toppugne the foe, that should her State assaile,  
Loe, from the Groyne the blacke fleet was descri'd,  
Who now befriended with a gentle gale,  
For Englands rockie bounds did make full saile,  
Of whom hight Captaine *Flemming* first had sight,  
And fled before them with industrious flight.

M. Thomas  
*Flemming*.

At Plimmouth port where th'English fleet did lie,  
He with full saile came in, and cri'd amaine,  
Weigh vp your ankors, hoise your sailes on high;  
For like *Ortigian Delos* on the maine,  
Behold, th'Iberian fleet from shores of Spaine  
Comes hard at hand, and threatens our decay;  
Then arme, aboard with speed, make no delay.

This said, confusedly the souldiers ran  
To ships from shore, earth flew about their feet,  
Then weigh'd they vp their ankors, and each man  
Put to his helping hand, to bring their fleet  
Into the seas, the aduerse foes to meet,  
And though the froward winds did them withstand,  
They warped out their ships by force of hand.

Then might they see from farre vpon the maine,  
Like a blacke wood approching more and more,  
Their foe-mens tragicke fleet, which in disdaine  
With sound of trumpets, drums, and cannons rore,  
Came proudly thundring by the rockie shore,  
And with amazement th'English to affright,  
Their souldiers with loud shouts the heau'ns did smite.

They

They sayling came in order for the fight,  
 In such a forme on *Thetis* siluer brest,  
 As bright-cheekt *Cimbia* shewes in darkeſt night,  
 When ſtretching out her hornes into the Eaſt,  
 She ſhewes but halfe her face, and hides the reſt,  
 Which made a creſcent moone vpon the maine,  
 Whoſe hornes eight miles in compaſſe did containe.

Stow in his  
 Ann. pag.  
 1249.

The royall English fleet, which did behold  
 The martiall order of their nauall traine,  
 Came ſayling forward, and with courage bold,  
 For Englands Queene did waue their fleet amaine,  
 Who in contempt ſoone waued them againe,  
 Whereby defiance with vndaunted pride,  
 By cannons cuſſe was giuen from either ſide.

Then bloodie *Ennyon* thundring out aloud,  
 Made each one thirſt in fight his foe t'offend,  
 And as fierce fire wrapt vp in dampiſh cloud,  
 With violent force the ſides thereof doth rend,  
 And with pale lightning thunder downe doth ſend;  
 So Englands warlike fleet wing'd with ſwift gale,  
 Broke through the waues th'Iberians to aſſaile.

The firſt fight  
 before Plim-  
 mouth.

The drums did beat, the trumpets ſhrill did ſound,  
 Each aduerſe force began the furious fight;  
 Then in the aire the fierce claps did redound  
 Of cannons hidious rore, and with affright,  
 Fire ſaſhing leapt about and maz'd their fight;  
 And thus in furie did the fight begin  
 With darkneſſe, horror, death and dreadfull din.

The ſeas did boile, the buxome aire did ſwell,  
 A cloake of clouds did ouercaſt the ſkie,  
 The echoing rockes the fight farre off did tell,  
 The Bullets thicke as haile from clouds on high,  
 From either ſide in gloomie ſmoake did flie,  
 And pale-fac'd death vnſcene of all the throng,  
 About their heads in thicke fumes howering hung.

The



The fight grew fell, and of disaster haps  
In each blacke barke reports loud trumpet sings,  
While heau'n records the cannons roring claps,  
And the darke aire with grumbling murmurings  
Of whistling bullets, borne on fiery wings,  
Whose horrid thunder drown'd the volleies hot  
And lesser noise of many a thousand shot.

Oft did the English with the winde and weather,  
Charge on their foe-mens ships with hot assay,  
Who for their safegard bound round vp together,  
Pluckt in their hornes and in a roundell lay,  
While on their sides the cannon still did play,  
Not daring fight, except to rescue those,  
That beaten were by their bold Britaine foes.

Both the bold *Howards*, and Lord *Sheffield* hight,  
With *Hawkins*, *Frobisher*, and famous *Drake*,  
Braue *Barker*, *Crosse*, and *Southwell* that stout Knight,  
There, where the foes the fight most hot did make,  
Through danger, dread and death their way did take,  
And gainst their foes did fierie vengeance spit,  
Which did their barks great bulkes in sunder split.

Lord *Thomas*  
*Howard* now  
Earle of *Sus-*  
*folke*.

They brake into the midst of Spaines blacke fleet,  
Opposing dreadfull death to win renowne,  
As when in skies the earth-bred brothers meet,  
When *Boreas* flying about with stormie frowne,  
Doth cuff the clouds, and brings his brothers downe;  
For with high spirit heau'n did their hearts inspire,  
T' assaile the foes and burne their fleet with fire.

Renowned *Howard* Englands Admirall,  
Longing to see the Castile Kings disgrace,  
Their stoutest hearts with terror did appall,  
Who meeting with his foe-men face to face,  
Vnto his furie made them all giue place,  
Breaking so farre into the fleet alone,  
That from the aduersé foes he scarce was knowne.

Where

Where in the midst of danger vncontrol'd,  
 Vpon the vpper decke he stood on high,  
 From whence, when as from far he did behold  
 One of his Captaines, who did waisting lie  
 Without the danger of the enemie,  
 Out of a cloud of smoake he loud did call,  
 Aboue his head wauing his sword withall.

*M George  
 Fenner.  
 This was in  
 the second  
 fight before  
 Portland.  
 Rich. Hak.  
 in the end of  
 his 1. volume.*

(*O George*) quoth he, why dost thou shun the presse?  
 Report renownes thy name for valiancie;  
 Then leaue me not alone in this distresse;  
 But with vndaunted spirit follow me  
 To gaine the palme of glorious victorie;  
 So shall that hope, which I conceiue of thee,  
 In this daies bloodie fight not frustrate bee.

The Captaine heard, and like a stormie puffe,  
 That stoopes from clouds and beats the billowes vnder,  
 He brake into the fight with cannons cuffe,  
 And came in height of spirit importing wonder  
 In clouds of smoake, in fierie flames and thunder,  
 With whom did many others giue th'assay,  
 And through Spaines fleet did furrow vp their way.

The foes turn'd head, and made a violent stand,  
 Both parts stood bent each other to confound;  
 The cannons thicke discharg'd on either hand  
 Wrapt clouds in clouds of smoake, which did abound,  
 And hurl'd their horrid thunder forth to wound;  
 But Fortune on the foes in fight did frowne,  
 And in her ballance, Spaines hard lot funke downe.

With fruits of death the fruitlesse waues did flow,  
 The seas did blush with blood, the ayrie skie  
 Did swell with grones, and wandring to and fro,  
 In clouds of smoake the grudging soules did flie  
 Of slaughtred bodies, that did floting lie  
 About the Ocean, seeking for their tombes  
 In hollow rockes and monsters hungrie wombes.

And

And in the fight, t'increase the foe-mens harmes,  
A ruddie flame from th'English fleet did flie,  
Which swiftly seased in his spoilefull armes  
The stout Viceadmirall of th'enemie,  
Who proudly bore her loftie head on high,  
And with the violence of his flamefull flashes,  
Did quickly burne her vpper workes to ashes.

This happened in the third conflict before the Ile of Wight. It was fired by a shot.

A golden bonfire on the siluer waues  
Did flote about, whose flame did reach the skies,  
While the poore Spaniard and his captiue slaues,  
Seeing their tragicke fall before their cies,  
Amidst the fire in vaine shriekt out shrill cries;  
For th'horrid fire all mercilesse did choake  
The scorched wretches with infestiuue smoake.

Many tall ships, that did in greatnesse passe  
The greatest of our fleet, did fall in fight,  
Mongst whom, that faire Galeon surprised was,  
In which renowned *Valdes*, that stout Knight,  
With other captaines of approued might,  
Did yeeld themselues and all their golden treasure  
To Noble *Drake*, to be at his good pleasure.

Three famous conflicts, in three seuerall daies,  
*Eliz a es* hardie captaines did maintaine,  
And by their valour won eternall praise,  
Oft turning into flight the fleet of Spaine,  
With dreadfull fire, and cannons deadly bane,  
Who now t'effect what they did vainely boast,  
Houer'd twixt Calice and the English coast.

There cast they ankor, and conuei'd with speed  
swift notice to the Prince of Parma hight,  
Who thither should repaire, as was decreed,  
And while each aduerse fleet stood hot in fight,  
For England he should passe with all his might,  
For which intent he had prepar'd before,  
Foure hundred ships vpon the Belgicke shore.

But



But noble *Seimer* in the foe-mens fight,  
 With *Iustin* of Nassau, that Belgian bold,  
 And worthie *Winter*, that vndaunted Knight,  
 With their tall ships on th' Ocean vncontrol'd,  
 About the Belgicke strand strong gard did hold,  
 Whose proud afront the foes did daunt so sore,  
 That not a ship durst launch from off the shore.

*Allen* was  
 made Cardi-  
 nall for that  
 purpose.

Yet the stout Prince of Parma fondly led  
 With hope, that *Allen*, that false fugitiue,  
 Sent from proud *Sixtus* to adorne his head  
 With faire *Elizæes* crowne, in vaine did strue  
 With all his power, his purpose to atchieue;  
 And vnto Dunkirk came with all his force,  
 To put in practise his intended course.

Meane time the fleet, that did expect his aide,  
 Before French Calice did at ankor lie,  
 And now the chearefull day began to vade,  
 And *Vulcans* louely *Venus* mounting high,  
 Appear'd for euening starre in Easterne skie,  
 Whereby both aduerse fleets did cease from fight,  
 And rendred place vnto th'approching night.

But when soft sleepe, the carelesse thoughts did bind  
 Of others, that secure in cabbins lay,  
 Each English leader in his labouring mind  
 Did fashion counsels, how to giue th'assay,  
 And driue from thence their foe-mens fleet away,  
 Who there did purpose by the shore to lie,  
 That from the Prince they might haue fresh supplie.

Amongst themselues our Captaines did agree,  
 That eight small ships with artificiall fire,  
 Amidst the Spanish fleet should driuen bee  
 In dead of night, to execute their ire  
 Vpon the foes, that did sweet sleepe desire:  
 Which dreadfull stratagem against the foe,  
 Stout *Tong* and valiant *Prowse* did vndergoe.

The

The time came on, the drowzie night did frowne,  
Who clasping th' earths wide bounds with sable wings,  
Vpon the seas did powre grim darknesse downe,  
While sleepe, that vnto care sweet comfort brings,  
In quiet slumber, husht all watchfull things;  
And then the ships all fir'd for the euent,  
Amongst the foes with winde and tide were sent.

Through foggie clouds of nights Cymmerian blacke;  
A glimmering light the watch did first espie,  
Which drifting fast vpon the sea-gods backe,  
And to the Spanish fleete approaching nigh,  
Burst out in flames into the darke some skie,  
Glazing the heau'ns and chasing gloomie night;  
From off the seas with admirable light.

A sudden puffe with force of powder driuen,  
Oft blew vp sulphurie flames, in aire on high,  
From whence, as if that starres did drop from heau'n,  
The liuely sparkes on wings of winde did flie,  
Threatning confusion to the enemye:  
Who startled from their sleepe, shriekt out th' alarme  
To euery ship, to shun such dismall harme.

Th' Iberians drown'd before in sweet repose,  
With feare affrighted from their naked rest,  
Their eye-lids wanting weight one winke to close,  
Beheld the fire on *Neptunes* burning brest,  
Which trembling horror in their hearts imprest;  
For floting towards them with fearefull flashes,  
It threatned fore to burne their ships to ashes.

Then with disorder euery one did cut  
Their blacke pitch'd cables, hoysing sailes with speed,  
And from the shore to the maine seas did put,  
In hope from present danger to be freed,  
That did such terror in their bosomes breed,  
While on the waues the burning ships bright light  
Did make a sun-shine in the midst of night.

Who

Who being disperst amongst their Nauie came,  
 And like fire-spitting monsters on the maine;  
 In fable clouds of smoake and threatening flame,  
 Did fiercely bellow out their deadly bane;  
 Which horror th'English Nauie did maintaine,  
 Discharging all their thundring shot together  
 Vpon th'Iberian foes with winde and weather.

The horrid noise amaz'd the silent night,  
 Repowring downe blacke darknesse from the skie,  
 Through which th'affrighted Spaniard with blind flight,  
 His friends from foes not able to descric,  
 Vpon the darke some waues did scattered flie;  
 In which disturbance driuen with winde and weather,  
 Spaines chiefe Galliasse fell foule vpon another.

Which all vnable to escape with flight,  
 The startled fleet did leaue alone forlorne,  
 Keeping aloofe at sea, all that sad night;  
 But when from th'East the opall-coloured morne  
 With golden light the Ocean did adorne,  
 The English fleet Spaines great Galliasse did spie,  
 Which cast vpon a sandie shoale did lie.

Whom Captaine *Preston* valiantly did bord,  
 Sent from the fleet in his long boat well man'd,  
 Which with an hundred hardie men was stor'd,  
 Who to the face of death oppos'd did stand,  
 About the ship vsing their readie hand,  
 Gainst whose assault at first th'Iberian foes,  
 With proud resistance did themselves oppose.

For *Hugo de Moncada*, valiant man  
 With noble courage did the fight maintaine,  
 Till through his wounded foreheads hardned pan,  
 A fatal shot with bullets deadly bane,  
 Made open passage to the liuely braine,  
 Who being slaine, to shun the slaughtering sword,  
 Most of the residue leapt ouer bord.

Thus



Thus great King *Philips* mountaine-like Galliasse,  
In which three hundred slaues lug'd at the oare;  
And twice two hundred armed men did passe,  
Was soone despoil'd of all her golden store  
By a small band of men on Calice shore,  
Which fiftie thousand duckets did containe,  
Of the rich treasure of the King of Spaine.

Meane time the blacke fleet floting on the maine,  
The night before disperst with foule affright,  
In hope her former purpose to obtaine,  
Return'd againe from base inglorious flight,  
Arang'd in order for the nauall fight,  
Which in diuided squadrons th'English fleet,  
With hot incounter furiously did meet.

Who bound vp round together in a ring,  
Lay close in their defence against their foe;  
But as the Southerne blasts in budding spring,  
When *Austers* swelling cheekes do ouerflow  
In handfuls thicke the blossomes downe to blow;  
So thicke and dreadfully did slaughter flie  
From th'English fleet amongst the enemie.

This conflict,  
being the  
fourth & last,  
was before  
Greueling.

Then had th'Iberians dread, their pride did bow,  
Their foes by valour brake their nauall round,  
And as a torrent from an hils steepe brow,  
Clad in fresh showers and thunders fearefull sound,  
Beares all before it in the plaine land ground;  
So did they beat from off their natiue bounds,  
Spains mighty fleet with cannons scathful wounds.

And where the skirmish was propos'd most hot,  
Their valiant *Drake* did breake into the fight,  
And though his ship were pierc'd with wounding shot  
Twice twentie times; yet with vndaunted might  
He horriblie did plie their sudden fright,  
And with wide wounds the hollow keeles did batter  
Of three tall ships betwixt the winde and water.

Then in despaire with hands and weeping eies,  
 To heau'n the wretches prai'd for their escape,  
 And to some Saint of heau'n with open cries,  
 Each one in blind deuotion prayers did shape;  
 But all in vaine, the gulfie flood did gape,  
     And in the deepe of his deuouring wombe,  
     Both men and ships did suddenly intombe.

The rest all daunted with such vncouth fight,  
 From spoile to saue their fleet no time did spare,  
 But hoysing saile betooke themselues to flight,  
 Cursing sterne fate, that brought their fleet so farre,  
 To be despoil'd in such successelesse warre;  
     And after all their boasting backe recoyl'd,  
     With emptie hands vnto their natiue soyle.

They heartlesse fled, but in their hastie flight,  
 Two great Galeons of captiu'd Portugale,  
 The huge Saint *Philip*, and Saint *Matthew* hight,  
 Great *Seymer* and stout *Winter* did so gall  
 With wounding cusse of cannons fierie ball,  
     That on the Belgian coast by friends forsaken,  
     They with their Captaines by their foes were taken.

Meane time the English with full saile did plie  
 The manage of the foes inglorious flight,  
 And as high stomack'd hounds, that with full crie  
 Pursue the fearefull game, do take delight  
 To pinch the haunch behind with eager bite;  
     So did *Elizæs* fleet pursue the foes  
     With shouts of men, and bullets banefull blowes.

They all array'd in warres vermillion,  
 Did chace them to those seas of stormes and thunder,  
 Ouer whose waues in heau'ns pauillion,  
 Amongst those many golden workes of wonder,  
 A Dragon keeps two wrathfull Beares asunder,  
     And there they left them, in those seas to drowne,  
     Returning backe with conquest and renowne.

They

They gone, the wretched foes in wofull case  
 Helplesse, perceiuing by sterne fortunes doome,  
 Their action ended in extreame disgrace,  
 And in fames stead, for which they forth did come,  
 Finding but wounds to cure when they came home,  
 Did curse the ordinance of mightie *Ioue*,  
 Gainst whom with their huge strength in vaine they stroue.

But while at sea, all were to labour giuen,  
 Securely rigging vp their crazed ships,  
 Al-seeing *Ioue* did worke their banes in heau'n;  
 For in an instant from his heau'nly lips,  
 From Pole to Pole a winged message skips,  
 And posting round about the earths great ball,  
 From th'house of stormes th'*Eolian* slaues did call.

Then furious *Auster*, *Ioues* command once giuen;  
 With *Eurus*, *Zephirus*, and *Boreas* ruffe,  
 Stoopt from the cloudie corners of the heau'n  
 Vpon those seas, and with a violent puffe,  
 The tumbling billowes all on heapes did cuffe;  
 And rauing gainst the rockes with hidious rore,  
 Wrapt waues in waues, and hurl'd them on the shore.

Meane while nights curtaines sleapt in Stygian blacke,  
 The crystall battlements of heau'n did hide;  
 Then *Ioue* did thunder, and the heau'ns did cracke,  
 Pale lightning leapt about on euery side,  
 The clouds inconstant flood-gates opened wide,  
 And nought, but mists, haile, raine, dark stormes and thunder,  
 Did fall from heau'n vpon the salt seas vnder.

The white froth-foaming flood began to raue,  
 And enter combate with the fleet of Spaine,  
 Hurring it head-long on the mountaine-waue,  
 Now from the shores into the roring maine,  
 And now from thence vnto the shores againe,  
 While all the stoutest sea-men quake and quiuer,  
 Left winde-driuen waues their ships in sunder shiuer.



Heere strike, strike (firs) the top mast one doth crie,  
 Another saies, vale misene and sprit saile,  
 And heere a third bids, let the maine sheate flie,  
 All fall to worke themselues from death to baile,  
 Some cut the saile-cloaths, some againe do haile  
     The saile yards downe, while others pumpe with paine,  
     Sending the seas into the seas againe.

Heere one vp lifted on a mountaine steepe,  
 By dreadfull flashing of heau'ns lightning bright,  
 With pallid feare lookes downe vpon the deepe  
 Into a pit, as deepe and blacke in sight,  
 As *Tartarus* the lothsome brood of night,  
     In whose wide gulfie mouth he thinkes to drowne,  
     Seeing the ship all topsie turning downe :

Another heere in sandie shoale doth lie,  
 With mountaine waues on all sides walled round,  
 And seemes from hell to see the loftie skie,  
 Looking, when wallowing waues with windie bound,  
 In that deepe pit the vessell would confound,  
     Till with the lustie waue, the mounting ship  
     From thence to heau'n doth in a moment skip.

The poore sad sailers beaten out of breath  
 With toilesome paine, and with long watching worne,  
 Through feare, the feeble consort of cold death,  
 Not knowing, alas, which way themselues to turne,  
 With wofull cries their fatall fall did mourne,  
     And cast their eyes to heau'n, where, what was seene,  
     Was blacke as hell, as if no heau'n had been.

Heere the greene billowes bounding gainst a ship,  
 Vncaukes the keele, and with continuall waste,  
 Washing the pitch away, the seames vnrip,  
 While th'angrie tempest with a boistrous blast,  
 Beares the false stem away, springs the maine mast,  
     And breaking downe the decke, doth passage win  
     For the next surging sea to enter in.

Then

Then all amaz'd shriekes out confused cries,  
While the seas rote doth ring their dolefull knell,  
Some call to heau'n for helpe with weeping eies,  
Some moane themselues, some bid their friends farewell,  
Some Idols-like in horrors senselesse dwell,  
Heere in sad silence one his faint heart showes,  
Another there doth thus his feare disclose :

Thrice happie they, whose hap it was in fight  
Against the foes to fall, when others stood,  
(Ye conquering English causers of our flight)  
Why were your swords not bath'd in my deare blood?  
And why did I not perish in the flood?

Where braue *Moncada* di'd with many more,  
Whose bodies now do swim about the shore.

This said, a waue, that neuer brake asunder,  
But mounting vp, as if with lostie frowne,  
It view'd the working of the waters vnder,  
Came like a ruin'd mountaine falling downe,  
And with his weight the wretched ship did drowne,  
Which sinking, in the gulfe, did seeke her graue  
And neuer more appear'd about the waue.

Many more ships did perish in the deepe,  
Some downe from top of waues to sandie ground,  
All rent and torne the angrie surge did sweepe,  
Some the winde-turned water whirling round,  
In the blacke whirle-poole helplese did confound,  
And some with boystrous billowes bruz'd and battred,  
In sunder split, about the waues were scattred.

The other ships, that huge of building were,  
Whose bulkes the billow could not beat asunder,  
And whom the furious storme perforce did beare  
Amongst the raging seas, now vp, now vnder,  
Though through the waues, they wrought it out with wonder,  
Yet many gainst the rockes the surge did beare,  
And with the fruitlesse sands some couered were,

Heere fūe at once round set with fūrging waters,  
 Sticke fast in quick-sands, sinking more and more,  
 There fūe againe the furious billow batters,  
 Being hurried head-long with the South-west blore,  
 In thousand pieces gainst great Albions shore,  
 Whereby the fruitlesse waues tost to and fro,  
 With fruits of ship-wracke euery where did flow.

Here one fast holding by the broken shiuers  
 Off some wrackt ship, to heau'n lifts vp his eies,  
 There drifting on the matt, one quakes and quiuers,  
 Another heere his outstretcht armes applies  
 By slight of swimming on the waues to rise;  
 But all in vaine, the billowes breake in sunder  
 About their heads, and beate their bodies vnder.

Heere with sustentiuē palmes themselues to saue,  
 Two crawling vp a cliffe, on backe is borne  
 By the next surge in seas to seeke his graue,  
 The other by the billow rent and torne  
 Vpon the ragged rocke, is left forlorne,  
 Where in his luke-warme blood he sprawling lies,  
 And th'haplesse food of hungrie fowles he dies.

The rest, that did the Irish coast obtaine,  
 And had escap'd the furie of the flood,  
 By those wilde people wofully were slaine,  
 The Irish swift of feete, and flesht in blood,  
 Who thicke vpon the shore together stood  
 With deadly darts, to strike each foe-man dead,  
 That 'boue the waue did beare his fainting head.

Great *Iones* command, perform'd vpon the foes,  
 Th'*Eolian* King call'd home his windes againe;  
 Then ceast the storme; then did the seas disclose  
 The armes, the painted robes, and spoiles of Spaine,  
 Which heere and there did flote vpon the maine,  
 By England, Ireland, Norway, Normandie,  
 Where *Ioue* did act their fleets blacke tragedie.



For of one hundred thirtie foure faire keele,  
But fiftie three did greet their natiue soile,  
Of thirtie thousand men arm'd with bright Steele,  
The greatest number after all their toile,  
Did perish in great *Neptunes* wrackfull spoile,  
And all the Prince of Parmaes mightie bands  
Return'd with shame, disgrace and emptie hands.

Thus our *Elizæs* boasting enemie,  
Who in vaine pride did blacke their tragicke fleet,  
And brought ostents of threatening destinie,  
In top of all their hope with shame did meet,  
And fell beneath the conquering Virgins feet;  
Vnable many yeares to cure againe  
The wounds, which in this warre they did sustaine.

Thus Romes proud *Sixtus*, Englands mortall foe,  
Who towards the conquest of this Emperie,  
A million with his blessing did bestow,  
And did presage vndoubred victorie  
With seeming future searching prophesie,  
Nor with his holy blessing, nor his gold  
This mightie fleet from falling could vphold.

But while Romes *Sixtus*, twixt foule shame and feare,  
For such great losse gainst Fortune did exclaime,  
Fame through the world triumphantly did beare  
This glorious act in our *Elizæs* name,  
Who glorifying not in her foe-mens shame,  
With bounteous grace did vse the victorie  
To her proud foes in their captiuitie.

The baser sort, though made her peoples scorne,  
Yet of her bountie she from death did spare,  
The better sort as her owne liege-men borne,  
All common benefits did freely share,  
And tooke the solace of the open aire,  
Whom she, though subiects of a mightie foe,  
To his disgrace triumphing did not show.

A million of  
gold, one halfe  
paid in readie  
money, the o-  
ther halfe to  
be paid when  
any famous  
port was ta-  
ken in Eng-  
land.

When many  
were brought  
out of Ireland  
and other  
parts with hal-  
ters about  
their neckes,  
she sent them  
into Spaine at  
her owne  
charge,

*An. Reg. 31.* Vnder a canopie of gold wide spread  
 In chariot throne, like warres triumphant dame,  
 With crowne imperiall on her Princely head,  
 Borne by two milke-white steeds in State she came  
 To *Pauls* high Temple, while with loud exclaime,  
 The people in her passage all about  
 From loyall hearts their Auires loud did shour.

Where round about the Temples battlements  
 Hung th' ensignes of her vanquisht enemy,  
 As gracefull Trophies, and fit ornaments,  
 T' adorne with State and greater Maiestie,  
 The triumph of her noble victorie,  
 Which in the peoples sight made pleasing shoues,  
 Who laugh'd to scorne the threatning of her foes.

But she meeke Prince dismounting from her throne,  
 With Iuorie fingered-hands vplifted high  
 On humble knees, ascribed vnto none  
 The honor of this great deeds dignitie,  
 But to th' *Olympian* Kings great Deitie,  
 Who 'boue the rest, that scepters States did weeld,  
 Her as his chosen, did from danger sheeld.

(O matchlesse Prince) though thy pure Maiden breast  
 Retain'd that spirit of magnanimitie,  
 That only brau'd proud Romes world-brauing beast,  
 Yet didst thou not with vaunting vanitie  
 Abuse the glorie of thy victorie:  
 But after all thy high atchieuements wonne,  
 To heau'ns great King gau'st praise, of what was done.

Which he accepting as an humble show  
 Of her milde meeknesse, did so glorifie  
 The fame of this high conquest gainst the foe,  
 That her great name, since that great victorie,  
 Yet liues a staine vnto her enemy;  
 Yea many that beneath his yoke did grone,  
 Then su'd for succour at her Princely throne.

Prince

Prince *Don Antonio*, heire suppos'd by right  
Of all consents to *Don Sebastian*, slaine  
Against the barbarous Moore in bloodie fight,  
Exil'd his countrie by the power of Spaine,  
Of his hard hap did vnto her complaine,  
Imploring aide at her assistant hands,  
To free his countrie from Iberian bands.

The noble Virgin with remorsefull eyne,  
Viewing that wretched State all rent asunder,  
To pitie did her Princely heart incline,  
And to the seas sent those two sonnes of thunder,  
That in the world had wrought so many a wonder,  
Renowned *Drake*, and *Norrice* worthie wight,  
With *Don Antonio* to obtaine his right.

With many a worthie souldier shipt from shore,  
The stormie seas wilde wildernesse they plow'd,  
And though the wrinckled waues rouz'd in rough rore,  
Began to bandie billowes, waxing proud;  
Yet th' English Nauie, through tumultuous crowd  
Of darksome furies, did swift passage sweepe  
Vnto the shores of the Galician deepe.

Where taking land, as Bees from cranied rockes  
Breake through the clefts, and to increase their store,  
About the fields flie euery way in flockes:  
So from their ships the souldiers more and more  
In mightie tumult multipli'd the shore,  
Where vncontrol'd themselves they did conioyne  
In martiall troopes, and marched towards the Groyne.

Which to defend from spoile the fainting foes  
By need constrain'd, at first forth boldly came,  
And in the field our forces did oppose;  
But being with furie charg'd by men of fame,  
Vnto the towne they backe retir'd with shame,  
Whom to the gates the English did pursue,  
And with smart stripes did reach them as they flew.

*An. eodem.*

31.

Portugale  
voyage, taken  
out of the di-  
scourse writ-  
ten by *Colonel*  
*Anthony*  
*Winkefield*,  
imployed in  
the same voy-  
age.

Nor



Nor could their strong erected walles withstand  
 The fierce assaylants, who with nimble sprite  
 Did scale their bulwarkes, and by force of hand  
 Did turne th'Iberians into shamefull flight,  
 Although with most aduantage they did fight,  
 Of whom fise hundred on the dust fell dead,  
 The rest to th'vpper towne amazed fled.

The towne surpris'd, stor'd in the same were found  
 The sterne designs of *Philips* raging teene;  
 For euery place with shipping did abound,  
 Whith for another fleet prepar'd had beene,  
 Intended once againe against our Queene;  
 But by despoiling of this conquered towne,  
 King *Philips* hopes they in despaire did drowne.

From hence the victors, in *battalia* led  
 To th'vpper Groyne by *Norrice* noble Knight,  
 To which the foes had for their safegard fled,  
 Did march with speed, and in their foes despight  
 Before the towne their warlike tents did pight,  
 Where in strong battery many daies they lay,  
 And to remoue them none durst giue th'assay.

Yet by the towne six miles from off the coast,  
 The Count *D'Andrada* with his armie lay,  
 Betwixt Petrance and the English hoast,  
 Who boasting with his powers to driue away  
 The foes from Groyne; yet durst not giue th'assay;  
 But kept aloofe intrencht within the ground,  
 With strong built Baracadoes fenced round.

Which, when braue *Norrice* heard, with *Drakes* consent  
 Nine regiments amongst the rest he chose,  
 And whirlewinde-like with furie forth he went,  
 Marching with winged pace vpon the foes,  
 On their owne ground with them to bandie blowes,  
 On whom hight *Edward Norrice* Lion-like,  
 Gaue the first charge with his sharpe pointed pike.

Which

Which with such furious force he did pursue,  
That ouer thrusting downe he fell to ground,  
At which aduantage in the foe-men flew,  
And in the head the valiant Knight did wound,  
Whom in extremitie begirted round  
By eager foes, his brother with strong hands  
Rescu'd from danger, death or captiue bands.

Then noble *Sidnie, Wingfield, Middleton,*  
Each with his band made in vpon the foes,  
Then *Hinder, Fulford,* and stout *Erington,*  
Stood firme in fight, and in the violent close  
Amongst th'Iberians dealt such martiall blowes,  
That their chiefe Leaders in the field were slaine;  
Or wounded, could no more the fight maintaine.

The other fled, and th'English did pursue  
With speedie haste, a number fell in chace,  
Three miles the dust, with blood they did imbrue,  
Some downewards groueling did the ground embrace,  
Some vpwads spread, did shew deaths gastly face,  
Three miles in compasse on that haplesse soile,  
Did flow with fruits of blood; of death, and spoile.

The valiant victors, that did backe returne,  
Loaded with golden bootie from the chace,  
The fruitfull countrie round about did burne  
With wastfull fire, which did in euery place  
Townes, towers, woods, groues with hungrie flames embrace,  
Whose people did from farre behold the flame  
With teare-torne eyes; yet could not helpe the same.

Thus sam'd-grac'd *Norrice* crown'd with victorie,  
Vnto the Groyne returned backe againe,  
And with more worth his deed to amplifie;  
King *Philps* standard with the armes of Spaine,  
Which from his foes in fight he did constraine,  
Before him in his march aduanced was,  
As with his troopes he towards the Groyne did passe.

Where

Where he not long the voyage did delay  
 For Portugale in *Don Antonios* right;  
 But left the Groyne and lanced off to sea,  
 Where with that noble Earle great *Essex* hight,  
 His brother, and stout *Williams* that bold Knight,  
 He happily did meet, who with full gale  
 To Portugale together forth did saile.

And in a storme, as people sent from heau'n,  
 That Nation vnto freedome to restore,  
 They by the tempest gainst *Peniche* driuen,  
 Vp to the waste in waters raging fore,  
 Through death and danger waded to the shore;  
 Where when they came vpon the marine sands,  
 In spight of foes they martiall'd vp their bands.

For when the *Conde De Fuentes* came  
 With his proud troopes t'afroint them in the fight,  
 The valiant *Deuorax* in *Elizae's* name  
 Before the castle, and the towne in fight,  
 Did charge vpon them with such violent might,  
 That horror spread, through each Iberian troope,  
 To seruile feare made stoutest hearts to stoope.

None durst abide, with foule retreat all fled,  
 Free passage to the victors open lay,  
 Who towards the towne did march, from whence, in dread  
 Of their approch, the people fled away,  
 And left the towne vnto their foes for prey,  
 Whereby the castle taken with the same,  
 They did possesse in *Don Antonios* name.

From hence towards Lisbon they did march forthright,  
 And in the way the noble Generall  
 Did enter *Torres Vedras* in despight  
 Of that vaine boast, of the proud Cardinall,  
 Who gaue his faith to them of Portugale  
 To oppose him in the field, though with delay,  
 He kept aloofe, and durst not giue th' assay.



To Lisbon gates, troopt vp in martiall pace  
The English went, and in the suburbs pight  
*Elizæes* ensignes in the foes disgrace,  
In hope that *Don Antonio* would excite  
The people to his aide, and in his right  
Shake off the bondage which they did sustaine,  
Thereby their late-lost freedome to regaine.

But they ignoble kind of dunghill brood,  
With female hearts more cold in valiancie,  
Then naked Indians, who with losse of blood  
Haue often fought in midst of miserie,  
To free themselues from seruile flauerie;  
When such stout champions in their cause did stand,  
Durst not appeare to vse their helping hand.

The sweets of libertie, for which the Iew  
Withstood stout *Titus*, mightie *Cæsars* sonne,  
The loyall loue, that th'ancient Britaine drew  
To those great deeds for *Carataccus* done,  
When Romes *Ostorius* did this land orerun,  
The heartlesse Portugale could not excite,  
To hazard fortune gainst the foes in fight.

For many daies the English with renowne,  
Gainst death and danger did themselues oppose,  
And gaue assault vnto the chiefeest towne,  
By their high fortitude t'imbolde those,  
That liu'd in dread of their insulting foes;  
And to performe their promis'd force for fight  
Against the foes, in *Don Antonios* right.

Yet at their hands no helpe to this assay  
*Elizæes* famous Captaines could obtaine,  
Who wanting power their valour to display,  
When the sad Prince *Antonio* all in vaine  
The peoples helpe had sought, and none could gaine,  
Remou'd their martiall power gainst Lisbon bent,  
And towards Cascais vnto their Nauie went.

Where

Where valiant *Drake* with his triumphant fleet,  
 Came vp the riuer as it was decreed,  
 And with the armie at Cascais did meet,  
 Whose meeting to the foes such feare did breed,  
 That at their first approch, the towne with speed  
 And castles both without long batterie,  
 Did stoope their pride to th English valiancie.

And where the foes that proudly ranged were  
 Fast by Saint Iulians, readie arm'd for fight,  
 Had broadly misreported, that with feare  
 Of their approch their foes with foule affright,  
 Themselues had taken to inglorious flight,  
 Vndaunted *Norrice* with his martiall traine,  
 Did towards Saint Iulians backe returne againe.

And valiant *Essex* this bold challenge sent,  
 As combatant in his great Soueraignes name,  
 To know, who durst of noble borne descent,  
 Stand forth amongst the rest to fight for fame,  
 And trie by blowes the cause, for which they came;  
 Or if that eight to eight, or ten to ten,  
 Durst tempt their fate in fight like valiant men.

In Colonel  
*Wingfields* di-  
 scourse, pag.  
 148. in the se-  
 cond volume  
 of *R. Hak.*  
 Naugations.

But through th'Iberian armie not a man  
 Stood forth as combatant in single fight;  
 For when the Generall with his troops began  
 T'approch their campe, before he came in sight,  
 They fled away befriended by the night,  
 Nor staid they till they made great Lisbon gate,  
 Their safe Asylum gainst all aduerse fate.

Meane time, that sea-fam'd Captaine worthie *Drake*,  
 Twice fortie martiall ships well man'd for fight,  
 In seas did sinke, did burne, did spoile and take;  
 Mongst whom Saint *Iohn de Colorado* hight,  
 Third vnto none in building and in might,  
 He burnt with raging fire of flaming brand,  
 And sunk her bulke in shoales of swallowing sand.

Thus

Thus though the English disappointed were  
Of seating *Don Antonio* in the throne,  
Through that base female stomackt nations feare,  
Whose sad distresse no future time shall moane,  
Though vnder tyrants yoke their spirits groane;  
Yet fame, the prize on which they ment to pray,  
In their swift barks with them they brought away.

And being launcht into the seas blacke brest,  
By stormie puffe of *Ansters* blustering blore,  
They carried were with violent storme opprest,  
'Bout Bayon Iles, and towards the sandie shore  
With swift winde-swelling sailes their Nauie bore,  
Where both the Generals on the barren strand,  
Did with two thousand souldiers put to land.

And as the wealthie fields of ripe-grown corne,  
Which ouercharg'd with seed their heads do bow  
Are by the reaper downe in handfuls borne,  
Who for that meed, which th'owner doth allow,  
Still plies his labour with a sweatie brow;  
So th'English did with sword and fire despoile  
The fruitfull plentie of that pleasant soile.

That strong street-fenced towne, *Vigo* by name,  
In ashie heapes on ground did groueling lie,  
And on the swift wings of a golden flame,  
The vaile-inriched *Borhis* mounting high,  
With blazing shine did glaze the cloudie skie,  
While eight miles compasse *Vulcans* fierie fume  
Dame *Ceres* gifts did in the vales consume.

Thus grac'd with noble conquest and rich spoile,  
The valiant victors with their royall fleet,  
Did passe the seas vnto their native soile,  
Where falling prostrate at their Soueraignes feet,  
With glorious prize the Virgin they did greet,  
The praise of which what they to her had giuen,  
She gaue againe vnto the King of heau'n.

Vpon



Huighen van  
Linschoten and  
many others.

Vpon the deepes of *Neptunes* large command,  
Many more high exploits were daily done,  
And from the vanquisht foes by force of hand,  
Many faire ships of many a hundred tunne  
Full fraught with wealthie prize were daily wonne,  
For forren pens speake wonder of the fame,  
And rich spoiles gotten in *Elizæes* name.

Anno eodem

31.  
Taken out of  
the discourse  
writtē by that  
excellent en-  
giner M. Ed-  
ward Wright.

That famous horse-man, launce-fam'd *Clifford* hight,  
The great *Herœ* noble *Cumberland*,  
About th' *Azôres* in his foes despight  
Did scoure the seas, and with three ships command  
Each famous port vpon that slimie strand :  
For those few English, which he did assemble  
In three small ships, made all *Tercera* tremble.

Vpon the walles of *Fayall*, that strong towne,  
Which huge mount *Pyco* ouerlookes from West,  
He by strong hand with *Englands* crosse did crowne,  
And gainst that strand vpon the seas broad brest,  
Many great hulkes with blacke rouz'd waues distrest  
Of th' *Indian* fleet, full fraught with prize for Spaine,  
He brought to England ore the broad-backt maine.

Yet he alone braue champion euer prest,  
For his faire *Mistresse* to defend her right,  
Did not triumph on *Neptunes* watrie brest;  
But many more, all men of famous might,  
The vtmost parts of earth and seas did smite  
With loud report, that *Englands* bounds did keep,  
A *Virgin*, that was *Ladie* of the deepe.

An. Rej. 32.

Fame-winged *Drake* and *Hawkins*, that bold Knight,  
Vpon the coast of Spaine the foes did dare,  
When at the *Groyné* that host lay readie dight  
To passe the seas, to dispossesse *Nauarre*,  
Gainst whom th' vnholly league did warre prepare;  
But while the royall fleet of our faire *Queene*  
Appeer'd at sea, they durst not then be seene.

Nor durst that Captaine of the Spanish fleet,  
Th'insulting *Don Alonso Bacan* hight,  
*Elizæs* ships in equall battell meet;  
But if by chance he found the ods in fight,  
Then proudly would he vse his vtmost might;  
Yet Englands blacke Reuenge, alone at length  
Did worke him shame with all his nauall strength.

For famous *Greennile* sayling neere to Flores  
In the Reuenge of our *Elizæs* fleet,  
Obscur'd from sight with th'Ilands of th'Azores,  
Spaines great *Armada* did vntimely meet;  
Yet with sharpe welcome their approach did greet,  
For rich reuenge he made vpon his foes;  
Though he his life in his Reuenge did lose.

Ten thousand men in three and fiftie saile,  
Did in his barke alone begirt him round,  
And fiftene howers space did neuer faile  
With thundring shot his ships weake wombe to wound,  
Both him, and her in th'Ocean to confound,  
Whom with twice fiftie men he did oppose,  
And did inferre dire slaughter mongst his foes.

The great San *Philp*, that mount Etna-like,  
Lay spitting fierie vengeance gainst her foes,  
In fight her entertaine did so dislike,  
That she her sad mishap did soone disclose,  
And fainting made retreate, to shun foule blowes,  
While the amaz'd Iberians stroue to saue  
Her leaking wombe from sinking in the waue.

Like as a goodly Hart begirted round,  
With eager hounds, that thirst to see him fall,  
Tir'd in the toile, turnes head and stands his ground,  
And with fell blowes the dogs do so appall,  
That in the end he makes his way through all:  
So noble *Greennile* round besieg'd in fight,  
Brake through their squadrons with admired might.

K k k

*An. Re. 33.*  
Taken out of  
the discourse  
penned by  
Sir Walter  
Raleigh.

Some say this  
ship foundred.

Saint

Saint *Michael* hight, and *Cynils* great *Ascension*,  
 With th' Admirall of the hulkes, three ships of fame,  
 Each of the which so large was in dimension,  
 That *Greenwils* ship, that bore *Vindictas* name,  
 Did seeme a skiffe compar'd vnto the same,  
 With crosse-barre shot in fight he did so wound,  
 That wallowing waues their hugeness did confound.

In this fight  
 there were  
 five ships of  
 great burthen  
 sunke, 1000.  
 men, and ma-  
 ny of especiall  
 note slaine.

Against them all she proudly did entunder,  
 Vntill her masts were beaten ouer-bord,  
 Her deckes downe raz'd, her tackle cut asunder,  
 Vntill her shot and powder, that were stor'd  
 In her maim'd bulke could scarce one charge afford;  
 Yea when her sides were euened with the waue  
 She would not yeeld, but still her foes did braue.

And had not fate inforc'd her noble Knight,  
 To sinke downe senselesse in her hollow wombe,  
 Euen he alone would haue withstood their might:  
 But who, alas, can contradict the doome  
 Of wilfull fate, when time prefix'd is come?  
 From muskets mouth spit forth with vengefull breath;  
 A fatall shot did wound the Knight to death.

And at his death, to shew his mightie mind,  
 Being from his ship conuei'd amongst his foes,  
 Feeling th'approch of his last houre assign'd,  
 As one not fear'd in all externall showes  
 To leaue this life, whose end should end his woes,  
 With manly lookes amidst his enemies  
 These words he spake, ere death did close his eies:

This he spake In peace of mind I bid the world adew,  
 in Spanish, re- For that a souldiers death I truly die,  
 corded in the And to my royall Queene haue paid her due,  
 99. chap. of Since by my timelesse death I glorifie  
 Iohn Huighen My God, and her against her enemye:  
 van Linscho- Which to my grace, since same to her shall tell,  
 ten. With ioy I bid the world and her farewell.

Thus



Thus Fames faire finger in his manly prime,  
With honor'd touch in death did close his eies,  
Whose glorie shall out-last the prints of time,  
Caru'd in his brow, and like the Sunne in skies,  
In darkeſt times each day ſhall freſh ariſe;  
For to my verſe if heauen ſuch grace do giue,  
True noble Knight, thy name ſhall euer liue.

His gholt regardleſſe did not paſſe away  
Without reuenge : for where in hapleſſe fight,  
Vnhappie fate did worke his liues decay,  
There *Frobiſher* and *Borrough* that bold Knight,  
To his Iberian foes did worke deſpight;  
For by th' Azores on the ſtormie maine,  
Many a faire price they daily did obtaine.

*An. Rez. 34.*  
Out of M. R.  
*Hak.* in the  
laſt part of his  
ſecond vo-  
lume.

The Indian barks at th' Ilands they did ſtop,  
For which, that naked people which adore  
The King of flames in ſteepe *Olympus* top,  
With wicked ſteele their grandames ribs had tore,  
To glut their ſpacious wombes with golden ore,  
Whom *Frobiſher* did ſend with all their treaſure,  
To be diſpos'd at his *Elizæ's* pleaſure.

Meane time, ſtout *Croſſe* and *Borrough* valiant Knight,  
Againſt that monſter of the fleet of Spaine,  
The *Madre Dios*, did a noble fight  
Before thoſe Ilands many houres maintaine,  
Whom by plaine ſtrength, at length they did conſtraine  
To ſtoope her pride, and hazarding the might  
Of twice three hundred, boorded her in fight.

Who to inrich their noble enterprize  
With a ſmall world of treaſure did abound,  
Ten ſmaller ſhips fraught with her merchandize,  
Which ſto'd within her ſpacious bulke were found,  
Arriued ſafe in *Thamis* ſiluer ſound;  
For fiſteene hundred tunne ſhe did containe,  
And thirtie foot ſhe drew within the maine.

They tooke likewise the Santa Clare in fight,  
Which from the Indian East for Spaine was bound,  
And on the Ilands in their foe-mens fight,  
With flames of hungrie fire they did confound  
The Santa Cruze, which did with wealth abound,  
Making each creeke and corner of the maine  
To know the rule of their *Elizæ*s raigne.

But should I heere assay to sing of those,  
Who to eternifie their Soueraignes name,  
Renown'd their swords with fall of thousand foes,  
Had I a brazen trumpe to sound the same,  
Which might out-sound th'eteruall trumpe of Fame,  
Yet not an age drawne out in length of daies,  
Would me suffice to sing their worthie praise.

*Huighen van  
Linschoten.*

The Belgian Author of that large discourse  
Of th'Indian trafickes, truly doth explaine  
The matchlesse vertue of their nauall force,  
And of their high aduentures on the maine,  
That Saxons Latin Muse in loftie straine  
About the world doth sing; yet cruell fate  
Vnto his life did adde too short a date.

*Ioannes Pay-  
menius Bu-  
deus.*

*Anno Dom.  
1584.  
Sir Humfrey  
Gilbert.*

For when braue spirit did *Gilberts* thoughts excite,  
To saile the seas to search for worlds vnfound,  
This worthie Poet with that noble Knight  
In th'angrie surge, alas, was helpelesse drown'd,  
And swallow'd vp within the deepes blacke sound:  
Yet life to *Gilbert* dead, his verse doth giue,  
And his owne name, in his owne verse doth liue.

But leaue we heere those valiant men, that loue  
To diue the deepes of *Neptunes* high command,  
To see the wonders of the mightie *Ioue*,  
And view meane while, with what auspicious hand,  
*Eliza* guides her plentious peopled land,  
Whose royall raigne and bountie debonaire,  
Times time to come shall count past all compare.

While

While those bold Martialists, that for their fame  
In skill of warre affaires were so renown'd,  
Did by their swords immortalize her name,  
So those graue aged fathers, Peeres profound,  
In depth of iudgement with wits laurell crown'd,  
In swaying th'Empires Scepter all her daies,  
Did guide her steps in the true path of praise.

Like gods in counsell in the State affaires,  
They sate in Senate skill'd in all things done,  
Deeds past and future, carrying by their cares  
Through broken sleepes the course of things begun,  
Striuing in dead of night the time t'outrun,  
By good aduice, by plots, and counsels close,  
T'oppugne, preuent, and circumuent their foes.

From whom in care of State the royall Maid  
Did counsell take, as from the mouth of *Ioue*,  
Still rul'd with reason, as in power obey'd,  
Not led with false opinions fond selfe-loue,  
But by their sound aduice did euer proue,  
How she with lawes respect might best command,  
Seeing *Ioue* had put the Scepter in her hand.

And with intent, that in her Maiden brest  
A deepe impression of that pregnant wit  
In vse of lawes, by vse might be imprest,  
Mongst the graue Senate she did often sit,  
And her conceit to consultation fit.  
All Princes that true vertues race do run,  
The starre-bright light of counsell will not shun.

As the good shepheard with respectiue right  
Of his meeke flocke, drownes not the night in sleepe,  
Nor spends the compleat day in his delight;  
Who distant farre vpon some mountaine sleepe,  
Yet nere in care them safe from spoile doth keepe:  
So her chiefe care, as carelesse how to please  
Her owne affect; was care of peoples ease.



Well did she know, that who would guard and keepe  
 The State and counsell of a Realme aright,  
 Not vtterly dissolu'd in ease and sleepe,  
 Or led with loose affection of delight,  
 They must insist in their owne appetite;  
 But their State-charged thoughts in cares begun;  
 Through broken sleepes, and easelesse toiles must run.

Yet if she did abstaine from graue affaires,  
 And found fit time to solace her delay,  
 With fond delight she did not ease her cares;  
 But with the Ladie Muses wont to play,  
 Or *Pallas*-like would often spend the day,  
 In making wits quaint parlie her best sport,  
 Amidst her Virgin troope of stately port.

Mongst whom, if some, yet mindfull of her worth,  
 With Iuorie fingers touch do chance to turne  
 These luckie leaues, I only picke them forth  
 To grace *Iones* wit-bred brood, the thrice three borne  
 With their great worth, she dead, left now forlorne,  
 That by their power, whence I this verse deriue,  
 She may in them, and they in her suruiue.

And yee faire Nymphs, that like to Angels houer  
 About the Palace of our Britaine King,  
 That locke the hearts of euery gazing louer  
 Within your lookes, whence all delight doth spring,  
 Of this faire Queene vouchsafe to heare me sing,  
 And let her life, to whom she was vnknowne,  
 A Mirrour be for them to gaze vpon.

It was, alas that now it is not so,  
 Praise-worthy deem'd amongst diuineſt dames,  
 In learnings lore their leasure to bestow,  
 For which the Muses to their lasting fames,  
 In golden verse might eternize their names;  
 But now seduc'd with each mind-pleasing toy  
 In learnings liking, few do place their joy.

Yet

Yet she, that could command all ioyes on earth,  
 With sweets of iudgement suckt from learning skill,  
 In all delights, did moderate her mirth,  
 Nor gaue she swinge vnto her Princely will  
 In any pleasure to affect the fill;  
 But with true Temperance aduis'd aright,  
 She best did loue the meane in each delight.

In musikes skill mongst Princes past compare  
 She was esteem'd; and yet for that delight  
 The precious time she did not wholly square,  
 And though in daintie dance she goodly dight  
 Was matchlesse held for her maiestike sprite;  
 Yet not in dalliance did she go astray,  
 Ne yet in dance did dallie out the day.

She with the seed of *Ioue*, the Muses nine,  
 So frequent was in her yeares youthfull prime,  
 That she of them had learned power diuine  
 To quell proud loue, if loue at any time  
 In her pure brest aloft began to clime,  
 The praise of whom so chaste, and yet so faire,  
 Enuiies foule selfe not iustly can impaire.

In learnings better part her skill was such,  
 That her sweet tongue could speake distinctiuelly  
 Greeke, Latin, Tuscan, Spanish, French, and Dutch:  
 For few could come in friendly ambasie  
 From forren parts to greet her Maiestie,  
 Whom she not answer'd in their natieue tongue,  
 As if all language on her lips had hung.

Whereby the world did seeme to plead for right  
 Within her Court, where in her Princely throne,  
*Astrea*-like she sate with powerfull might  
 To right the wrong of those, that in despaire  
 Of others helps, to her did make repaire,  
 Who after humble sute backe neuer went  
 Through her Court gates without true minds content.

Witnesse great *Burbon*, when that house of Guise  
 Did counterchecke thee in thy lawfull claime,  
 In thy defence what Prince did then arise,  
 Or with strong hand, who in fights bloodie frame  
 Did ioyne to wound thy rebell foes with shame?  
 But Englands Queene, who still with fresh supplie  
 Did send her forces gainst thine enemy :

*Anno eodem* To beare the first brunt in those bloodie broyles,  
 That noble Knight, the famous *Willoughby*  
 34.  
*In Stew anno* Did crosse the seas, and through important toyles  
 32.  
 Did lead a multitude, whose valiancie  
 Made France admire our English Britanie,  
 Whom Englands royall Virgin did excite  
 Vnto that warre t' aduance thee to thy right.

*An. eodem.* And then to reinforce thy strengths decay  
 World-wondred *Norrice*, *Mars* his matchlesse sonne,  
 Did with three thousand souldiers passe the sea,  
 Who in French Britaine hauing once begunne,  
 Did not forsake thee, till thy warres were done,  
 Whom many did in this thy cause insue,  
 And in thy French dust did their bloods imbrue.

*An. eodem.* When noble *Desoreux*, that heroicke Knight,  
 Earle of Essex. To shew his loue to armes and cheualrie,  
 Ingag'd his person in that furious fight  
 Before that towne, hight Roan in Normandie,  
 His honor'd brother fighting valiantly;  
 Who though but yong, yet oft approu'd in fight,  
 By a small shot was slaine in his owne fight.

*Sir Walter De-*  
*soreux.*  
  
*Sir William*  
*Sackuile.* And thou braue *Sackuile*, *Buckhurst* third-borne birth,  
 Who in these warres didst change thy life for fame,  
 Although thy bones lie tomb'd in stranger earth,  
 Yet in thy countrie liues thy noble name  
 And honor'd friends, that still record the same :  
 For though blacke death triumph ore humane breath,  
 Yet vertues deeds do liue in spight of death.

Many



Many more valiant men of no meane birth,  
Whose names obscur'd, are yet not come to light,  
Being slaine, did falling kisse their mother earth,  
And with their foreheads trode the ground in fight,  
Against vntruth t' aduance great *Burbons* right,  
Who by their valour, fighting for renowne,  
Did at the length in peace enioy his crowne.

Thus Albions Mistresse as an Angell sent,  
The sonnes of men from hels blacke Prince to saue,  
The worlds vsurped rule from Rome did rent,  
And from her yoke sweet freedoms comfort gaue  
To those her neighbours, that her helpe did craue,  
Restoring Princes to their royaltie,  
Debas'd by Romes insulting tyrannie.

The which when that seuen-headed beast beheld,  
Who proudly treads vpon the necks of Kings  
With indignation his high stomach sweld,  
And of the adulterate sect forthwith he wings  
Many bald Priests t' enact pernicious things,  
Those close confessors, that most vse their skill  
To worke the weaker sex vnto their will.

With these the bisfront Iesuits, that cloake  
Themselues in diuers shapes, did seeke againe,  
Against their Prince the people to prouoke,  
And with pretence of zeale did thinke to traine  
Their loyall hearts against their Soueraigne:  
But these their base attempts tooke no euent,  
Seeing prudent *Ioue* their plots did still preuent.

For at this time, the Irish *Oroick*,  
That bloodie traytour to this Kingdomes State,  
That with his vtmost diligence did worke  
With Rome and Spaine to execute their hate,  
Being most secure of his vntimely fate,  
Preuented was, in what he did pretend  
In his foule treason by a traytors end.

*An. eodem.*

34.

For

For after all his plots at length he came  
 To proffer seruice to that roiall King,  
 Now Monarch of this Ile, and in his name,  
 All Ireland in subiection he would bring,  
 If he would shroud him with his soueraigne wing;  
 But he braue Prince, t'whom Traitors hatefull beene,  
 Did send that Traitor to our noble Queene.

(O Peerelesse Prince, that Northern Starre so bright)  
 Whose shine did guide vs to the port of rest,  
 When our pure Virgin lampe did lose her light,  
 If from thy sight these ruder rimes be blest,  
 But with one kingly glaunce, graunt this request,  
 As liuing, thou didst honour her great name,  
 So shee being dead (O King) still loue the same.

Persist, persist, to grace her being dead,  
 Who liuing did to thee all grace proclaime,  
 Against her name permit no scandall spread;  
 But quell those black-mouth'd monsters that defame  
 The Lords anointed our *Elizae's* name,  
 So thy great name 'gainst Enuies biting rage,  
 May finde like fauour in the worlds last age.

After this rebels ruine, in whose life  
 Rome did such hopefull confidence repose,  
 Hoping through him to raise some home-bred strife,  
 Vnable now t'auenge her on her foes,  
 By honour'd meanes in dealing martiall blowes;  
 Being senselesse of all princely roialtie  
 He sought reuenge by basest treacherie.

*An. Reg. 35.* Hight *Lopez* he, that was for Physicks skill,  
 Highly respected in the Princes grace,  
 Corrupted was her loued life to spill,  
 And had the helpe of Heauen not been in place,  
 The roiall Virgin in a moments space  
 In stead of that, which should haue life protected,  
 Had tasted death in poison strong conected.

But

But that great King of heau'n, whose watchfull eie  
Did euer guard her Maiden brest from taint  
Of timelesse death, the drift did soone descric,  
And made false *Lopez* in the fact to faint,  
Depicturing out his fault in feares constraint,  
Who wretched traytor, for his blacke deed done,  
Blacke death and scandall in the world hath wonne.

He suffered  
death, *Anno*  
*Reg. 36.*

Romes demi-god that can at his dispose  
By power from heau'n dispence with villanie,  
Thus did his sanctitie of life disclose,  
In plotting by inglorious treacherie,  
Basely to act a Virgins tragedie;  
Whose force for fight seem'd both on seas and land,  
Too full of death for him to countermand.

Yet once againe with contumelious vaunt,  
Inuasion threatned was against this land,  
Which did our Queenes great heart so little daunt,  
That to her conquering fleet she gaue command,  
Which readie rig'd lay on the English strand,  
To seeke the fogs for fight in their owne home,  
Thereby to ease them of their toyle to come.

The royall fleet to do the Dames command,  
Rig'd vp to dance on *Amphitrites* greene,  
With war-like musikes sound did launch from land,  
To whom, in loue of Albions honor'd Queene,  
Then easfull peace Spaines warre more wisht hath beene,  
Whose bosomes twice ten thousand men did fill,  
Train'd vp to tread the paths of warre with skill.

The honora-  
ble voyage to  
Cadiz, *Anno*  
*Reg. 38.*  
Set downe in  
the end of the  
last part of the  
second vo-  
lume of *Nauig-  
ations of R.  
Hakluyt.*

Two noble Peeres stood vp to lead them out,  
The one hight *Howard* he, that with renowne  
Gainst Spaines blacke fleet successfull had fought,  
Who now, though honor'd age his head did crowne  
With snow-white haire of siluer-like soft downe;  
Yet in despite of yeares respect did goe,  
As Generall of the fleet against the foe.

The



The other Peere, whose heart heauen grac'd with grace  
 Of goodly gifts, was *Essex* noble Knight,  
 Whom from his youth treading the honour'd race  
 Of valiant men, true vertue did excite,  
 T'affect renowne in warre with chiefe delight,  
 Who best about the best of high command,  
 In this exploit went Generall of the land.

These Lords, not like the foes, did put in vre,  
 Their high exploit, who when their blacke fleet came  
 Did treat of peace, to make vs more secure;  
 But they each where their purpose to proclaime,  
 Chose Fame for Herauld to denounce the same,  
 Threatning all Nations with their Dames iust ire,  
 That should as agents with their foe conspire.

They did pro-  
 claime their  
 intended voy-  
 age in Greeke,  
 Latin, French,  
 Spanish, &c.  
 through most  
 parts of Eu-  
 rope.

Many more Nobles drew their willing swords  
 In this exploit to trie th' Iberian might:  
 Braue *Suffex*, *Howard*, *Harbert*, valiant Lords,  
 Lord *Warden*, *Burk*, stout *Veere* and *Clifford* hight,  
 With *Lodowicke* of Nassau that stranger Knight,  
*Don Christopher* young Prince of Portugale,  
 And *Vanderforde* the Belgians Generall.

From Plimmouth port in safe transport of these  
 And many gallants more, two hundred keele  
 Did with swift winde cut through the wauiie Seas,  
 While shee, whose heart th' effects of grace did feele,  
 Not giuing trust vnto the strength of Steele,  
 While England's sacred Queene, while shee, I say,  
 For her faire fleet to this effect did pray:

Recorded by  
 him that wrote  
 this voiage,  
 who carried it  
 with him into  
 Spaine, trans-  
 lated into La-  
 tin by D. Mar-  
 becke,

Thou guide of all the world, great King of Heauen,  
 That see'st all hearts with thy all-seeing eye,  
 Thou knowest what cause vs to this warre hath driuen,  
 No thirst of blood, of wealth, or dignitie,  
 No malice of reuenge or iniurie;  
 But to defend thy truth, we lift our armes  
 And to preuent our foes intended harmes.

Heare

Heare then (ô King of heau'n) thy hand-maids prayer,  
Giue full effect vnto our iust desire,  
In midst of stormes t'our fleet vouchsafe thy care,  
And with thy heau'nly fortitude inspire  
Our souldiers hearts, that they may not retire  
Vnto their homes without victorious fame,  
T'aduaunce the glorie of thy holy name.

Thus pray'd *Eliza*, to whose iust request  
The God of Hosts aduisefull audience gaue,  
Who downe descending from his heau'nly rest,  
Did safely lead her ships, as she did craue,  
To Cadiz harbor ore the surging waue,  
Where to all eyes appear'd his true foresigne,  
That gainst th'Iberians they should victors shine.

As that thrice happie bird, the peacefull Doue,  
When the old world groaning beneath the raigne  
Of Giants raging rule, was drown'd by *Ioue*,  
Brought heau'nly newes of a new world againe  
Vnto the Arke, then floting on the maine:  
So now a Doue did with her presence greet  
*Elizæs* Arke, then Admirall of the fleet.

For loe the fleet riding at seas in sight  
Of Cadiz towers, making that towne the marke  
Of their desire, the Doue did stay her flight  
Vpon the maine yard of that stately barke,  
Which long before that time was term'd the Arke,  
Whose vnexpected presence did professe  
Peace to the fleet; but to the foes distresse:

Who from the browes of Cadiz lostie towers  
With eyes amaz'd, viewing so many a keele  
Floting vpon their seas, and seeing such powers  
Of martiall people arm'd in brightest Steele,  
The cold effects of fainting feare did feelee,  
Through whose faint breasts remembrance now did run  
Of ancient wrongs to Englands Empresse done.

Recorded by  
the Author  
then present.

The

The Fleete descri'd, the Citie high did ring  
 Each where with horrid sound of shrill alarms,  
 In euery street *Bellona* loud did sing  
 The song of battaile, and the foes in swarmes  
 Did throng together in the streets to armes,  
 While fearefull noise of childrens wofull cries,  
 And womens shrikes did pierce the echoing skies.

The gates were open set, out rush't the hoast,  
 Both horse and foote in armes confus'd sound,  
 Who vaunting of their power did vainely boast,  
 Their fainting foes in battaile to confound,  
 If their bold fecte durst presse the sandie ground,  
 Not doubting all their fleete, with fire t'inflame,  
 If from their ships to fight on shore they came.

And in the gulfie mouth of that faire bay,  
 Where the proud waues doe wash the townes white breast,  
 The Spanish nauie ready anchoring lay,  
 All mighty ships bound for the Indian East;  
 But now for fight themselves they soone adrest,  
 With whom twice ten stout gallies did prepare  
 'Gainst th'English fleete to trie the chaunce of warre.

The honour'd Peeres, great *Essex*, and his mate  
 Renowned *Howard*, Times swan-white hair'd sonne,  
 Sitting in counsell wisely did debate,  
 How by their fleete with best aduantage wonne,  
 Against the foes the fight might be begunne;  
 For both the Castle, Forts and Towne in fight,  
 Did threaten danger in the Nauall fight.

But through the windowes of Heauens crystall bowres,  
*Ioue* seeing the foemens force so full of dread,  
 The Citie so well fenc'd with loftie towres;  
 The Sea with faire ships fill'd, the field ore spread  
 With men of armes, that from the towne made head,  
 Did send to shield *Elizæ's* fleete from harmes,  
 His braine-borne childe, th'vnconquered Queene of armes.

Who



Who to effect th'Olympian Gods great will,  
About the fleete from ship to ship did flie,  
And with such courage euery heart did fill,  
Inflaming their desires in fight to trie  
The valour of the vauntingemie,  
That euery one did thirst to trample downe  
The loftie pride of Cadiz towring towne.

The Norfolke noble Dukes vndaunted Sonne,  
Sterne-visag'd like the grim-fac'd God of war,  
As was decreed, the fight at first begun,  
Who to the foes like some disastrous star,  
Or blazing Comet did appeare from far;  
Shooting forth fierie beames from his blacke ship,  
Which with the mounting waues did forward skip.

Now Earle of  
Suffolk.

Each aduerse force to fight drew forth their powers,  
And in a golden morne, when *Phæbus* drew  
From off the battlements of Cadize towers,  
The ruddie cheekt *Auroraes* pearlie dew,  
The thundring bullets interchanged flew,  
And either side a glorious day to win,  
With deadly furie did the fight begin.

The guns, astuns with sounds rebounds from shore  
The Souldiers eares, and death on mischiefes back  
Spit from the Canons mouth with horrid rore  
Flies to and fro in clowdes of pitchie black,  
And 'mongst the valiant men makes spoilefull wrack,  
While either part like Lions far'd in fight,  
None feeling seruile feare of deaths afright.

Thus when stout *Howard* had begun the fight  
With many more to quell the foeimens pride,  
The noble *Deuorcux*, that vndaunted Knight,  
Who stood asterne his ship and wishly ei'd,  
How deepe the skirmish drew on either side,  
Nere stai'd, as was decreed, to second those  
In the maine fight, but rusht among'st the foes.

And:

And as we see the Sunne sometimes shine cleare  
 Amid'ft the skie, then muffle his bright face  
 In fable clouds, and straight againe appeare,  
 So famous *Essex* did applie each place,  
 Sometimes incircled round with foes embrace  
 He stood in fight, and sometimes scene of all,  
 He in the forefront did his foes appall.

Which when graue *Howard* view'd from farre well dight  
 In noble armes, himselfe he did betake  
 Vnto his pinnace with Lord *William* hight,  
 His honor'd sonne, and with their powers to make  
 The fight more hot, into the presse they brake,  
 Where with fresh strength they labour'd to repell  
 The foes stout pride, twixt whom the fight grew fell.

So long as faire *Auroraes* light did shine,  
 They equall fought and neither had the best;  
 But when the feruent Sunne began decline  
 From th'hot meridian point and day decreast,  
 Feare did inuade each bold Iberians brest,  
 Who through the danger of the darke some waue  
 Did flie their foes, themselves from death to saue.

To shun *Charybdis* iawes, they helpelesse fell  
 In *Scyllaes* gulfe; for after all their braues,  
 Being all too weake the English to repell,  
 Their ships they left, and leapt into the waues,  
 In whose soft bosome many found their graues;  
 And lest ought good might to their foes redound,  
 They burnt their ships and ran them on the ground.

The Gallies fled, the ships with secret fire  
 Inflam'd, did burst to shew their burning light;  
 Then from the shore th'Iberians did retire  
 Close to their walles, who boasting of their might  
 In equall ground before did wish for fight;  
 But now beneath their walles scarce made they stand;  
 For without fight the victors went on land.

All from the ships did cluster to the shore,  
Forth marcht the foote, whose hearts emboldned were  
With their late fight, and in the front before  
Great *Essex* breath'd exhort in euery care  
To charge the foes; and not in vaine to beare  
The name of first, but first himselfe to show  
In euery deed, he first did charge the foe

With such swift force, as when wilde *Neptune* raues,  
And ore the shore breaking his wonted bounds,  
Riding in triumph on his winged waues,  
Runnes vnresisted ouer lands and grounds,  
And in his way all in his power confounds;  
So from the fleet at shore went th'English downe  
To charge the foes inranckt before the towne.

The battels ioynd; but by their valours might,  
The valiant English in one howers space  
Brake through the foe-mens rankes, who turn'd to flight;  
Did turne their backs and gaue the victors place,  
Who to the towne pursu'd with speedie chace,  
Whose walles th' Iberians flying from the field  
Against their foes did long to make their shield.

And being entred with confused cries,  
The gates were shut, and in the towne each where,  
A diuers noise about with horror flies;  
Then in the streets thicke troopes of men appeare,  
Some to the gates, some to the walles with feare  
Amazed runne, and euery hold about  
They stuffe with men, to keepe their foe-men out.

Meane time to triumph in proud Cadiz fall,  
Illustrate *Essex* did approch the towne,  
Where scaling ladders laid vnto the wall  
Were fill'd with men, who climbing for renowne,  
Did hazard death from off the walles cast downe:  
For from th'assault to force them to retire,  
Thicke fell downe darts, huge stones, and dreadfull fire.



The fearefull cries of men on either side,  
 Rung through the towne, as they the walles did scale,  
 Not long the bold defendants did abide  
 Th' assailants by their prowesse did preuaile,  
 The foes gaue backe, their fainting hearts did faile,  
 Who left the walles, and through the streetes did runne,  
 With ruthfull tidings how the walles were wonne.

Vpon the battlements, the blood red crosse  
 Appeare'd in sight, and from the walles downe went  
 The English troopes, and to the gates did passe,  
 Where th' iron barres in sunder they did rent,  
 Beate downe the posts, and all the iewes brent,  
 And passage wide to them without did win,  
 To whom the houses farre appear'd within.

Then all the host, led by that aged Lord,  
 The seas chiefe Admirall, rusht through the gate,  
 And through the towne with fierie shot and sword  
 Did force their way in euery street and strait,  
 Euen to the publike market, where of late  
 The foes had purpos'd in the Kings high street,  
 To make their common reindcuous to meet.

There now the battell fresh againe begnn,  
 For making head vnto that place, the foe  
 To reinforce their strength, in troopes did run,  
 While others downe from house tops did throw  
 Ruine and death on th' English bands below,  
 Where fighting gainst such ods, they haplesse lost

*Sir Iohn Wing.* Braue *Wingfield* hight, a leader in the host.

On whose dissolued life, such deepe remorse  
 The English tooke, that all with loud exclaime  
 Rusht on th' Iberians bold, and did enforce  
 Their speedie flight, then furie did enflame  
 The souldiers hearts, and in the bloodie game  
 Of raging *Mars*, remorselesse they were all,  
 To wreake reuenge for worthie *Wingfields* fall.

Like

Like angrie Lions rob'd of their deare yong,  
The houses round about they now inuade,  
The portals, posts and thresholds downe are flung,  
The gates and walles of stone so strongly made,  
And doores fast barr'd with earth are leuell made,  
And all high turrets and strong chambers shake  
With th'hot inuading, which the souldiers make.

The inward roomes are fill'd with wofull sounds,  
And wailing noise of folke in wretched plight,  
The buildings all with larums loud rebounds,  
And women with yong infants in affright,  
Through chambers wide shunning the souldiers fight,  
Runne heere and there to seeke some couert place.  
To hide themselues from angrie *Mars* his face.

About the parents knees, the children swarmes,  
Calling in vaine for helpe with pitious cries,  
The spouse fast clips her husband in her armes,  
In whose sad brest his cold heart fainting dies,  
Seeing the armed men before his eies,  
Stand with bright swords in thicke tumultuous croud  
At th'entrie doores, trying out with clamors loud.

But th'English all, that neuer vse to lift  
Their hands against a yeelding enemy  
By nature milde, not proud of fortunes gift,  
Did not insult vpon their miterie,  
But with milde hand did vse the victorie,  
And after fight they all abhorring blood,  
Did only tend the spoile of golden good.

Both the braue Generals, by a strict command  
About the towne, this mercie did proclaime,  
That none thenceforth should vse the force of hand,  
Nor offer wrong to any virgin Dame,  
That would sweet beantie keepe from lustfull shame,  
Which vnreprovd edict amongst all men,  
Through th'English host inuiolate hath been.

Amongst the captiues not the basest mate  
 With any sad designe they vexed fore,  
 The female sex vntoucht inuiolate  
 Did freely passe with all that golden store  
 Of chaines, and gemmes which they about them bore,  
 And all religious folke did find like grace,  
 Free without ransome to depart the place.

(Thrice valiant victors) euer may my rimes  
 Suruiue on earth, that in their life may liue  
 This famous conquest to all future times,  
 That from the best, that for true praise do strue,  
 All men to you the laurell wreath may giue,  
 Which that milde mercie, which you then did show,  
 Doth more deserue then conquest gainst the foe.

After the souldier had return'd from spoile  
 Loaden with riches of the ranackt towne,  
 To yeeld fit compensation to the toile  
 Of each mans paines, with fauour or renowne,  
 The Generals did each souldiers merit crowne,  
 And gaue to many a well deseruing wight  
 That noble order of true martiall Knight.

That noble order, which in antique time  
 In top of Fames high tower tooke chiefeest place,  
 To which by vertue valours steps did clime;  
 Was then no base minds meed, that nere had grace  
 Tensue fames feeting in true vertues race;  
 Though now the aged world to dotage growne,  
 This noble order scarce is truly knowne.

But now to sing the spoile and last decay  
 Of that faire towne by her owne folke forlorne,  
 The host all readie to depart away,  
 Intending first in funerall flames to burne  
 Her fatall pride, and all her pompe oreturue,  
 Did in thicke concourse cluster to confound,  
 Her high top towers and eu'n them with the ground.



In number like the golden flowers in spring,  
In forme like furies of the Stygian caue:  
The souldiers high on houses tops do fling  
Their burning brands, and round do range and raue,  
To burie that faire towne in ashie graue,  
While hungrie flames borne vp on golden wings,  
Flies through the aire, and far their splendor flings.

Then the faire wals inricht with paintings grace,  
And portals proud of gold are all cast downe,  
Sterne *Mulciber* in his bright armes embrace  
Doth graspe the towres, and on th'inflamed towne  
Through rolling clouds of smoake doth sternely frowne.  
Whose fierce fiers climbing houses far away,  
By foes are seene to worke the townes decay.

Thus burnt Spaines Cadiz fam'd for that faire place,  
Where great *Alcides*, when his sword did tame  
The triple *Gerion* borne of tyrants race,  
Did fixe his pillars t'eternize his name,  
With *Ne Plus Ultra* grauen on the same;  
Thus did it burne captiu'd in English yoke,  
And all her fame lay stifled in the smoke.

After the spoile, exchange of captiues made  
For those, that Spaine had long captiu'd before,  
Each souldiers prize aboard the fleet conuei'd,  
Leauing the towne despoil'd of all her store,  
All made returne vnto the ships at shore;  
At whose depart such after-signe was seene,  
As had before at their arriuall been.

For hoyfing saile at sea, loe as before  
Vpon the Arke a Doue her flight did stay,  
With which departing from th'Iberian shore,  
She from the same departed not away;  
But kept her station till that happie day,  
That all the fleet did with the compleat hoast  
Arriue in triumph on the English coast.

Recorded by  
the Author  
then present.

Thus

Thus when vpon *Elizæ's* royall brow,  
 Times honor'd age in print had set his signe,  
 Euen then her arme Spaines stiffened pride did bow;  
 And when her youthfull daies did most decline,  
 Then did the King of heau'n to her assigne  
     The euer youthfull wreath of sacred bay,  
     In signe of triumph to her liues last day.

The vtmost kingdomes canopi'd of skie,  
 Did beare record of her triumphant fame,  
 The vastest Ocean, that did farthest lie,  
 With each small creeke and hauen in the same,  
 Did then resound the praises of her name:  
     Which to her friends defence, her foemen feare,  
     Her crosse-crown'd Fleet about the world did beare.

For all sea-bordering townes, that subiect were  
 Vnto the crowne of Rome-supporting Spaine,  
 Who high their breasts aboue the waues did beare,  
 Did tremble to behold the crookt stern'd traine  
 Of English ships still floating on the maine;  
     For towards the seas Greene bounds they often bore,  
     And many townes destroy'd vpon the shore.

*Anno eodem* Renowned *Clifford* on the fruitfull deepe  
 38. Like *Ioue-borne Persæus*, that illustrate Knight,  
 In his swift *Pegasus* the seas did sweepe,  
 And after many a prize surpriz'd in fight,  
 To make the land record his powerfull might,  
     He at that time with his triumphant host,  
     Got noble conquest on the Indian coast.

Fortune with fame his high attempts did crowne,  
 And his dread name the foes with feare did fright,  
 Saint *Iohn De Porta Rico* that strong towne,  
 And her faire castle, which did seeme in sight  
 Impregnable gainst all assaults in fight,  
     His hands to heapes of fruitlesse dust did burne,  
     And with her spoile he home did safe returne.

The valiant English still did worke much woe  
Vnto the foemen both on seas and land,  
*Eliza* still did triumph ore the foe,  
And day by day vpon the English strand  
Arriu'd rich prize surpriz'd by force of hand,  
Whereby th'Iberian folke made poore and bare,  
In heart did curse the causer of the warre.

But leaue we heere of forren deeds to sing,  
And turne we home at sound of those alarms,  
Which on thy shores (O England) high did ring;  
And let vs waile, alas, the wofull harmes,  
Which did befall that valiant man of armes,  
Who after all his glorie and renowne,  
Beneath too hard a fate felt fortunes frowne.

*Tyrone* that traytor, from whose treacherie  
The first chiefe cause of his annoy did spring,  
Disloyall to *Elizæ's* Maiestie;  
Had now begun to set the war on wing  
On th'Irish coast, whose townes and plaines did ring  
With sad report of bloodie actions done,  
By the bold rebels and the base *Tyrone*.

Tidings whereof to Englands rockie bound,  
Borne ore the Oceans backe on wings of winde,  
The shores with *Mars* his rugged voice did found,  
And noble *Essex* Generall was assign'd  
To crosse the fruitfull deepe, whose honor'd minde  
Did wing him forward with desire of fame,  
On earth to purchase an immortall name.

An. Reg. 41.

Yet towards the coast when he this journey tooke,  
The King of flames that with delight did crowne  
All that faire day before, did change his looke,  
The heau'ns did thunder loud, the clouds did frowne,  
And in the way *Ioue* cast pale lightning downe,  
Presaging sad euent of things to come,  
Which tooke effect at his returning home.



At his returning home, when his deare Dame  
 The great *Eliza*, with maiesticke frowne  
 Gan change milde looks, when Fortune foe to Fame  
 Did turne her wheele about, and hurring downe  
 His trowing State, all hope of life did drowne  
 In deaths deepe waues, whose most vntimely end  
 Both heau'n and earth lamenting did befriend.

For that blacke morne, when he without appall  
 To lose his life vnto the blocke was led,  
 The Sunne in heau'n, as for his *Phaetons* fall,  
 In fable clouds did hide his golden hed,  
 And from so sad a sight away he fled;  
 While wofull heau'n with dolefull teares sent downe,  
 For his sad fall the world in woe did drowne.

He being dead, being dead, alas, and gone,  
 That hopefull Lord light *Mountioy*, did succeed  
 As Generall in the warre against *Tyrone*;  
 To whom all-seeing *Ioue* tooke speciall heed,  
 And did direct his hand in euery deed,  
 Who would not haue *Elizæes* vnstain'd praise,  
 Distain'd by rebels in her aged daies.

For what hath she in her affaires decreed,  
 Euen to her royall liues last breathing space,  
 In which *Ioue* did not euer grace her deed,  
 Yea now when ripe yeares rugged prints had place  
 Vpon the fore-front of her Princely face,  
 Then did her gracious God with compleat praise,  
 Perfect the vpsot of her aged daies.

*Anno eodem* The happie Belgians on the marine coast,  
 42. In a pight field against a Prince of name,  
*Grimestone* In person fighting 'midst his royall host,  
*in his transla-* Did purchase conquest, captiues, gold and fame,  
*tion of the* By th'only aid which from *Eliza* came:  
*booke of the* Without whose helpe on which their hopes did build,  
*warres of the* All had been lost, the foes had won the field.  
*Netherlands.*

For when the Austrian Prince on Newport Sands,  
After the slaughter of the valiant Scot,  
Had giuen charge vpon the aduerse bands,  
When by thicke volleyes of their murdring shot,  
Many stout men had drawne deaths fatall lot;  
Then many Belgians fainting fled away,  
And left their friends to win or lose the day.

Mongst whom the English chiefly did sustaine  
The furious brunt of that important fight,  
Where many worthie men were helpelesse slaine,  
Who rather chose to make that day the night  
Of deaths approach, then turne their backs for flight;  
Who all had fallen by death without remorse,  
Had not the *Veres* renew'd their fainting force.

For the bold brothers both the valiant *Veres*,  
Deepe wounds did purchase to regaine the day,  
The one breath'd comfort in the Souldiers eares,  
While th' other through the foes with violent sway  
Of his horse troopes did force a dreadfull way,  
Through which the Belgians that before had fled,  
Might 'gainst the fainting foes againe make head.

The foemen fled, the ground was stro'd with harmes  
Of their mishap, their Duke fled fast away,  
Leauing his horse of honour and his armes  
Vnto the victors to remaine for ay,  
As signes of conquest and that glorious day,  
Which by *Elizaes* auxilarie traine,  
Then agents there the Belgians did obtaine.

Thus to the life of our triumphant Dame  
Time in her reigne no yeere did multiplie,  
Which Fortune did not dignifie with fame,  
Or praise of some illustrate victorie;  
'Gainst Rome, 'gainst Spaine, or th' Austrianemie,  
'Gainst whom that houre that she expir'd her breath,  
She di'd victorious in the armes of death.

*Anno Reg.* For when the Austrian Duke with his proud hoast;  
 43.44. *Atides*-like laid siege to little Troy,  
 And by a solemne vow did vainely boast,  
 Not to depart vntill he did destroy  
 That English towne; yet to his owne annoy,  
 He there did lie while th'horses of the sunne,  
 Their yeares race thrice about the heauen had runne.

For Englands *Hector* and his valiant brother,  
 That times young *Troilus* did the Duke appall,  
 And his best hopes in blood and dust did smother;  
 Yea many a thousand at that siege did fall  
 In Deaths blacke graue before the townes strong wall,  
 Which while the Belgian Patronesse did liue,  
 Vnto the foes in fight the foile did giue.

And as our Queene in forraine-bred debate,  
 From hence to Heauen victorious tooke her flight,  
 So here at home before her liues last date,  
 Triumphant sounds of belles the Starres did smite,  
 And bright bon-fiers the darke some euen did light  
 With glad some flames for worthy victorie,  
 Atchieu'd against the Irishemie.

*An. eodem.* Yea, when the hand of vnremorsefull fate,  
 Had euen spun out the thred of her liues clew,  
*Tyron* that long disturber of her state,  
 With shame of his offence remorsefull grew,  
 And on his knees did then for mercie sue:  
 That dying, she might say with vading breath,  
 I left no foes vnvanquisht at my death.

But woe alas, the dust-borne pompe of earth,  
 Made thrall to death, returns to dust againe;  
 All vnder Heauen, that haue their beeing and breath  
 Of natures gift, no longer doe remaine,  
 Then nature doth their brittle state sustaine,  
 The Prince and Swaine to death are both alike,  
 No ods are found when he with dart doth strike.

For



For I, that whilome sung with cheerefull breath  
Her roiall Reigne, whose like no age hath seene,  
Now cannot sing; but weepe to thinke how death,  
All pitilesse of what before had beene,  
Did rob poore England of so rich a Queene;  
And if I sing, I must in my sad song,  
Exclaime on Death for doing vs such wrong.

For doing vs such wrong to dim the light  
Of Englands Virgin glorie then decaid,  
Which, while Heauens light the Earths broade face shall smite,  
All Virgins shall admire and still vpbraid  
That *Tarquin* death, with death of such a Maide:  
For her, whose Virgin blood no *Tarquins* staine,  
Did euer taint, O death, thy dart hath slaine.

That day shee di'd, which to her roiall Sire,  
To great *Plantagenet* hath fatall been;  
That day, when Fates did his sad death conspire:  
That day when his young *Edward* dead was seene,  
That day when *Mary* left to be a Queene:  
That day from vs did our *Eliza* goe,  
That day, that tyrant Death did worke our woe.

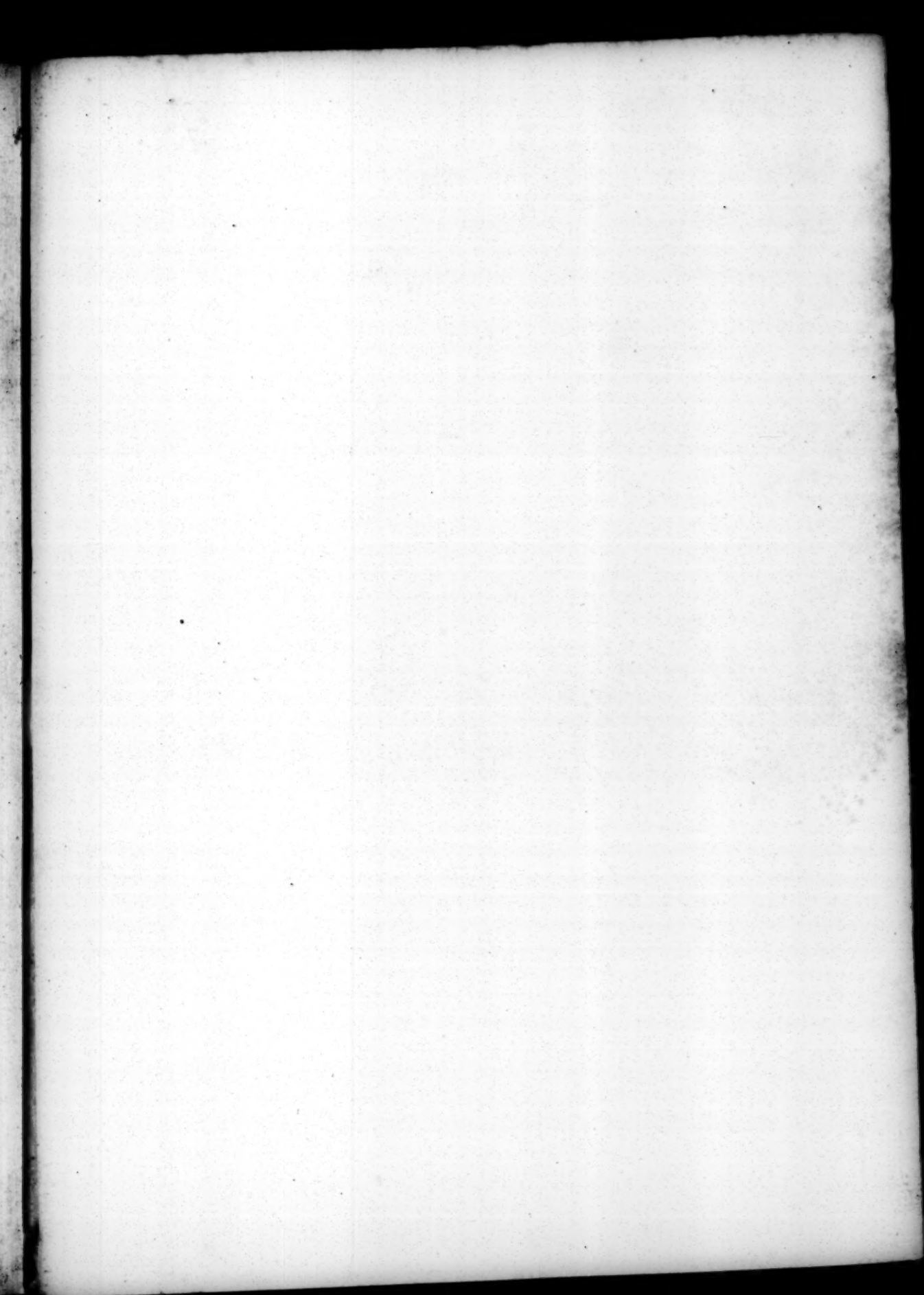
Thursday.

But why doe we 'gainst death vse such complaint,  
Seeing not in youth, then short of yeares to crowne  
Her head with age, she di'de by Deaths constraint,  
But ripe in yeares, and loaden with renowne;  
Made mellow for the graue, she lai'd her downe:  
And leauing earth that part, which Earth had giuen,  
On Faiths strong wings she tooke her flight for Heauen.

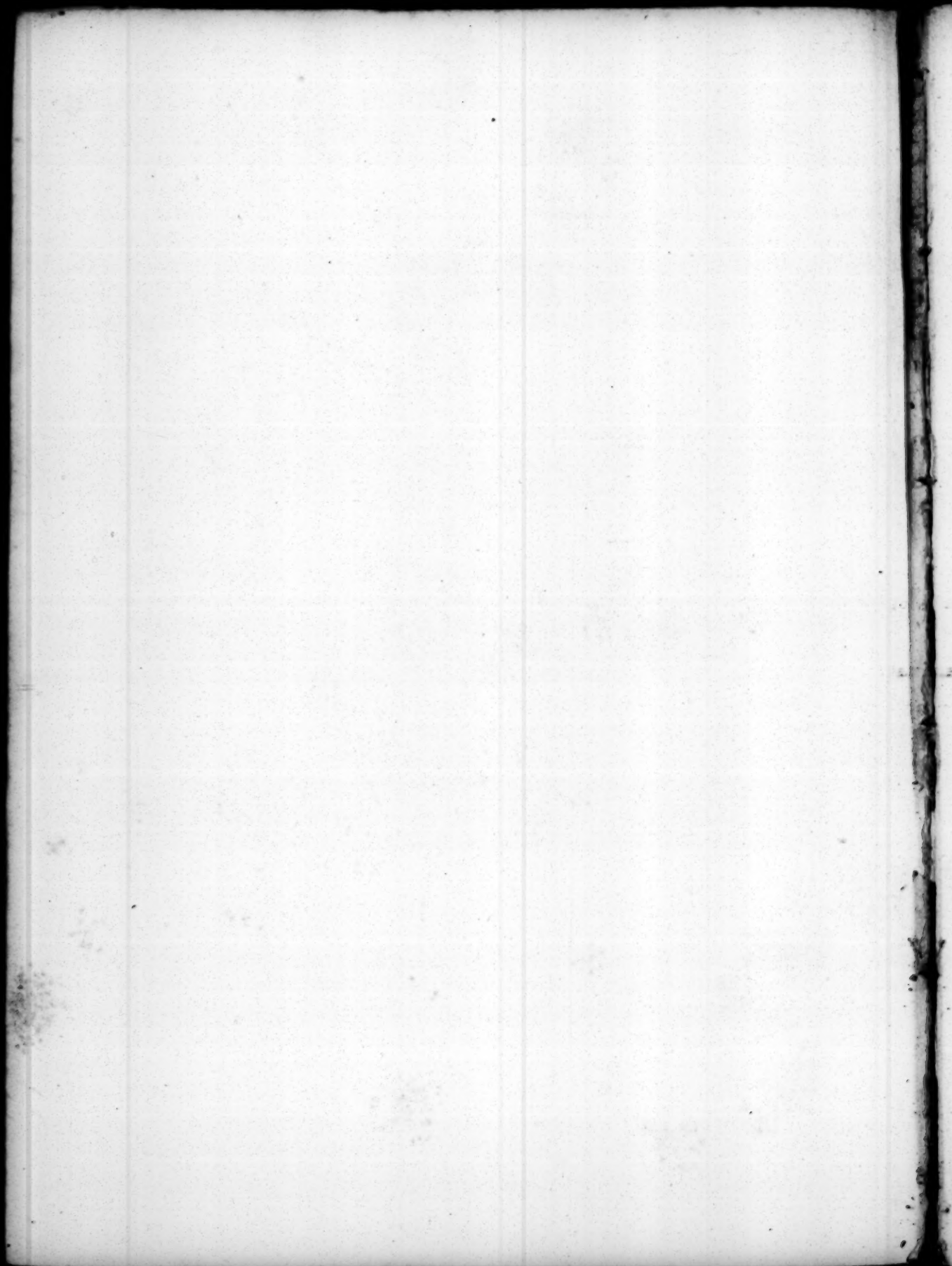
*Heere Clio ceast, her Lute no more did sound,  
But in a moment mounting from the ground,  
She vanisht from my sight, and with her fled  
The place of pleasure which mine eyes had fed:  
With which all had been lost, if in minde,  
My dreames Idrea had not staid behinde.*

FINIS.

And I that I will in my last hour  
 Diligently righted be to you a Queen;  
 A prince of what before had been  
 Now cannot be; but woe to him that yet  
 Herod's Reign shall like the eagle feed  
 That little while he lives with child and blood







F.428.45

M/-/-

STC

13347.2

• copy 1

